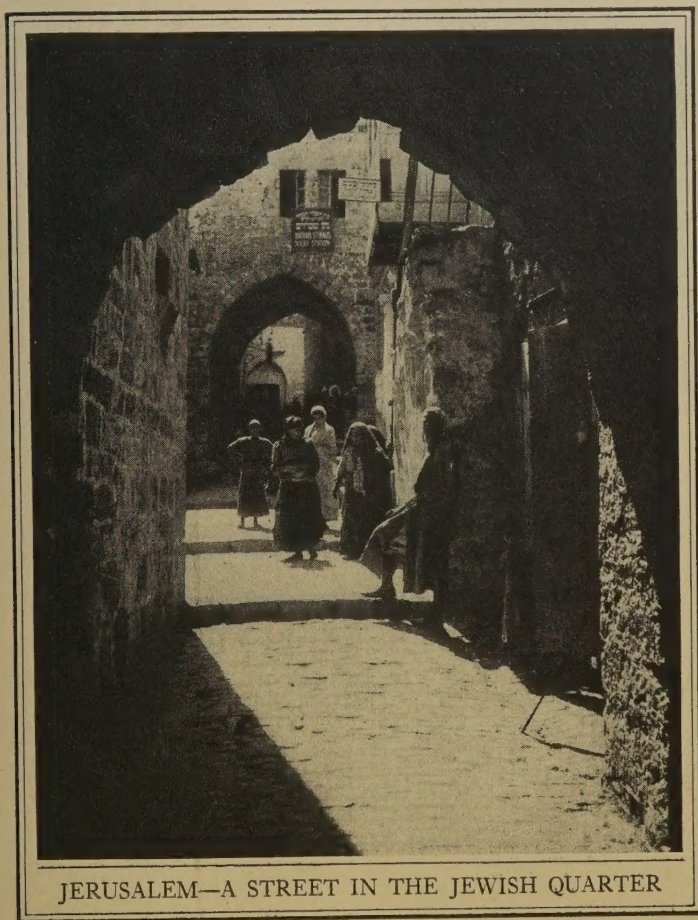


MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

A WINTER TRIP WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF



THE people of ancient days believed the Mediterranean to be the 'center of the universe'—as its name signifies. Geographically they were wrong; but for history, romance, art, poetry, and religion they named this great sea better than they thought, for here is human interest touching every age and condition."



Elmendorf Photo

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VIEW FROM THE CAP-
UCHIN MONASTERY
AT AMALFI, ITALY ❀

Located in a superb position two hundred and thirty feet above the sea, overlooking a busy fishing village clinging to the side of a steep cliff. The monastery is now run as a hotel, the proceeds going to the Order. The captivating beauty of this spot has been the inspiration of many artists who have aspired to transfer its charm to canvas

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MADEIRA AND THE MEDI- TERRANEAN

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR WITH
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF
TRAVELER AND AUTHOR



THE FIRST THRILL OF THE VOYAGE

After a number of days at sea our ship drops anchor in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira. Very effective is the setting of the bay, surmounted by a barren range of mountains broken by jutting peaks. At the base, the city occupies a narrow strip close to the water. Gardens, country houses, and vineyards mount the steep hillside

A number of years ago I told the readers of *The Mentor* about some of the interesting places on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Travel on the Mediterranean was a very different affair then from what it is now, and a visit to the various beauty spots of that blue inland sea was a long and, at times, an inconvenient undertaking. I visited the Mediterranean first thirty years ago, when a circuit of the shores meant a journey of months by land and sea.

There were many ways of "doing" the Mediterranean then, but all of them had their hitches, their delays, and their inconveniences. To-day—the facilities of oceanic travel have been so developed—one may go with a party on a chartered steamer and visit all the important places on the Mediterranean shore with the steamer as living quarters throughout the whole journey, both going and coming.

On such a trip we see, without waste of time or effort, the beautiful scenes and interesting historic spots that travelers of an earlier day saw only at a great expenditure of time, effort, and money.

Before the great sea is reached, we break the voyage at Madeira—a little island paradise. Even before we anchor, a swarm of tiny boats surrounds us, bearing expert swimmers from five years of age upward, all begging a silver coin, which they will dive for and catch as it sinks in the clear blue water. For a dollar one of them will dive from the top of the deck of an ocean liner, swim under the hull and come up on the other side to claim his reward. In doing this he descends thirty-five feet under water, and at that depth swims for one hundred feet under the bottom of the steamer!

One no sooner sets foot on the stone quay at Funchal than the quaintness



DIVING BOYS GREET THE STEAMER AT MADEIRA

These urchins learn to swim as soon as they can walk. Their feats of aquatic skill usually win rewards of silver coins thrown into the water by the crowd that lines the ship's rail

of the town and its people is in evidence. Nowhere else in the world does one go sledging every day of the year—*without snow*. A wickerwork body on wooden runners, with a canvas canopy and chintz side curtains, makes an ideal vehicle for this hilly little city. A team of patient oxen is the motive power, and we ride in perfect comfort over the small shiny cobbles with which all the streets are solidly paved.

The “chauffeurs”

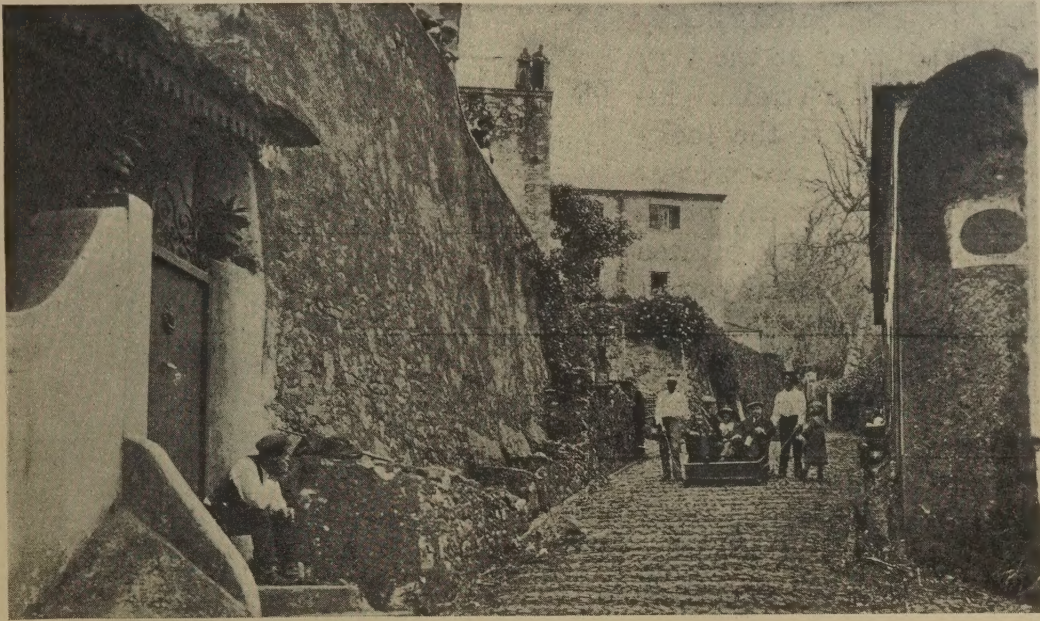
are strong-lunged—they must be to hold their jobs. Running mile after mile, uphill and down, goading the oxen with one hand and lubricating the runners with an oily rag carried in the other, is not an occupation for the weak-hearted. These drivers in their youth probably peddled pretty little boutonnières, as the youngsters do to-day, running alongside the sledges and casting the flowers in the laps of the riders, hoping for a coin in exchange. These little urchins will chase you half a mile for a nickel; their dimpled smiles are finally irresistible.

The most



A POPULAR THOROUGHFARE IN FUNCHAL

Bordered by stately plane trees and lined with little shops, where the fine Madeira needlework, wickerwork, and famous wines of the island are offered at tempting prices



EXCITING INCIDENT
OF A VISIT TO
MADEIRA ❖ ❖

A four-mile slide down the smoothly cobbled roadway from the top of the mountain above Funchal, in a wicker basket on runners. Every sharp turn brings to view a new scene of gorgeous beauty. The skilful steering of the attendants makes this thrilling journey a safe one, in spite of the breakneck speed on the steep stretches

exciting experience that Madeira offers is the four-mile "slide" down the mountainside. To get to the top of the mountain we take the rack-and-pinion railway. The grade is steep, and every few feet brings exclamations of delight. Our leisurely upward progress is marked by changing panoramas of exquisite beauty, for every variety of semi-tropical vegetation flourishes here on the warm southern slope. At the top there is an excellent restaurant, literally above the clouds—when there are clouds. Spread at our feet, beyond the flowered hillsides, is a hundred miles of sunny sea, stretching in the distance until the horizon imperceptibly merges with the blue sky.

Now begins the "slide." We get in a basket-like affair on runners and start down a steep, winding, cobbled path; at times we crawl along on the side of a deep ravine, then at a brisk run between garden walls, all but concealed with bright-hued flowering vines. Overhanging the pathway are giant geraniums, huge poinsettias, and other flowering plants in gorgeous array.

The last half-mile of the slide is taken at breathless speed, and at the end one finds a warm reception from the shopkeepers, who offer the famed Madeira needlework for sale in great variety—and sell it to you at New York prices, unless you are a good bargainer.

The departure from Funchal is always regretful; one could well spend many weeks in this sunny land.

Standing with a group on the deck of a steamer approaching Gibraltar, one invariably hears expressions of surprise at the first sight of the Rock.

MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

Nearly everyone has had in mind a huge cliff jutting boldly out of the water at the very entrance to the straits. Instead we see first the rocky steeps of the Moroccan coast with ancient Moorish watch towers crowning each pointed eminence; then the hilly coast of the Spanish mainland to the northward, and finally a low cape with a graceful white lighthouse. The point of land which is Gibraltar is least impressive from the straits, and it is not until we sail well up into the splendid curving Bay of Gibraltar that we realize the dominating strength and majesty of this greatest fortress in the world.

After Gibraltar is passed, a day's journey along the African coast, with the rugged, snowy peaks of the Atlas range in the distance, brings us into the curving bay about which is built Algiers. In this fascinating city the Moorish first begins to make its indelible impress felt. Algiers has just about an even mixture of ancient and modern. Cross a street a stone's throw behind the



Elmendorf Photo

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

AN ARAB HOUSE, ALGIERS

The fact that many of the gleaming white houses are embowered in luxuriant foliage gives rise to the Arab saying that Algiers is "a diamond set in an emerald frame"



Elmendorf Photo

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

PLACE DU GOUVERNEMENT, ALGIERS

The snow-white mosque on the right is laid out in the form of a Greek cross. The Turkish architect who incorporated the Christian emblem in this Moslem mosque was put to death. Not far to the east is the Place de la Pecherie, the site of the pirates' slave market

magnificent water-front boulevard, and you step back ten centuries. Enter one of these narrow, winding streets, which must have been traced originally by a grazing goat. No vehicles are here—they couldn't pass; a man on donkey back would block the whole street.



© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

UP THE SIDE OF MT. VESUVIUS

The electric railway, which goes almost to the top of the cone, affords many fine views of the Bay of Naples. On a spur of the mountain, at an elevation of 2,200 feet, is an observatory. From this position, between two gorges down which lava streams flow, geological observations have been carried on safely

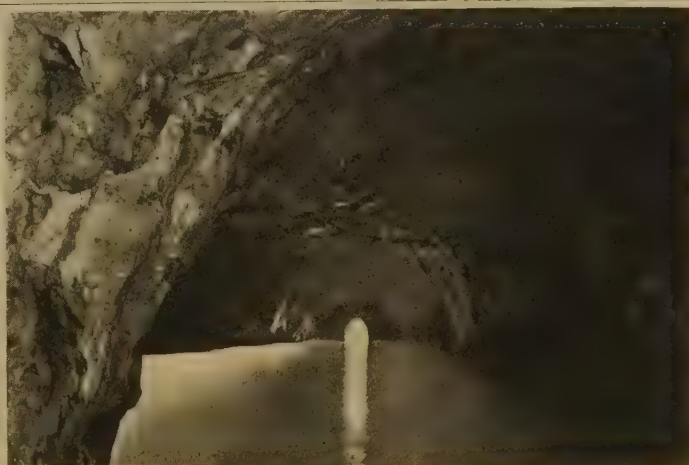
In summer, in these latitudes, the sun beats down unmercifully, and the close-walled streets furnish shade.

Every other doorway is a shop, and we wonder what value the leisurely proprietor places on his time, and what his "overhead" amounts to. You could buy his entire stock for a dollar—a day's transactions must amount to a pitifully small sum. Two-score over-ripe tangerines, a string of shriveled figs, and a handful of black dates would be a typical inventory. In other cave-like shops a small assortment of tarnished brassware is displayed. Next is a meat shop, with a carcass of mutton—from its appearance too "high" for civilized tastes. Another hole-in-the-wall contains a bakeshop with a few loaves of coarse bread, a tray of seed-cakes, and perhaps some native confections, insipidly sweet.

Interspersed with all these are the

inevitable cafés, where nothing but the black, sirupy Turkish coffee is served. A small charcoal stove, a brass coffee-pot, a few tiny cups, and plenty of bench room is all that is needed. The Arab men dearly love to group themselves in and about these little coffee shops, sitting idly hour after hour. Mohammed put a taboo on strong drink, and his command is strictly obeyed by his followers to this day; a drunken Mohammed-an is indeed a rarity.

Up at the top of the hill is a market place where the articles of



© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

THE BLUE GROTTTO OF CAPRI

Its entrance is only three feet high; inside, the cave widens into a grotto forty feet high and two hundred feet long. Everything appears to be silver and blue, while the roof twinkles with sapphire lights

trade are such as might be got from a public "dump" in America. An assortment of rusty cans of all sizes, old whisky bottles, a few odd goblets, some pewter spoons, conserve jars, odd bits of hardware—all neatly arranged *for sale*.

Another stall has miscellaneous pieces of furniture, more or less wrecked, sundry bits of cloth, suitable for patching, and some dog-eared books in various languages—surely nothing goes to waste in Algiers.

Here, as in every part of the Near East, a five-gallon oil can is eagerly sought for—to be used instead of the picturesque water jar which has been indispensable in the Oriental home for many centuries.

Outside the native section, Algiers is up to the minute—with wide, well-paved streets, electric trams, rushing automobiles, and neatly kept shops. The suburbs are truly lovely, with their pretty villas set about on the hill-sides, always surrounded with bright flowers, luxuriant shrubbery, and stately palms. Wherever one turns, a colorful picture greets the eyes.

Usually on leaving Algiers we make our way to the northward toward the Riviera region. The second morning's sunrise finds us awakening to see over the bows the steep southern slopes of the Maritime Alps. The Riviera coast is undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world. Strung along the rocky shore for miles are world-famous resorts, where in winter the bright sunshine delightfully tempers the cold winds and all outdoors offers irresistible delights.

Monte Carlo is the center of this world of gayety. The Casino will attract both the curious traveler and the inveterate gam-



© Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

WINDING ROAD TO AMALFI

Not built for speed maniacs but replete with delightful pictures at every turn. It follows the rugged coast line and is dotted with colorful villages clinging to the cliffs



CAMPO SANTO,
GENOA ❖ ❖

The Genoese have made of this "Sacred Field" the most ornate cemetery in Europe. The soil was brought from the Holy Land. The classic beauty of the memorial building is enhanced by hundreds of marble statues

bler, but only the latter will very long remain indoors. A stack of chips soon disappears even with a carefully studied "system," and the steady stream of currency of all countries that flows through this somewhat gaudy and, of late years, shabby gambler's resort is sufficient to pay large salaries to the local officials, relieve the permanent inhabitants of taxes, support the nominal head of the principality, his coterie, and the brilliantly garbed "army," and still pay a fair dividend to the stockholders of the Casino. And yet the tables have never been found other than "straight." It is a perfectly conducted Temple of Mammon, where thousands pay their devotions—and dollars—every year in the fond hope of getting something for nothing.

This, however, is the only sordid spot in the sunny Riviera district. The sparkling gayety of the winter vacationists, the holiday spirit of the residents, the invigorating sports and games, the superb scenery along the Grand Corniche Road, the warm transparent blue of the sea, the matchless climate—all combine to drive away care.

Another short sail, within sight of the Italian coast, and we come to Naples. Taken as a whole, the bay, with all its surroundings, is a sight of much beauty; but, frankly, the city of Naples looks best at a distance. The streets, unevenly paved, are not designed for comfortable rapid transit. A major portion of the city seems to consist of tenements, teeming with life.

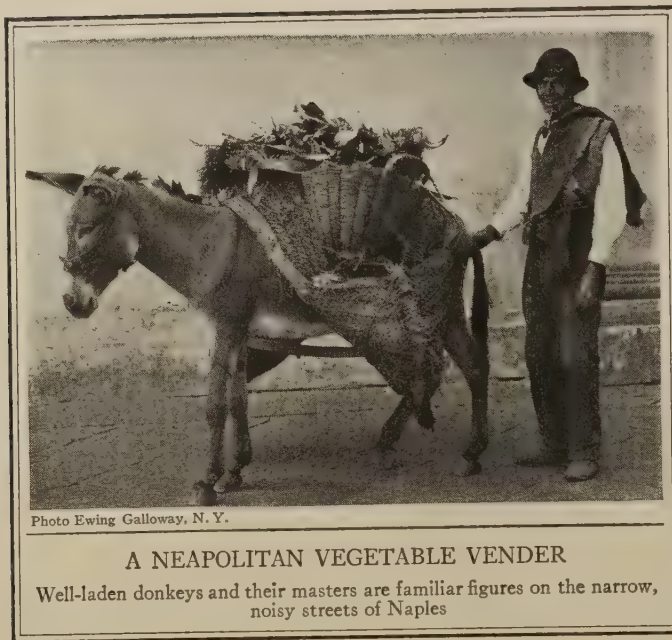


Photo Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A NEAPOLITAN VEGETABLE VENDER

Well-laden donkeys and their masters are familiar figures on the narrow, noisy streets of Naples

However, when we get away from the crowded center of Naples we find many imposing avenues, and when the higher portions of the city are reached we catch glimpses of the fascinating curve of beauty backed up by smoking Vesuvius.

Over on the road to Pompeii are the famous macaroni factories. If it isn't rainy these places are nearly hidden behind the racks on which this staple article of food is hung

to dry. The road is a busy one, and dusty, and much of the dust is absorbed in the drying process, imparting a delicate yellow-brown shade to the macaroni! After we had seen a not-too-clean old man kneading the mass of dough with his feet we were amazed at the gusto with which the Neapolitan inhales—yes, audibly inhales—his heaping dish of “spaghetti au gratin.” Verily, in Naples each man must, in time, eat his “peck of dust.”

The real beauty of Naples, however, is not in Naples itself. The bold, rugged cliffs that form the southern tip of the crescent of beauty called the Bay of Naples shelter two towns of rare charm—Sorrento and Amalfi—and broken off from the peninsula, and but a short distance westward, is the rocky isle of Capri.

Swift, comfortable steamers cross from Naples to Sorrento in a couple of hours. Before the vessel loses headway the gangway is encircled with a score of rowboats, each one painted in bright colors and bearing the standard of some one of the hotels perched on the edge of the overhanging precipice a hundred feet above. Hotel “runners” garbed like major generals clamor for your patronage. Entering a rocky tunnel at the landing you are escorted to an elevator, which with jerky deliberation lifts you to the charming courtyard of the hotel.

Sorrento faces northward, and in summer is partially sheltered by the neighboring heights from the direct rays of the sun. At that season it is a flowery paradise. During the winter months, however, the southern slope is eagerly sought. The backbone of the peninsula is quickly crossed in a swift automobile, and a ten- or twelve-mile drive leads to Amalfi. And such a drive! The steering wheel is in constant motion, swinging around sharp curves and jutting crags, over deep ravines and through dark tunnels. The

MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

road is a marvel of construction, carved almost in its entirety from the solid rock, at an average of three hundred to four hundred feet above the warm blue sea. At the end of this drive one is fairly dizzy from the rapid and continuous turns, but there still remains the physical ordeal of climbing the steep pathway to the old Capuchin Monastery (now a hotel), up a hundred and forty-odd steps. If your heart or legs are weak, there is a chair manned by a couple of husky Italians, who will carry you to the hotel doorway. However you get there, the reward for your efforts is one of the world's famous vistas, for it seems as if the monastery was planned to occupy the strategic position for beauty of location in this fascinating little fishing village. The cells of the monks have been converted into bedrooms, each with its individual balcony, where one may enjoy in complete privacy an outspread panorama that rivals the best to be found anywhere.

Capri, "isle of sirens," is beyond the ability of ordinary persons to describe. It is quickly apparent to the visitor why Roman emperors, with the whole known world to choose from, selected this as their favorite abode and place of recreation. Here is complete seclusion, a superb climate, and a diversity of glorious views—a satisfying combination that should spell contentment to anyone.

Everyone visits one or more of the famous grottoes—the Blue Grotto is the favorite, and everyone with a camera or a canvas brings away a picture of the



THE CARNIVAL
AT NICE ❁ ❁

The French Riviera is a center of gayety during the winter months. Carnivals of all sorts furnish a continuous round of amusement. The grotesque figures used as "floats" are of huge size, and show much ingenuity and individuality in their make-up



TERRACE OF
SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL,
CAIRO

Visitors to this cosmopolitan city like to sit here in the warmth of the Egyptian sun and watch the passing crowds. One can see representatives of every race in the endless procession past this door. Hindu magicians, snake charmers, animal trainers, sword swallowers, fortune tellers, and fakirs furnish diversion at all hours of the day

white-bearded "fisherman" who haunts the little town at the landing, and who has probably not cast a net or a line for many, many years, owing to the demands of tourists for "poses," requests which are graciously granted for a small consideration.

The introduction to the rugged beauty of Greece, as we thread our way through the archipelago, lends conviction to our preconceived idea that here indeed was a land of inspiration for the immortal poets. The mind reacting to scenes in and about Athens finds expression chiefly in superlatives. Everything is extraordinary! Amazing! Wonderful! The temples and other public structures of the ancient city were so solidly built that they have resisted well the ravages of time and the thoughtless destruction of man, and they are to-day tremendously imposing in their perfection even as ruins.

For some reason the ancient town was not overbuilt and absorbed in more recent construction, as Rome has been. The Greeks not only attained great delicacy and refinement in their smaller temples, but they carried it into their ponderous structures of immense proportion, such as the Temple of Zeus. It is only when one stands close by the columns that supported the roof of this temple (and there were once one hundred and twenty of these columns) that he can appreciate the gigantic scale on which the Greeks constructed their greatest shrines.

One of the oddest sights in Athens is a parade of the Royal Guard. The



STREET IN THE
NATIVE QUARTER
OF CAIRO ❖ ❖

The streets of Cairo in the outskirts of the city are comparatively quiet and orderly. About every coffee house are gathered groups of men who sit for hours sipping black, sirupy Turkish coffee, conversing in hushed voices. The enigmatic expression of their faces adds a certain air of mystery to the setting

costume worn by these men makes for anything but a military aspect. It consists of a small skull-cap with a long, heavy tassel, a bright red waistcoat with an abundance of shining braid, a flounced white skirt, coming just above the knees, long white stockings, and Turkish slippers with sharp, upturned toes and large, fluffy pompons. A company of these guards marching briskly along is well worth seeing.

Athens is the cleanest and best maintained city in the Near East. Marble from Mount Pentelicus, a few miles distant, is plentifully used in building, and the view of the city from the Belvedere of the Acropolis is one of rare beauty. The modern public buildings of Athens are in keeping with the character and refinement that marks the Parthenon and other noble temples of the Greek capital.

The troublous Dardanelles region and the great Moslem metropolis of Constantinople are one of the most fascinating districts of the Levant. The numberless bizarre and colorful streets and shops, the multitude of picturesque characters, and the oddities of Byzantine architecture are most alluring, and so are the many varied scenes on the shores of the "Sweet Waters of Europe" and the Golden Horn.

Palestine, the Holy Land, rises next in our thoughts as we skirt the coast of Asia Minor, past ill-fated Smyrna, Rhodes, Cyprus, and finally head in toward the noble range of Lebanon.

Up until the time of the Great War, Jaffa, notorious as one of the worst of



THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE

The Parthenon, like a regal crown on the brow of the Acropolis, overlooks Phaleron Bay and the Attic Plain. For two centuries it remained in a fine state of preservation until it was wrecked by the explosion of a powder magazine in 1687

Those who wish to see Palestine as it has been for many centuries should not long delay their visit. With fine highways and modern railways, travel and transportation by donkey, horse, and camel is rapidly diminishing, and the necessity to do a thing to-day instead of the inevitable "to-morrow" is infusing new life into races heretofore deliberate in the extreme.

The arable land, what there is of it, is amazingly fertile; by merely scratching the surface with the pointed stick of a native plow the inhabitants have been able to eke out a meager portion of food from the land. But the prevalence of stones, large and small, in a great part of the country would discourage even a Vermont farmer in a very short time.

the world's ports, was the gateway to Palestine. But to-day, benefiting by the network of splendid wide-gauge railways constructed by the British military forces, Haifa has become the port of entry. The crescent-shaped Bay of Acre furnishes the only shelter to shipping to be found for a hundred miles along this coast.



BASE OF THE PYRAMID OF KHUFU

This great pyramid contains about 2,300,000 blocks, the average weight being two and a half tons. Originally, this pyramid was smooth-faced, but the exterior casing of white limestone was removed long ago and used in building streets and mosques in Cairo. Ascent is made with the assistance of Arab guides. At the top is found an enterprising native with a jug of water, to whom the parched and exhausted tourists are willing to pay almost any price for a drink

MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

Outside a score of the best known villages, the settlements are groups of tiny mud huts, each one about the size of a large dry-goods case. It seems as if a good midsummer thunderstorm would wash them away to the ground; but they stand, and the faces of the dwellers reflect their cheerless and usually filthy surroundings. Smiles are never seen in these villages, except on the faces of the younger children.

But from every hill-top an unexpectedly pleasing scene is spread at our feet. This is essentially a pastoral country, and peace seems to overhang it as from an ancient blessing.

In the north, Nazareth, Tiberias, and the Lake of Galilee hold the greatest interest. The tortuous Jordan leads us southward to the region of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and to a great

many other places associated with important events in Biblical history.

A day's journey by the new desert railway to Cairo, or by our steamer to Alexandria, and we are in Egypt. What magic there is in that word! A marvel to Herodotus twenty centuries ago, it is still the land of fascination and mystery, and will remain so for countless generations to come.

Egypt is the grand climax of every Mediterranean voyage, with its glorious winter climate, its gigantic ruins left by a race of Titans, the colorful throngs in the streets, the Indian magicians with their wonders of black art, the uncanny performances of snake charmers, the weird native funeral processions with the advance guard of shrieking hired mourners, the queer processions of pilgrims setting out or returning from the holy Moslem shrine, Mecca. Cairo is truly the crossroads of the world.

Everywhere about us we find beggars, great numbers of them; beggars who by long years of experience have become skilled in their profession, beggars for the reason that they have nothing else to do, beggars trained to



RIVALS IN SIZE AND AGE OF THE CALIFORNIA SEQUOIAS

These columns of stone at Luxor and Karnak have withstood thirty centuries of destructive inundations and earth tremors. Their conception is almost beyond imagination. The prodigious labor necessary to construct them was only possible where man power was available in uncounted thousands



A BAZAAR IN CAIRO

The magnet for every visitor. There are no "Do It Now" signs in such shops. Buying is a leisurely matter. Coffee is served and cigarettes offered before settling down to business

prey on the gullibility of foreign sight-seers. The British Government used to appeal to tourists not to give so lavishly to these beggars, because they collected sufficient in the two or three months of the "season" to keep them in good financial shape for the whole year, and the people were forming the habit of indolence.

They say the children in Levantine lands are born with outstretched hands. This seems credible after a few days in this part of the world. The children seem to lisp "bakshish" (money) as soon as their lips can form the simplest word. The slightest service, even an im-

aginary one, brings with it a demand for alms.

Get astride one of those diminutive donkeys for a little journey around the pyramids. Your donkey boy trots alongside praising his own ability as a driver and extolling his manly virtues. Mixed in the jabber is subtle flattery of his "fare." If you are solemn and dignified, your donkey's name is "Moses." If your aspect suggests a genial nature, your beast is "Brandy and Soda;" if the boy takes you for a statesman, the hundred-odd pounds of animal is "Teddy Roosevelt" or "Woodrow Wilson." But in these latter days you occasionally find a particularly agile donkey dressed up with a string of beads and dew-dabs hanging about his neck, with his coat of short hair trimmed in a pattern suggestive of an Oriental blanket. As he patters along with his ornaments jingling and his short, stiff legs pounding on the firm sand, your boy smilingly remarks, "This one, Henry Ford." If you close your eyes, the illusion is complete.

Much might be said of points off the main highways along the Mediterranean—places that are easy of access if time allows. A detour can be arranged into Spain and the hospitable little country of Portugal, or a visit made to Tangier and Fez in Morocco. The auto-caravan trip in Algeria and Tunisia over fine new roads is recommended. There are many beautiful spots along the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic Sea, the Peloponnesian peninsula, the Ægean islands, and Sicily.

PICTURESQUE SCENES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SHORES



STREET SCÈNE IN OLD ALGIERS

There are two Algierses—the modern French town built by the water, and the ancient Arab city clinging to the steep hill. The old town furnishes most of the fascination for travelers. The streets are winding, steep, and narrow—some barely wide enough to pass through. The houses are whitewashed stone, bare and uninviting from the streets. The overhanging balconies are supported by small timbers, and give the impression that each house leans upon its neighbor for support



THE PICO FORT AT FUNCHAL

Dating from the earliest years of Madeira, is now entirely obsolete and serves only for a support for a score of vineyards and trellised gardens. In the fort are some musty dungeons and the crumbling quarters of the former garrison



AN UNUSUAL SCENE IN GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar's streets, with one or two exceptions, are blind alleys. Even Main Street is too narrow to permit any vehicles but the curious two-seated surrey drawn by a miniature horse. The city clings to the lower edge of the rock, and, although activity centers in the powerful garrisons, the street life comprises all races. The free port has attracted merchants with varied wares from all corners of the world



Photo Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

NICE—A GAY WORLD PLAYGROUND

Situated at the western limit of the Riviera di Ponente (coast of the setting sun). The mildness of the climate and the natural beauty of the coast scenery, with its steep crags and towered hill-tops, together with the imposing background made by the Maritime Alps, attract visitors from all parts of the world



MONTE CARLO—THE CAPITAL OF CHANCE

The most frequented portion of the tiny principality of Monaco is ideally situated under the shelter of the steep sides of the Maritime Alps. Residents here pay no taxes, but, except for the employees of the Casino, none of them can enter the confines of the Casino. The Casino pays the upkeep of the entire principality and leaves a very substantial balance for the shareholders



Photo by Elmendorf

TYPICAL STREET IN GENOA

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Genoa has a particular appeal for Americans because of its associations with Columbus. In his will, Columbus mentioned Genoa as his birthplace. Because of the city's magnificent situation it is surnamed "La Superba." It has been a landing port since the Middle Ages



UNCOVERED AFTER SEVENTEEN CENTURIES

Pompeii to-day is about one half uncovered. Excavation proceeds slowly, due to limited funds. During the eruption, the city was overlaid with ashes to a depth of twelve feet or more, preserving the lower stories in splendid condition. The stucco walls in some of the more pretentious houses bear paintings that give valuable data about life in Roman days. The stone face of the drinking fountain, from which poured a stream of water, is barely recognizable; the thousands of faces pressed against it have worn away the features



© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

PIAZZA AMEDEO, NAPLES

The heart of the modern aristocratic residential section of Naples. Here, where each building is a veritable palace, live the wealthy Neapolitans

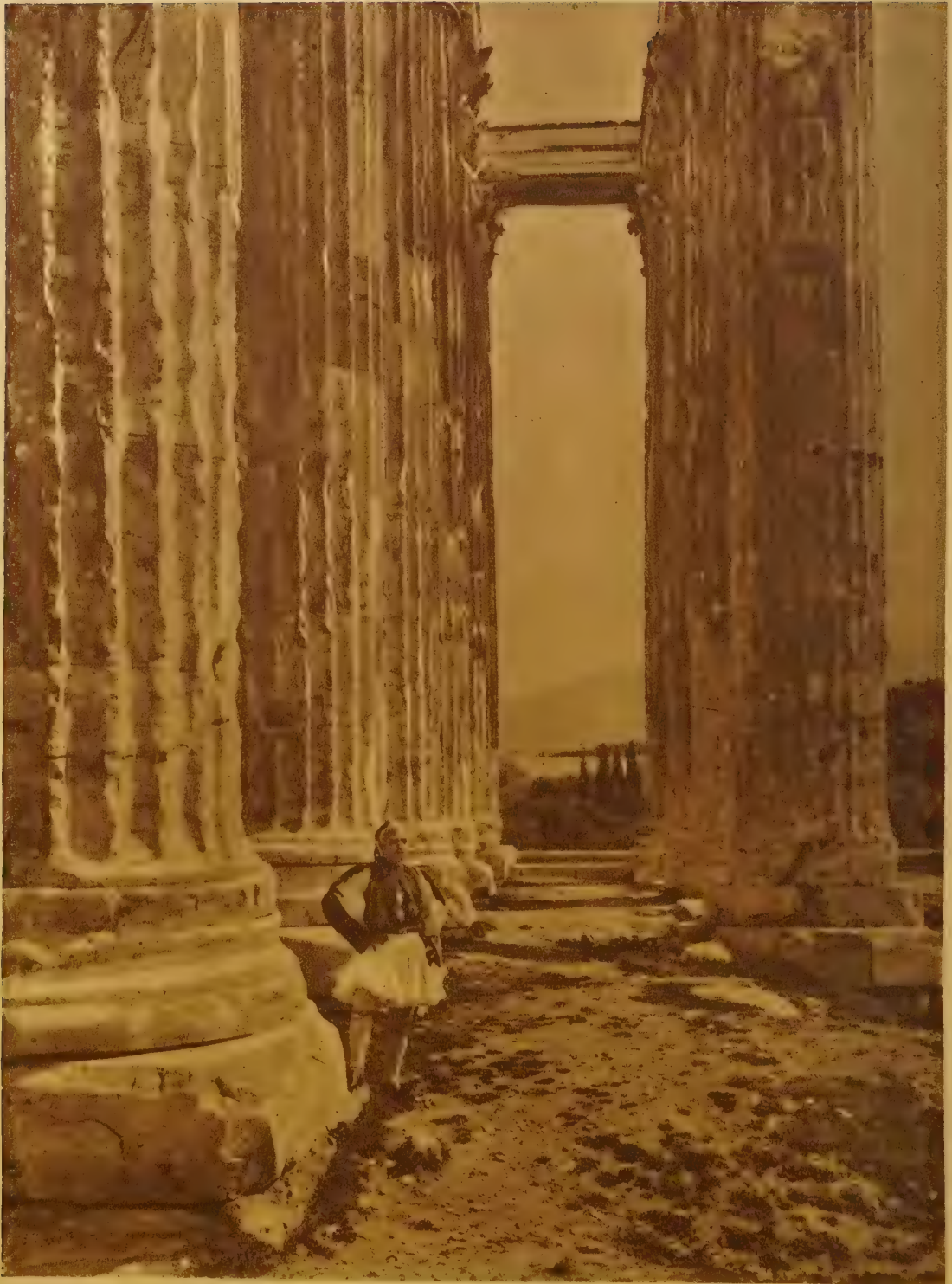


Photo by Elmendorf

PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, CAPRI

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

The center of civic activity. Thousands of inhabitants of the quaint old town on the western coast of Italy come daily to this fountain for water and the exchange of local gossip



MAJESTIC COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS, ATHENS

Hadrian completed this temple to the great god Zeus about 129 A.D. It was the third largest of any Greek shrine. The columns, of which there were originally one hundred and four, are fifty-six feet in height and five feet in diameter



© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

INTERIOR, TEMPLE OF DENERAH, EGYPT

The exquisite tracery of the picture-stories of ancient Egypt rouse the admiration of travelers. These carvings have retained their original delicacy, due to the mild, dry climate, and in some cases the original coloring is still evident



© Julius Gallwey, N. Y.

CASTELLO BARBAROSSA, CAPRI
A picturesque, historic old ruin perched high above the blue Mediterranean and dominating what is admitted to be the most beautiful bit of rugged marine scenery in southern Europe



Photo by Elmendorf

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A HOUSE IN CAPRI

The Island of Capri was the favorite resort of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius, who lived there in the greatest luxury. Capri, the port, has about three thousand inhabitants, mostly fishermen and vine dressers



MARY'S WELL IN NAZARETH

Here the housewives gather for their daily supply of water. The well has been the source of clear cold water for many hundreds of years, and even in the time of Christ it served as a gathering place for the women of that time—hence its name. The artistic earthen water jars are being displaced by the ugly but more practical five-gallon cans used by the oil companies as containers for gasoline, which when emptied are eagerly sought for the family reservoir



THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM

Most important of Jerusalem's many portals, excepting the Jaffa Gate, which is the one mainly used by tourists. The gate opens to the north, and is the main thoroughfare for the natives coming from the cities and villages of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. The antiquated aspect reminds one that it dates from the fourth century



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

Just under the shadow of the east wall of Jerusalem is a carefully kept plot which surrounds a few olive trees so ancient that they seem to groan under the weight of the years they have survived. Their trunks are gnarled and twisted as if they too had borne the agony of the Lord who suffered there. Life still remains in the smaller branches, and under the careful ministrations of a few monks who have the garden in their charge it is indeed a grateful sight in a land so rugged and barren.



DAVID STREET IN JERUSALEM

The Broadway of Jerusalem. No vehicles gain access within the walls except for a short distance at Jaffa Gate. At sunset all shops are closed, and few people venture out after dark, for the streets are unlighted. David Street runs eastward from Jaffa Gate to the temple, and is the boundary line of the four sections of the old city—the Armenian, Jewish, Christian, and Moham-medan quarters



THE BAZAARS OF CAIRO

The streets in the native section of Cairo have been imitated in the side shows of carnivals and expositions in every civilized land, but all these attempts lack the "atmosphere" of the real thing. The Arab spends his waking hours almost entirely out of doors, and the streets are filled with surging crowds, and threading through them are every sort of wheeled vehicle



A DESERT "DANDY"

A superb example of Arab strength and grace. The beaded ornaments and the potent "charms" are necessary adjuncts to his costume. Yards and yards of linen, wound in complicated fashion, form the headdress and robe



Photograph by Paul Klots

THE CONE INSIDE THE CRATER
OF MT. VESUVIUS ❖ ❖ ❖

For centuries the cause of terror to the densely populated area about it and the source of the greater part of the information on which geological theories of volcanic action have been based



THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS VOLCANO ❖ ❖

Vesuvius dominates from every vista, by day and by night, from Naples or Capri, from Pompeii or Sorrento. Indulge at leisure, if you can, the glow of awe and wonder that comes at first sight of this dramatic pile. Consult your mental reserve of geography, history, and Bulwer Lytton, and then give yourself up to the luxury of just *feeling* Vesuvius. This may be done while you lunch in the shadow of the old fort, with the bright-colored sailboats and beflagged launches crowding the inlet between the coast and the island. Naples is green and majestic, the bay sparkles. Ten miles away, on the plain of Campania, Vesuvius stands guard—or challenger—with its eternal flag of smoke flying aloft, 4,200 feet above the sea. Those are truly brave villagers that have dared to build homes and plant grape arbors on its very breast.

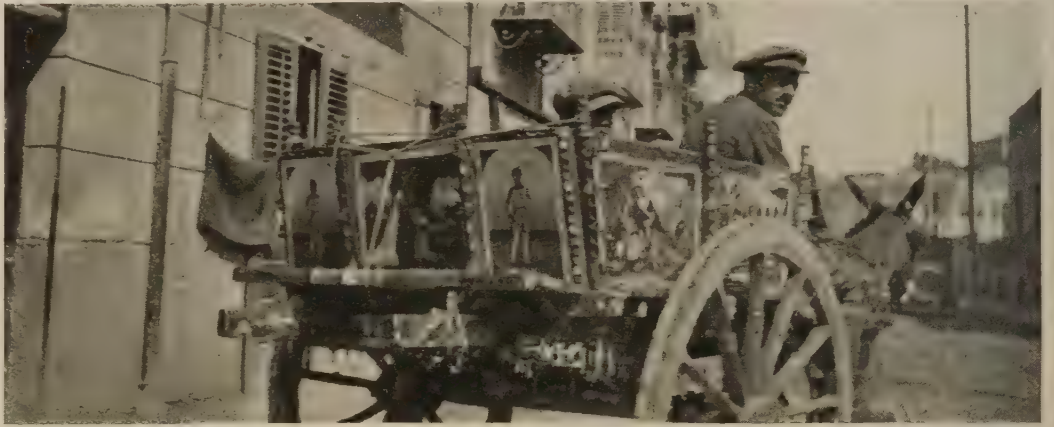
Play around the mountain, get the perspective of its twin peaks from all vantages, see it by sun, rain, and moonlight, and then go near. There are two irresistible viewpoints: one from Sorrento, the other from the ruins of Pompeii. Standing in the ruins

of the Pompeian Forum, you will realize not so much the vine-clad Vesuvius of the present as the fire-belching destroyer of eighteen and a half centuries ago.

The finest and deepest impression of Vesuvius is to come. The funicular road up the volcano passes the grape orchards, the piles of stone, slag, and lava indicative of the several periods of eruption. Government guides conduct you carefully over the rim of ashes to the vantage point for a view of the crater and the cone. And then—the moment of a lifetime! In the huge abyss the vapor clears and from the cone a crimson stream leaps and falls, and flows into the waiting bed of cold green mineral. That sinuous, brilliant fire against a background of desolation—a thing startlingly alive in a region of death-flare, a menace, a blood-red scourge—and all else gray smoke, brown rock, dun-colored ashes! Strangely, you have no fear. You go nearer and nearer. The old guide supports you on the steaming pile inside the crater; but for him you would forget danger and be lured still farther to the rim of the roaring furnace.

At the sunset hour the descent is made to the pine-fringed city on the shore of the Bay of Naples. You have been face to face with Vesuvius, felt its hot breath, looked on its living furnace. It is an experience you can never forget.

Della Mohr.



A SICILIAN "CARRETTO," OR CART

These oak carts are heirlooms and are carefully preserved. Upon their panels are painted pictorial representations of the island's history, landscapes, and holy sites



SICILIAN SILHOUETTES

BY SAMUEL R. STERN

Long before maps were made or geographies written, the triangular wedge of land inhabited at the beginning of civilization by a tribe called *Siculi* undoubtedly divided the Mediterranean Sea in half. It is also likely that the island was formerly attached to the toe of Italy's boot, from which it is now separated by the Straits of Messina. Sicily is the largest island of the Mediterranean. At the narrowest point, between Scylla on the Italian shore and Charybdis on the island, the currents and tides are so treacherous as to justify the portent of the phrase "between Scylla and Charybdis," meaning between two dread alternatives. The Straits of Messina are from two to twelve miles wide, and about twenty miles long.

There are several convenient ways of crossing from Italy to Sicily. The trip of 170 miles from Naples to Palermo, on the northwest coast, is made daily in fairly good-sized vessels. One can also go from Rome or Naples to Messina by a train that is transported across the straits by ferry. The island has a population of about three and a half million people. A great majority of the people are engaged in growing fruit, nuts, and olives. Sicily is also the chief source of the world's supply of sulphur, and her fisheries give employment to thousands of persons.

All Sicilian towns were apparently laid out on the same plan. No matter where you go, in the valley or on the mountain top,

you see people huddled together in small narrow houses built only a few feet apart, and often resting on arches that shade the streets below. Some streets are too narrow to admit of a vehicle's entering. Goats are everywhere—in the homes, streets, roads, and fields, and even climbing the olive trees. Cows and horses are seldom seen. The jackass is the only carrier of man and merchandise on land. The arched ways keep out the heat in summer and provide shade, and they also minimize the effect of the sirocco, a hot wind that comes from the Sahara Desert and creates great havoc. It tears doors from hinges and windows from their casements, and the dust that follows in its wake penetrates to the innermost chambers of the houses and stores.

Taormina, a popular winter resort in the Province of Messina, is reached from the coast by a remarkable motor road. Hairpin turns wind on a constant up-grade for hundreds of feet. A splendid panorama, gradually unfolding, shows the Ionian Sea below and Mt. Etna high above. Etna, situated near the east shore, is the loftiest point on the island, its elevation being nearly 11,000 feet above sea level. Alexander Dumas, writing of Taormina, described the prospect in the evening "when the sun is setting behind Etna and the shadow of the great mountain is cast upon the Calabrian hills, the forest and uplands glowing with purples melting into blues, and violets into reds." Nearly everything in this old-world town of 5,000 souls dates from a period before the Christian era. The hotel, majestically placed on a soaring peak, was built centuries ago as a castle for a medieval knight. In

THE MENTOR

and about beautiful Taormina artists are at work, sketching the architecture and decorations of old churches, towers, and buildings, and making pictures of the workers in the orange and lemon groves.

There is an open-air theater only a short distance from the town that was erected over two thousand years ago when the Greeks were in possession of the island. Local concerts are often held in this mammoth amphitheater.

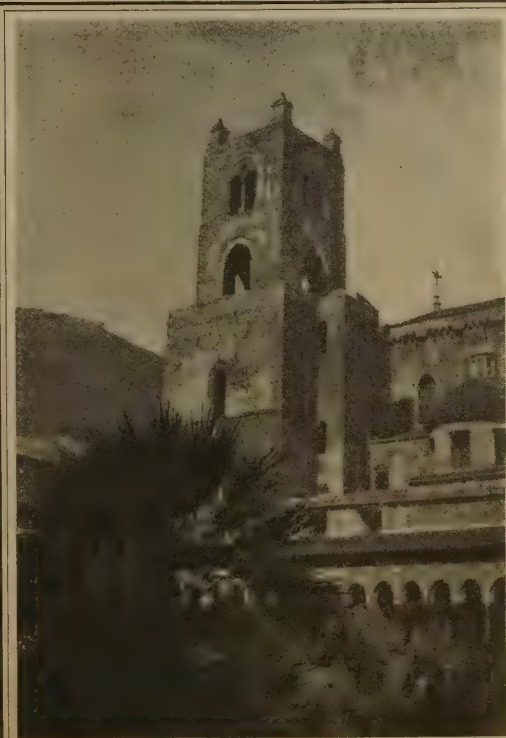
It must have taken a deal of time, patience, and labor to construct towns like these on heights far above the sea. Yet all over Sicily you find them. The principal reason for building them so was that the difficulty of their approach discouraged attack. If enemies did dare the trail they could be seen advancing and a better defense could be prepared.

Palermo, called "the happy," has an imposing position on the shore. Within its walls is a private chapel with mosaics of matchless beauty portraying the creation and development of man and the life of Christ and the Apostles. Palermo has four hundred thousand inhabitants.

Sicily is unfortunate in the fact that one sixth of the island is owned by less than two



A NARROW ARCHED STREET
IN TAORMINA



NORMAN ROMANESQUE CATHEDRAL
NEAR PALERMO

hundred people. Only about ten per cent of the inhabitants live in the open country. Sicilians seem to prefer the cities, and often willingly travel many miles to and from their work in the fields, forests, mines, or orchards. There is an entire absence of the cottage life found in other parts of Europe.

The better class of Sicilians are fine-looking. The women have handsome eyes, and the men are well groomed. The majority of the people are extremely poor, but their appearance and occupations are invariably picturesque. Gossipy old women sit in doorways weaving their yarns. Younger ones go to the community fountain balancing expertly their well-filled jugs, or carrying fuel upon their heads from the mountains to the villages below. The children are much overworked; extreme youth seems to be no impediment to heavy physical labor. Many young girls are employed making lace and embroidery.

The roads of Sicily are for the most part very bad, and lend themselves to travel by cart much better than by automobile. But the island is so attractive that sooner or later tourists will compel a good roads movement, and then it will indeed be a motorists' paradise.



DRAMATIC MOMENT IN HISTORY

THE OPENING OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB
Described for The Mentor by Arthur Weigall

It was a dramatic moment in history, that hour in early afternoon on February 16, 1923, when Lord Carnarvon passed through the door of the death chamber of Tutankhamen,* the very location of which had been forgotten before the first Rameses came to the throne. That moment has been described for The Mentor by Mr. Weigall, who was for many years Inspector-General of Antiquities in Egypt.

"The uppermost feeling was of pity," he said. "It touched all of us who were there. There was something of a sense of the tragic in it: compassion for this Pharaoh who was being awakened. Once so powerful, now he seemed like a man washed up on a strange beach, a man stranded in the ages, one left behind by time, with all his people gone. He had lain so long in his dark room; and now he was being brought from his own world into a world of cameras and moving pictures, X-rays and electric lights. There was not a soul there who did not feel a tremendous tension. We had come to the last of the great kings' tombs, and probably the most complete. For more than a hundred years men had been seeking it.

"The scene was like the setting of a drama, but it was intensely real: In the distance, the city of the dead, all gaunt and glaring; about us, the barren Libyan hills, with not even a palm in sight, and the hot narrow valley—Biban-el-maluk, 'the doorways of kings,' which they chose for their secret resting places so they might lie forever unmolested by marauders. And in the tomb itself, buried in the rock, the two Ka statues of Tutankhamen himself, each with the royal mace, on guard beside the sealed door in the outer chamber, with its treasures about them.

"It is no doubt nonsense to talk of superstitions. Yet even Lord Carnarvon was nervous. He was a sick man when he went to Luxor, and he was under a tremendous strain. This was the moment which would show if years of work had been wasted or would give up the biggest find. When the moment to enter came at last, after the way had been cleared, he was



ARTHUR WEIGALL IN HIS STUDIO

Preparing a cast of Tutankhamen for exhibition in Great Britain. As scientist, artist, and author, Weigall has for twenty years been discovering and describing Egyptian antiquities. He began his career as assistant to Professor Flinders Petrie, and later conducted excavations at Thebes and Sakkara, and in other archaeological fields. Mr. Weigall is the one standing on the box

laughing and joking nervously. His voice was that of a man strung up. He gave the word in some such phrase as, 'Well, come on, boys.'

"Six weeks later, on the day of Carnarvon's death, a colleague asked me, 'Do you remember what you said to me when he went in?' I had forgotten. 'What you said,' my friend told me, 'was this: "If he goes in there in that spirit, I give him six weeks to live."' "

"As the party filed down the stone steps of the tomb, I could not help thinking of Aladdin and the Forty Thieves. The entrance was a spot of black in the brilliance of the desert. The heat shimmered on the barren earth and the biscuit-colored rocks. The dead-white road glared where it wound for miles through the necropolis. To one side a few police huddled in a tent; on the hill, thirty feet above the tomb, a watchman cooked his dinner at an open fire.

"There came a tapping: Howard Carter's chisel on the limestone blocks at the top of the sealed door leading to the third of the four rooms cut in the rock. Bit by bit the stone work came loose and workmen carried it out. The sharp tapping kept on, steadily. There was no other sound. The

*Note: The king's name is made up of three words, Tut-an-kh-Amen, meaning "In the Living Image of God."

THE MENTOR

tapping continued. It was like awakening at Resurrection. We had a curious feeling that the man inside was awake now, that he had heard and was straining to know what had come to him. The sealed doorway was swung free. At that moment a hawk—the royal bird of the Pharaohs—came soaring over the burial plain from Luxor; it hovered a moment directly over the tomb and flew straight into the west. This sounds like nonsense. None the less, it happened.

"The seal covering the inner entrance was shifted aside. Two great eyes stared out through the opening: the magical eyes of the dead, painted on a panel of wood and left on watch.

"The inner chamber, containing the catafalque, is perhaps twenty-five feet by twelve, and ten feet high; its floor is three feet lower than that of the outer room. Carter and Carnarvon dropped down, carrying an electric torch. They found what appeared to be the first royal tomb intact. There is but ten inches between the catafalque and the wall; they squeezed around a corner, and on the front of the big wooden structure found two doors, bolted and bearing the seals put there by priests after robbers had once entered the tomb.

"When Carnarvon came out at last, his face was dead white. The doors creaked open as Carter shot the bronze bolt; within

the catafalque he and Carnarvon found a space of two feet, and then a second great box, shrouded with a pall of linen covered with gold sequins. Skill was needed to erect these tabernacles, which all but fill the chamber they occupy.

"Robbers had entered the central chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb, but the catafalque, resealed by the priests, appeared not to have been entered. A vase or two lay about, and outside the doorway, which priests also sealed, a bit of linen drapery had been thrown over one of the Ka statues of the king: the desecrators could not stand the watchfulness of the figure. Often in such cases the thieves gouged out the eyes of the statues. The robbers that entered the tomb of Tutankhamen made their attempt before 1150 B. C. The burial place was already old: Tutankhamen ruled from 1358 to 1351 B. C., and by 1150 the entrance to his tomb was covered by a natural accretion of earth and by rubbish from the tomb of Rameses VI, in the hillside above.

Terror drove out the Egyptian thieves who so long ago dared the king's wrath, and something of that terror laid its spell on the exploring men of to-day, who came not to despoil but to preserve the name and story of a king whom some believe to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus.



© New York Times

THE SECRET OF THE INNER CHAMBER

A portion of the shrine of Tutankhamen's tomb, elaborately carved and gilded and inlaid with blue faïence. The piece of the wall in the foreground bears the seals. Ka statues guard the entrance



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CAIRO MUSEUM



STEPPING BACK

4,000 YEARS

BY ALFRED HEINICKE

The disposition of the objects found in the tomb of Tutankhamen is an active source of speculation. Some will go to the British Museum, but the finest specimens will remain in Egypt. The National Museum at Cairo is now undergoing a house-cleaning to make room for the Tutankhamen effects.

So many antiques of historic importance were removed from Egypt in the past, that the Egyptian Government created a Department of Government Excavations, and ruled that only after officials had chosen half of the rarest specimens unearthed by European expeditions could the remainder be transported from the country.

Ever since a member of Napoleon's military expedition to the Nile found the Rosetta Stone, key to Egyptian hieroglyphics, the French have been active Egyptologists. In the middle of the last century Auguste Mariette, an assistant in the Louvre at Paris, went to Egypt to undertake archaeological excavations under the auspices of the French Government. He demonstrated such an ardent spirit and became such an admirer of Egypt that he was

appointed the first Director of Government Excavations.

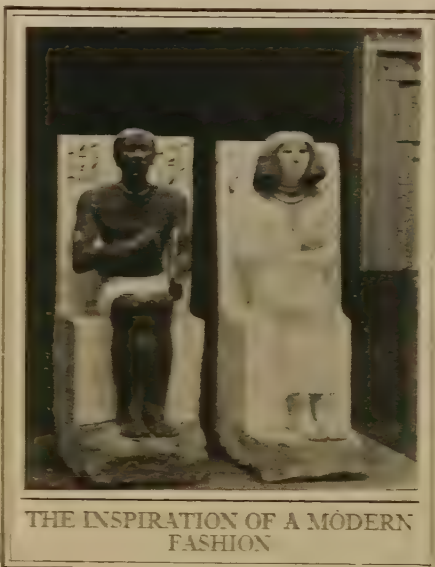
With the aid of the Egyptian and French Governments, Mariette founded in 1858 the National Museum. He died in 1881, and a few years later plans were drawn up for a modern museum building in Cairo. At the entrance is Mariette's tomb, a sarcophagus unearthed in the Nile Valley. Sir Gaston Maspero, the noted French Egyptologist and author, became the second director of the museum.

The building, constructed at a cost of five million francs, was completed in 1902. In its stately halls have been assembled the rarest

treasures taken from ancient Egyptian tombs and storehouses. In the Gallery of Honor are many beautifully carved granite basalt sarcophagi. Here also are boats in which the ancient Egyptians carried their dead for burial in the pyramids. These boats were found imbedded in the loose desert sand near the northern pyramids of Dalishur. Their discovery leads to the conclusion that the royal burial grounds could be reached only by boats in times of high water.

A heroic group on the stairway represents King

Amenthosis III and his wife Tiji, with their three children. This splendid work of art was found in the years 1906-1908 and was brought to the museum in sections. Some missing pieces were cleverly reproduced;



THE INSPIRATION OF A MODERN FASHION

THE MENTOR

luckily, the heads were found intact in the excavations.

The Cow of Deir el Bahri and her chapel are particularly interesting to visitors. The sacred cow is called the finest piece of animal sculpture ever taken from Egyptian soil.

Articles from the graves of the Theban kings are found on the upper floor of the museum. Toilet requisites, musical instruments, goldware, dresses, fan and mirror handles, suggest a luxurious age. The curators have sorted small sphinxes, statuettes, axes, chisels, wooden tortoises (used for pin-cushions), shoes and sandals, boxes for cosmetics used by the women of those days, and children's toys. In the Gallery of Gems are displayed the jewels of royal ladies of Egypt—necklaces, bracelets, amulets, and clasps of amazing workmanship.

The tomb of Queen Teja of the first dynasty yielded four bracelets of great beauty and value. The story of their discovery leads into the byways of romance. Centuries ago the queen's tomb was pillaged and her mummy broken into small pieces. One of her forearms was secreted by a robber in a hole in the wall of the tomb. Here it remained forgotten. Finally the tomb was converted into a shrine; for more than a thousand years none of the pilgrims con-

tinued to worship at the shrine, and no one discovered the hidden arm and the bracelets. The Copts destroyed the shrine, and later, when a foreign mission carried away the contents of the tomb, the arm still remained undisturbed. Finally it was discovered by

a workman who had put his dole of bread in the opening of the wall. When the bandages were removed, Queen Teja's bracelets clattered to the ground. They represent the very earliest examples of jewelry known, dating back nearly 5,000 years before Christ.

Mummy hunting flourished for many years in Egypt. Hundreds were sold out of the country, until finally the Government put a stop to this ghoulish trade. In room after room of the museum are ranged the coffins

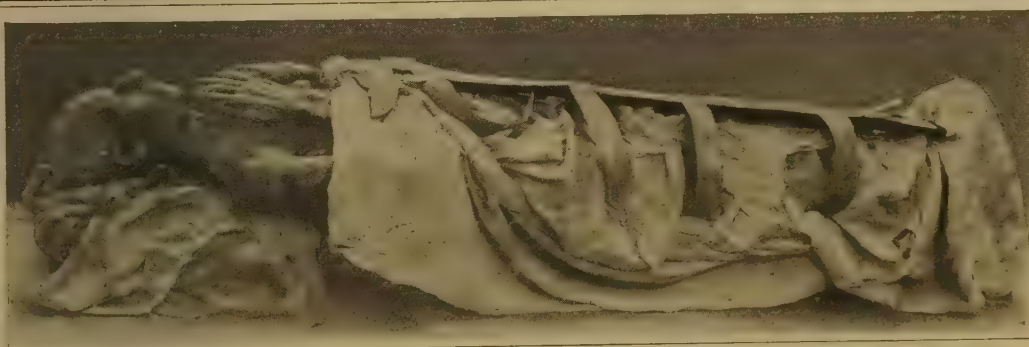
of dead monarchs and their royal households. The arms of all mummies are folded over the chest. There were several different processes of mummy making. Most of the bodies in the museum have been preserved by means of spiced gums, or pitch, or carbonate of soda.

A never-failing object of pilgrimage is the casket of Rameses, who built Thebes and Karnak and laid a heavy hand on the Israelites. Another tomb that always attracts attention is that of a princess mummy with a tiny baby.



CHAIRS 4,000 YEARS OLD

After which "Empire" furniture was modeled



MUMMY OF SETI I AS IT LOOKED ON REMOVAL OF THE PROTECTING CLOTHES
As the most perfectly preserved mummy in the world, it is one of the most precious exhibits in the Cairo Museum



THE KA * * * * *

Man's Double in Ancient Egypt *

BY LORINDA M. BRYANT

The Egyptians believed that every man, king, and god was born with a double personality. They were taught that a second self, or "Ka," was created with him, and that this Ka represented him in the spirit world, throughout his life. When death came, the Ka was free to wander at will. If food and drink were not furnished for the Ka, then it would wander about in search of it. This to the Egyptian was unthinkable. Food must be furnished, and also an abiding place.

A portrait-statue of the deceased was always made so that the Ka might recognize the home prepared for it. The Ka animated the statue and received the mortuary offerings. An invariable characteristic of a Ka was its dignity. The effigy of a prince must have a princely bearing, and one of a professional person must have a pose indicative of his calling.

After the statue of the Ka was made it was put in the Ka chapel, called the "Serdad." This was an inner room of the *mastaba*, or tomb, of the deceased. It was believed that the carved image possessed intelligence, and that when it lived in its new home, the Ka chapel, it could enjoy the odor of the delicious offerings brought by "the priests of the Ka." The food was placed on a low table in front of the false door of the tomb where the Ka could easily regale itself. These tables—really a kind of doorstep to the false door—were made of marble, alabaster, or granite, and were elaborately

carved with pictures of foods and drinks—cakes, bread, geese, beef, fruits, vegetables—and flower decorations. On many of the tables were small tanks or hollow channels where libations of wine were supposedly poured out to the honor of the deceased and his gods.

The freedom of the Ka was remarkable.

It could come and go as it willed; it could live in the other world or in this world. In the marvelous Egyptian exhibit of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is the reconstructed original tomb of Perneb, who lived about 2650 B. C. This royal sepulcher was found on the west side of the Nile at Sak-kara, the cemetery of old Memphis. The wooden portrait-statue of Perneb was destroyed by ancient plunderers. The museum authorities have substituted for Perneb's own Ka a replica of the famous "Wooden Man," which is one of the most remarkable features of the Cairo Museum.

In the British Museum is a wooden Ka figure of Rameses II taken from his tomb at Thebes. Old Rameses the Great merits interest on several counts.

Besides being one of the most powerful rulers of an ancient dynasty, he is particularly worthy of notice because he was the father of one hundred and eleven sons and fifty-one daughters. He honored several of his favorite children by having small statues set up beside his own Ka.

The Ka of Tutankhamen has frequently been mentioned in cable

dispatches. Portrait-statues of the youthful ruler were discovered on either side of the entrance to the tomb, opened under sensational circumstances in February, 1923.*

*A picture of these statues is shown on page 37 of this issue



In the Cairo Museum

THE VILLAGE CHIEF

A Ka statue carved thousands of years ago, and accounted the finest known example of ancient Egyptian sculptural art. The face and figure are of wood; the eyes are of quartz and rock crystal, with eyelids of bronze

Boccaccio, KING OF STORY TELLERS

BY PHILIP HARRIDAN

It gives one a strange emotion, walking in the environs of Florence, to look over the walls of the identical gardens where Boccaccio's lovely ladies sat six centuries ago and exchanged with their companions the immortal tales of the Decameron.

There are two of these gardens. One surrounds the country house called Poggia Gherardo, a two-mile walk from Florence. Pools, greensward, and lanes pertaining to the Villa Palmieri supplied the background for the second part of the story-telling tourney comprised in the collection titled "Decameron," or "Ten Days."

Boccaccio was familiar with both these estates as a boy. His stepmother dowered her husband with a farm near by, and young Giovanni lived there for several years. Information about his birth and boyhood is not definite. He was born in 1313 or 1314 in Paris, where his father, a Florentine, was engaged in business. There the young merchant met and loved a French noblewoman. As a babe in arms the child was carried back to Italy, where his father married a girl of his own countryside. When he became a writer, Giovanni was never tired of calling attention in his poems and stories to the beauty of the olive and cypress trees that covered the hills. Twenty miles from Florence there is an old dwelling called the House of Boccaccio, part of which sheltered the youth Giovanni.

To please his father, he tried to learn the banking business in Naples, and later he studied law. For six years, he says in one of his works, "he did nothing but waste irrecoverable time." He hated business and money-making, but he passionately loved the pursuit of culture. He had plenty of good times, too, for Naples was a gay city under the reign of King Robert, and the Boccaccio

family had many friends at Robert's court.

Giovanni was still an unwilling student of the law when on a certain fateful Holy Saturday he went to mass in a fine church of Naples. While he was listening to the service there appeared to his eyes "the wondrous beauty of a young woman. . . . I had no sooner seen her than my heart began to throb."

Seized by her blond loveliness, he watched the lady leave the church . . . and returned on Easter Day, and saw her again, and she him. He learned that she was the natural daughter of the King of Naples, and the wife of Count d'Aquino, to whom she had not long been wedded. Her age was about seventeen. Her personal allurements and her appetite for admiration had already involved her in numerous affairs.

After a protracted period of coquetry, the fair-haired countess accepted Boccaccio as a lover. Fast in Cupid's chains, from now on he had but two desires: to write, and to continue in the smiles of Maria d'Aquino, the "Fiammetta" of his dreams. She became his inspiration and his despair. As Dante loved Beatrice; as Petrarch, Laura; so Giovanni gave himself to Fiammetta. Faithless Fiammetta! She betrayed him when he was twenty-two. His entire life seemed then on the edge of disaster; but he found consolation in following after another and always constant mistress—Literature. Of the many works he produced, the one most truly worthy of enduring fame is his romance "Amorosa Fiammetta." He was the creator of the novel,

and is named with Dante and Petrarch as one of the three founders of modern literature.

Even when Fiammetta died, Boccaccio's love for her still remained a definite part of his existence. Because of her betrayal he mistrusted all women and held their morality in contempt. This attitude is bitterly evidenced in his "Life of Dante," and in "Corbaccio," written "to open the eyes of the young to woman's perfidy."

When Boccaccio was forty years old he undertook the major work of his career, the



GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

Whose "Decameron" ("Ten Days") is one of the classics of literature, also wrote a Life of Dante and commentaries on the first sixteen cantos of the "Inferno"



SCENE OF THE DECAMERON

Villa Palmieri, where the stories of the third to the tenth days of the Decameron were narrated, can still be seen in the suburbs of Florence

Decameron. In this, too, he finds a place for false Fiammetta. She is named as one of the seven patrician young women who fled to the country from the mournful horrors of the Black Death, which ravaged Florence in the year 1348. Escorted by three gallants, they found diversion at the little palace identified as Poggio Gherardo, and on the walled terraces of Villa Palmieri. Amid these pastoral surroundings, the ten friends passed the time telling stories, crowning every day for ten days a new "story master," and choosing a different theme daily.

These inventions of Boccaccio's pleasure-seeking young Florentines were related in turn, ten tales to a day—some short, some longer, but all with variety as limitless as humanity; better than the "Arabian Nights' Tales" in their setting, more authentic than Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" in their relations of life, and sprightlier, more comic than either. No literary product of the fourteenth century can be compared to this series of one hundred imaginary narratives, just as in the thirteenth century Dante's "Divine Comedy" was supreme. There is a considerable bibliography reciting the influence of the Decameron upon the work of Shakespeare, Molière, Keats,

Tennyson, Lessing, and other master writers of European nations. The French say truthfully that the subject matter of many of the ribald tales in the Decameron are borrowed from their literature, but it was Boccaccio's genius that wove into a shining fabric these types and themes drawn from other sources. An epic poem, "Teseide," written at Fiammetta's wish and dedicated to her, has an important place in the evolution of poetry in its modern form because of its original rhythm. Chaucer adopted some of its principal features in "The Knight's Tale," and Lord Byron made use of the meter in "Don Juan."

The first printed edition of the Decameron was probably issued in Florence about 1470. The first English translation appeared in 1620.

One of the pleasures that came to Boccaccio in middle life was his friendship with Petrarch, whom he had long admired for his piety and gifts of scholarship. When he got word of his friend's passing, in the year 1374, Boccaccio had himself been ill for some time at Certaldo in the Tuscan hills. His death came about Christmas time a year later. As specified in his will, he was buried in the village church, and there he lies still, the master story teller of all time, and a master lover.



ROOM IN BOCCACCIO'S HOUSE, CERTALDO

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF GEORGIAN TIMES



THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER: A PORTRAIT

From a painting in the National Gallery, London, by George Romney

REYNOLDS, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Lawrence—names to conjure with in the field of art. They painted the beauty and fashion and fame of the Georgian period, more than a hundred years ago, and their pictures have grown in value more than a hundred-fold. The story of these painters and their work makes one of the most interesting chapters in the history of art.



In the Louvre, Paris

PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, By Thomas Lawrence
Financier, philanthropist, founder of the famous house of Lloyds—shipping underwriters—and a patron of the arts, John Julius Angerstein gave Lawrence several commissions to paint himself and family. It was the Angerstein collection of pictures that formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, London

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GEORGIAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS

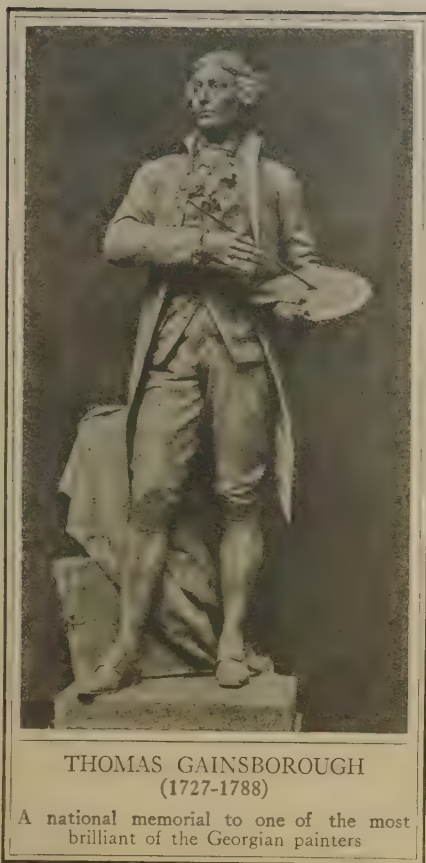
BY FRANCIS LORING PAYNE

They are called "Georgian painters" because they lived and painted during the reigns of George II and George III of England, but the master painters of that group—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others—seem to be as much alive to-day as in their own time, and even more famous than then.

As the world has grown, their fame has grown with it, until now, in all civilized countries, their names are familiar even to those that are little informed in matters of art.

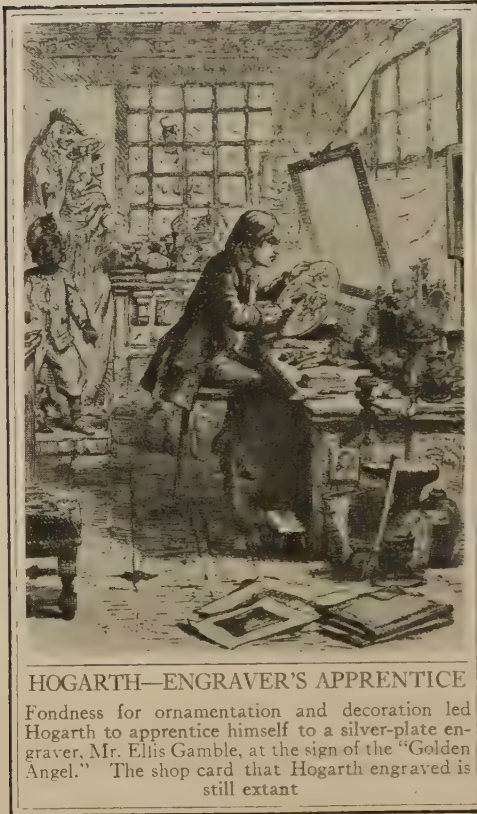
Measured in terms of money, their works to-day have a value that would have seemed impossible to them. Gainsborough's least work, for which he would have thought the equivalent of \$500 a good price, can hardly be touched now for less than \$15,000, and his "Blue Boy" (perhaps the same picture that is mentioned as bringing \$185 in 1796, eight years after his death) is to-day the highest priced painting in the world, having been bought in 1922 by a firm of art dealers for \$730,000 and resold by them to Henry E. Huntington to add to the collection which had already cost him \$5,000,000. To a large degree the big prices brought by the Georgian painters are due to the bidding of American collectors. In its day the "Blue Boy" was the talk of England: it has now become the talk of the world.

The period of the first four kings named George—from 1714 to 1830—spans the rise of independent English art. This art began with Hogarth. He was best known as the satirist of his time, a man who attacked the weaknesses of fashion, of society, of the nobility, who painted cartoons of the vices of the town and, following the freedom of speech and broad manners of his day,



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
(1727-1788)

A national memorial to one of the most
brilliant of the Georgian painters



touched on themes that came as a shock to the prudish eyes of the conventional age that followed. Hogarth threw idealism to the winds. Convention had no place in his lexicon. He depicted what he saw, coldly and dispassionately dissecting the weaknesses of a fast and depraved society. He did it relentlessly, leaving an obvious moral, and clothing vice in its true colors. Indeed, his pictures were genuine sermons, and it was just because of this pictorial ability in composition that the world for a time lost sight of Hogarth's technical ability, an ability of the highest order. For the man knew his trade well, drew superbly, and was in reality, first and foremost, a painter of great technical knowledge and skill.

Hogarth was born in London, December 10, 1697. He was early apprenticed to a silversmith; but he soon went to a school of art, studied engraving, and

made a number of excellent plates. He shortly began to paint, and there came from his brush in rapid succession a long series of extraordinary social cartoons; and, because of the wonderful success of these and their continued popularity, the world was inclined to think of him, one writer has said, "as a sort of showman in paint." Engravings of his "Marriage à la Mode," "The Rake's Progress," and other series of pictures are known the world over, and brought him in a large money return during his own lifetime. It is, however, to other work than these car-



A PAGE FROM "FIVE DAYS' PEREGRINATION"

Hogarth with five friends set out on an expedition from London to Sheerness, Scotland. The incidents of the trip were illustrated by Hogarth and Samuel Scott, the landscape painter. The original manuscript volume of "Peregrination" is in the British Museum

toons that we must look for some of his splendid painter-like qualities. Such a work as his "The Shrimp Girl" distinguishes the art of the nineteenth century, while his portraits are the eloquent product of a master of his craft.

At Hogarth's death, at the age of 67, in 1764, Joshua Reynolds, then 41 years old, led the front rank as a portrait painter; the younger Gainsborough was becoming his rival; Romney was started on his career, and the way was paved for the later Raeburn and Lawrence. At a single sale in London in 1923, fifteen paintings representing all of these except Raeburn sold for \$275,000. This was but one of a series of sales to Americans that aroused an outcry in England against the dispersion of

hereditary art treasures—a resentment first generally expressed in 1919 when Romney's picture of the Beckford children was sold for \$260,000.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was regarded in his day as the first of portrait painters. Some feeling then arose between him and Gainsborough, and the story of their misunderstanding is a classic chapter in the biography of art.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS On his deathbed, in 1788, Gainsborough repented of the feeling and the two became reconciled. To his restored friend, Gainsborough whispered, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

Reynolds was four years Gainsborough's senior: he did not join this celestial party till 1792. In his 69 years he lived a full life, though a quiet one. No man before or since has occupied a more eminent position in London as an artist. He was the son of a clergyman, and the father's wish was that young Joshua become a physician. But at nineteen years of age Reynolds went



HOGARTH AND HIS DOG "TRUMP"

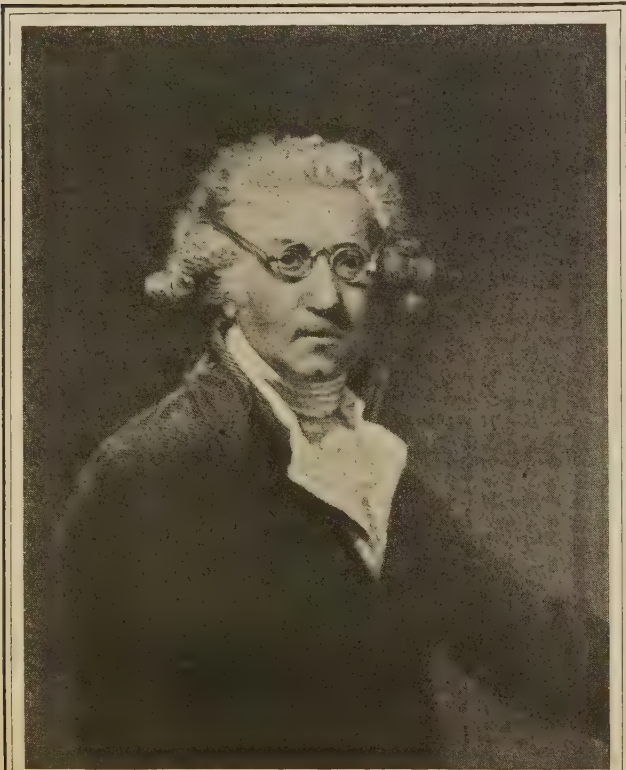
Painted by Hogarth and now in the National Gallery, London. In the corner of this portrait he drew a serpentine curve with the words, "The Line of Beauty." In response to the numerous inquiries caused by this, Hogarth wrote the "Analysis of Beauty"

GEORGIAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS

to London to study with Hudson, a painter remembered now chiefly because he was Reynolds' master. In good time Reynolds made the grand tour, which at that time was the obligatory final touch to the education of well-born youths. To him it was more than a holiday, for, on the continent, he devoted himself to the Italian galleries. At thirty he was established in London in a studio in St. Martin's Lane, his talent was mature, and the fashionable world was flocking to him. Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith: these were his friends. Splendid were the nights when they sat talking, for Reynolds' talent for friendship equaled his gift for painting. He was fond of women's society, and always bore himself with simple gallantry, but, while he had many notable women friends, he remained a bachelor to the end.

When the Royal Academy was founded by George III in 1768, Reynolds was the first president and was made a knight. Though nearly a quarter of a century of work lay before him, his work already formed a page of Georgian history. A skilful technician, a real colorist, a man who was successful in catching character, he left behind him a record of labor achieved, of kindly relations with his fellow artists, and a quiet dignity that raised his profession to its proper place; but more than that, in the historical sense, is the picture he has left us of his times. Court beauties, actresses, duchesses

and dukes, soldiers and sailors, writers and preachers: he painted them all, and he painted them as he saw them, without affectation. When he first saw the Hon. Miss Diana Sackville, she was running across a lawn, and it was on that lawn that he insisted on painting her. That was in 1777: the portrait was done for the sitter's fiancé, Lord Crosbie, and Reynolds' fee was 78 pounds 15 shillings. The picture is known to-day as the "Lady Crosbie." Reynolds painted beauties, but he won no small esteem by his pictures of children also. Of these, one of the most celebrated canvases dates from two years before the picture of Lady Crosbie: it is the "Young Fortune Teller," a



PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(1723-1792)

One of thirty portraits the artist painted of himself

whole-length double portrait of Lord Henry Spencer and his sister, Lady Charlotte, children of the Duke of Marlborough. The little girl is posed playfully telling the fortune of her brother. This picture, for which Reynolds charged 136 pounds 10 shillings, is among the most recent to be sold, presumably to America.

The same ship that brought Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"* to America brought Reynolds' "Tragic Muse," a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, done in

1783. The two pictures, formerly in Grosvenor House, had been sold together for \$1,000,000, by the Duke of Westminster. A third picture in the shipment to America was Gainsborough's "Cottage Door," a work less famous than either of the others. When Reynolds painted Lady Cockburn he said, in the manner of his age, "I cannot lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment," and, though he seldom signed his works, he put his name on the gold-embroidered border of the dress.

THOMAS ❖ ❖ It was a technical controversy with Reynolds that
GAINSBOROUGH led Gainsborough to paint the "Blue Boy." Reynolds, it is said, held that, in the masses of light in a picture, the cool colors should be subordinated: red or yellow should dominate. Gainsborough disagreed, and broke conventions by showing that blue could in truth be handled in such a large mass. After the picture's recent sale it was cleaned, and, as successive coats of varnish were removed, the blue lost the greenish hue so long familiar and showed clear.

This picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1770. It is stated that the original was Jonathan Buttall, son of a rich Soho ironmonger. Little was known of the history of the canvas till twenty years after Gains-



REYNOLDS' LEICESTER SQUARE STUDIO

Here Reynolds established himself in 1760 when he had reached the height of his fame, and it was here that the wealth and fashion of London thronged. At about this time his sittings reached a total of six hundred and seventy-seven for one year

* The "Blue Boy" is reproduced on the cover of this number of The Mentor.



GAINSBOROUGH'S BIRTH- ❖
PLACE, SUDBURY, ENGLAND

Gainsborough's mother, who excelled in flower painting, encouraged her son in the use of the pencil. At the age of ten he had "sketched every fine tree and every picturesque cottage near Sudbury." At fourteen, having filled his copy-books with caricatures of his schoolmaster, he was allowed to go to London to develop his artistic talent

borough's death. The Farington diary, however, which of late has been much discussed, has this entry for December 15, 1796: "Buttall's sale I went to. Gainsborough's picture of a boy in a blue Vandyke dress sold for 35 guineas." The market was then flooded with imitations of Gainsborough, and even originals, for his fame declined after his death. The sale mentioned, however, was no doubt that of the original subject himself. In time the painting passed to the Prince of Wales (later George IV). It is related that the prince, who was somewhat of a rollicking fellow, said to Beau Nesbitt, a companion, "It shall be yours." Nesbitt had admired the "Blue Boy." The prince did send him the picture—and a bill for 300 pounds!

During the World War the "Blue Boy" was put for safekeeping in the National Gallery. So deeply did Englishmen regret its sale to America that when it was removed from the gallery the curator wrote "*Au revoir*," with his initials, on the back of the stretcher.

There was no grand tour of the continent for Gainsborough in his youth, and when he first set out to conquer London he was beaten. He was well advanced in his career before he finally established himself in London, thanks to the prestige he had attained in his studio at Bath, then a resort of fashion. He was the son of a man who had been a milliner, a clothier, and a crape

GEORGIAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS

maker. His talent came from his mother, who painted. Almost as soon as he could walk, the son disclosed signs of intuition in art. When he was fourteen he was sent up to London from his native Sudbury. A silversmith into whose care he had been given placed him under the instruction of an engraver named Gravelot, and the boy went to St. Martin's Lane Academy to study drawing. In time, young Gainsborough, having sold a few things to dealers at starvation prices, opened a studio and waited for patrons. They did not come. At last he returned to Sudbury, where he set up as a portrait painter and occasionally did a landscape. He had then reached the age of eighteen and was married. His wife is said to have been a daughter of the Duke of Bedford. She brought him a dowry of a thousand dollars a year.

From his native town, Gainsborough moved to Ipswich, and there found two boons: a friend and a recreation. The friend was Thicknesse, who became his chronicler, and it was Thicknesse who induced the painter to take up the violin. Gainsborough became proficient in playing, and it grew to be his avocation. Bath offered greater advantages to a portrait painter than did Ipswich, and there Gainsborough attracted the attention of the rich idlers. While Bath was his home, Gainsborough sent regularly to the Royal Academy (though he seems to have had some trouble with the Academy), and he painted many notables--Quin and Garrick, the actors, and General Honywood, whose portrait so impressed George III that he offered to buy it.



GAINSBOROUGH'S FIRST
SERIOUS ATTEMPT AT
LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Gainsborough's portraits have made him famous to our generation, but he always aspired to be a great landscape painter. Eighty out of a total of over three hundred of his paintings were landscapes. None of these, however, can be ranked on the same high plane as his portraits

GEORGIAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS



"TOM PEARTREE'S PORTRAIT"

When a boy, Gainsborough spent most of his time drawing. One day while sketching the trees in his father's garden he included the face of a man who happened to be peering over the wall. This sketch enabled Gainsborough's father to identify the man who had been stealing pears from his orchard

Gainsborough had a name when he returned to London in 1774, and he became the vogue. Five years saw him at the height of his fame. What the British buyers wanted was portraits, not landscapes: he did both, and the landscapes were not entirely without their reward in fame as well as satisfaction. The portraits brought the wits and notables and beauties to his studio, and royalty too, till his position was so assured that when the Duchess of Devonshire was sitting to him, and he could not get the expression he desired, the

story goes that he risked her displeasure by drawing a wet brush across the beautiful mouth, exclaiming, "Her Grace is too hard for me!" Later, Gainsborough made other pictures of the lady that greatly added to his prestige.

Sir William Blackstone, the authority on law; Laurence Sterne, the author; Lord Clive and Burke, the statesmen, and Sheridan, the dramatist—these were among his subjects. Of David Garrick he left five portraits, and of George III eight. Painters see in him a landscape painter of genius and a wonderful colorist. In his own day old Sir Joshua said: "If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

GAINSBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER "PEGGY"

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history of art, among the very first." There is a Gainsborough Day in the calendar of art: the day on which he was born in 1727 and died in 1788; this date is observed by the Royal Academy.

GEORGE ROMNEY

George Romney was another artist by the grace of God. He also was the son of a poor man, and found solace in the violin, his only recreation away from the easel. The date of his birth is 1734. He was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, from whom he learned to carve in wood, and it was not till he had come to manhood that he met an itinerant painter, whose pupil he became for two years. He had no other study. He married early—married a country girl who had nursed him through illness. The union was ill advised. Romney became a wandering painter, going about the country doing portraits at two guineas apiece. When he had saved a hundred guineas—\$500, roughly, but it represented more power than that sum would to-day—he gave his family seventy of the hundred, and with the rest went to London. Before long the town was divided between Reynolds and Romney, and the latter's studio in Cavendish Square was famous.

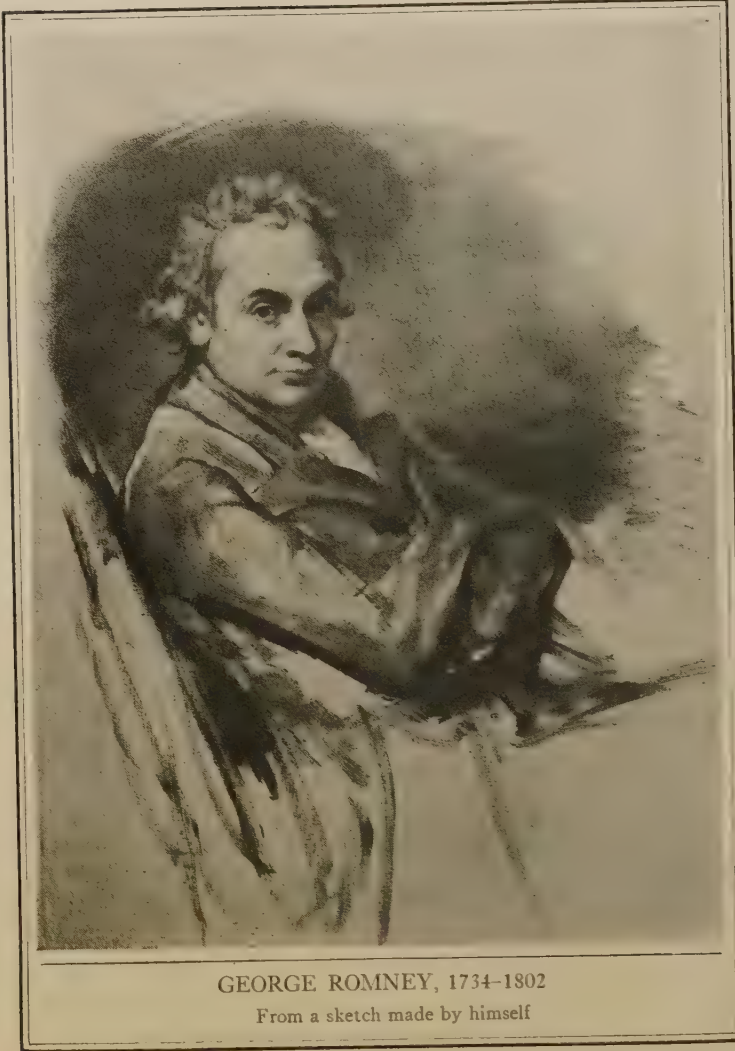
He had the pick of distinguished sitters. Of them all, his favorite was Lady Hamilton—the lovely Emma whom Lord Nelson loved and followed: Romney was forty-eight when he met her; nine years later he wrote to a friend: "At present, and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady. I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind." He called portrait painting mere drudgery, but not when Lady Hamilton was his subject.



In the National Gallery, London

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE," By Joshua Reynolds

Everyone knows this little girl, but few know the family story connected with her picture. The child was Reynolds' grandniece, "Offy" (Theophila) Gwatkin, whose mother, Offy Palmer, sat to Reynolds for the famous "Strawberry Girl." "The Age of Innocence" was painted in 1785, four years before the artist lost his eyesight, and seven years before his death. Sir Joshua, though a rather shy bachelor, loved children, and in his latter years frequently used little folk, rich and poor, as models



He did her again and again: one of his most celebrated canvases is a three-quarter length of her with a dog, a picture familiar through frequent reproduction.

Romney made as much as twenty thousand dollars a year when money was worth a great deal more than it is to-day, but bad health embittered him, and he fretted because he had to do portraits for money, instead of the heroic pictures on which his heart was set. In the end he became a confirmed invalid, and at last trudged back to the wife he had left when he set out to make a name for himself. He was old, sick, nearly mad, and desolate. His

wife cared for him till he died in 1802—a noble action to be remembered.

Raeburn, whose work to-day shows a modern quality in arrangement and in the handling of paint, was a Scotsman. He was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, on March 4, 1756. His father was a fairly prosperous manufacturer, but the boy, left an orphan, was apprenticed to a goldsmith, who encouraged him in his taste for miniature painting and assisted him still further when he tried his hand at oils. It was at Edinburgh he worked, and there he was knighted when George IV visited Scotland. Later in his career Sir Henry Raeburn was appointed His Majesty's painter for Scotland.

**SIR HENRY
RAEBURN**

In his twenty-second year Raeburn married a woman of property, and before long was in the full tide of success. His qualities won recognition in England as well as at home. For virility and directness, and particularly as a painter of men and elderly women, he was unsurpassed among the Georgians.

There is a collection of his work in Edinburgh, of which Robert Louis

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Stevenson wrote: "The visitor beheld, looking down upon him from the walls of the room, a whole army of wise, grave, humorous, capable, or beautiful countenances, painted simply and strongly by a man of genuine instinct. . . . A whole generation of good society was resuscitated, and the Scotsman of to-day walked among the generation of Scotsmen of two generations ago. Raeburn was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their faces, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their character before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception. His portraits are not only a piece of history but a piece of biography into the bargain. The portraits are both signed and counter-signed. For you have, first, the authority of the artist, whom you recognize as no mean critic of the looks and manners of men; and next you have the tacit acquiescence of the subject, who sits looking out upon you with inimitable innocence, apparently under the impression that he is in a room by himself."

Romney had but two years' study in his art (and it was but study of a sort), but Thomas Lawrence had no more than two years' schooling of any kind. It is true, he was taught for a time by William Hoare, R. A., but the pupilage was short and Lawrence began his career by drawing heads in chalk, for which he



HENRY RAEBURN

Painted by his father, Sir Henry Raeburn, about 1795. At this period of his career the artist frequently experimented with a peculiar light effect of which he was very fond. The boy wears a scarlet jacket, the pony (not very well drawn) is gray. Sir Henry and Lady Raeburn had two sons, Peter and Henry. Peter died in youth, but Henry, who inherited his father's property, grew to man's estate, and had three sons and five daughters



"A BOY AND RABBIT," By Henry Raeburn

It is not generally known that this picture is a portrait of the artist's favorite stepgrandson, Henry Raeburn Inglis, a handsome child, who was born deaf and dumb. Raeburn sent the study—perhaps the most popular of all his paintings—to the Royal Academy as his "diploma picture"

received from five to seven dollars each. When he went to London, at eighteen, his handsome face made him friends, and his charming manners made still more. The manners might not have been expected, for Lawrence was the son of a ne'er-do-well innkeeper who had gone from pillar to post. The father was more than a negative handicap: he was a drain as well, and the youth, in whom Reynolds took a lively interest, contributed to the support of his mother and his spendthrift father.

Reynolds gave Lawrence advice, and the lad went to the Royal Academy school, where he so far outstripped his fellow pupils that

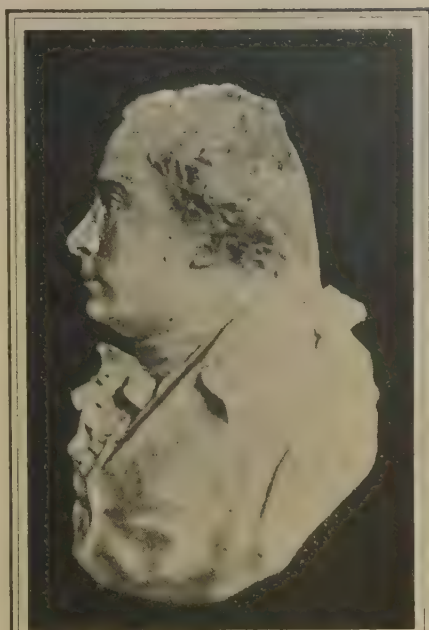
he did not even compete for prizes. Nature made up to Lawrence what he lacked in training and education. "From many of his canvases," writes S. L. Bensusan, "we can see the man's splendid gifts struggling for full expression. At times he seems to be a reflection of a still greater man, Sir Joshua Reynolds. But at every period of his life, Thomas Lawrence is interesting—perhaps it is permissible to say he is even lovable. One gets the impression of a strong man who has equipped himself for life's race despite disadvantages that would have crushed and quelled the spirit of a weakling, a man who makes for the most difficult goal, and reaches it in triumph.

**SIR THOMAS
LAWRENCE**

"It is fair to remember that much of the painter's work was done under certain disadvantages inherent in the times of his activity. With the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, costume was stiff and ugly to an extreme that excites our laughter now. The age of

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artificiality was at hand and Sir Thomas Lawrence was not so well equipped for making the best of it as were Reynolds and Gainsborough, who came immediately before him. That he succeeded so often in making the personality of a sitter overcome the absurdities of dress and decoration is an eloquent tribute to his art. His treatment of children is frankly delightful but frankly derivative; it is only necessary to refer to such portraits as the 'Master Lambton,' 'Nature,' and the 'Countess Gower and Daughter' to see how great is his debt to one who was easily first among the painters of childhood—Sir Joshua himself—and how far he fell short of his teacher's greatness. But the gallery of children is a small one;



SIR HENRY RAEburn, 1756-1823

A bas-relief portrait modeled by his own hand. In order to perfect his knowledge of anatomy, Raeburn took up the study of sculpture when residing in Italy



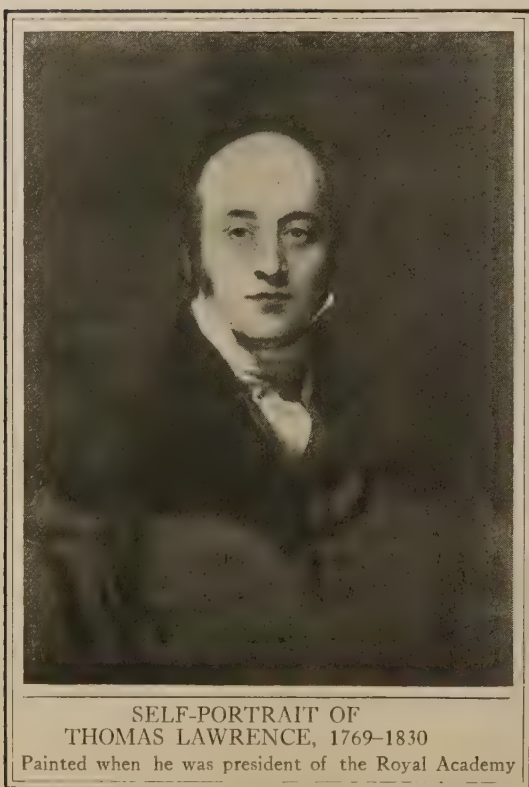
LADY RAEburn

From a painting by her husband

As the Countess Leslie, a widow of means with several children, the lady used to see the young artist tramping the countryside near Edinburgh. She secured an introduction by the simple expedient of asking him to paint her portrait—an earlier picture than the one here shown. Raeburn fell in love with the gentle lady, and they married after a month's courtship. Throughout many years of wedded life their home was a haven of happiness and a center of open-hearted hospitality

the collection of representative men and women of his time is far larger, more representative." Part of Lawrence's measure of success was due to his ability to idealize and graciously flatter his subjects. "Making His Majesty look more majestic, and Her Grace more gracious" brought him the appointment of court painter at the age of twenty-three. No lovelier nor more idealistic portrait ever came from his brush than the picture of the boyish King of Rome, Napoleon's son. Lawrence was popular on the continent, and painted many famous French statesmen and generals.

Lawrence was made an associate of the Royal Academy at the express request of the king and queen, and in another two years became a full academician, a distinction never before or since accorded to one so young.



The regent knighted him in 1815 and he was elected president of the Royal Academy in 1820 on the death of Benjamin West, the American who succeeded Sir Joshua to the presidency. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first president of the Academy after its organization in 1768. There have been less than a dozen presidents in the century and a half of the Academy's existence.

After Lawrence's death in 1830—the year in which the last of the four Georges died—his fame rapidly declined. Collectors and critics have varied widely in their estimates of him. Yet if he is not among the topmost in the group which has been discussed here, he has a firm hold on the imagination, for he is the Georgian exemplar of the beggar-boy fa-

ble—the ragged urchin who becomes one of the glittering figures of the age.



THE LONDON STUDIO OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

After Lawrence was fairly launched as a successful painter, his house in London was thronged with sitters anxious to have their portraits done. It was his custom to demand half his fee in advance. He always stood to his canvas, and rarely spoke to his sitter. It is said that he once worked thirty-seven hours at a stretch without taking a respite

MASTER PORTRAITS BY GEORGIAN PAINTERS

WITH ROMANTIC STORIES AND INTER-
ESTING FACTS ASSOCIATED WITH THEM



Owned in America

ELIZA AND TOM LINLEY, By Thomas Gainsborough

"I have begun a large picture of Tommy Linley and his sister," wrote Gainsborough from Bath. The canvas, here reproduced, was sold to an American collector in 1911 for \$200,000. During the four years the young artist lived at the English spa, he shared the home of a composer named Linley, whose children are described as "a nest of nightingales." Mozart declared that Tom, who was drowned when very young, "would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world had he lived." Eliza Linley, nicknamed "the Saint" and "the Maid of Bath," captivated London with her singing. Among her admirers was a nineteen-year-old youth named Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was to become a famous statesman and playwright. After a secret marriage he fought two duels in defense of his wife's honor, while she was in retirement in a French nunnery. As "Mrs. Sheridan," the lady was again painted by Gainsborough. Reynolds also made a picture of her as St. Cecilia



In the Collection of Lord Rothschild

"THE MORNING WALK," By Thomas Gainsborough

Soon after his marriage, Squire Hallett, a famous sportsman in his day, brought his wife to Gainsborough's studio and asked him to commemorate their union by painting a wedding portrait. It suited the artist's fancy to show the pair taking their first promenade together, accompanied by Mrs. Hallett's favorite dog. When exhibited, the canvas was hailed as "the finest portrait group since Velasquez." The airy background of trees and fields is a picture in itself, and reminds one that Gainsborough's first success was as a landscape painter



In the National Gallery, Edinburgh

THE HONORABLE MRS. GRAHAM, By Thomas Gainsborough

Mary Cathcart was seventeen and newly married when Gainsborough set himself the task of perpetuating her high-bred grace. The story is told that, while she was posing, a feather fell from her headdress; picking it up, she held it in her hand. Unknown to her, Gainsborough painted it in, thus adding a graceful touch to a picture that is celebrated for the texture of its costume details. Gainsborough's fee for painting the picture was \$1,000. Mrs. Graham died on shipboard, at the age of thirty-five, when returning from the south of France. Overwhelmed with grief, her husband, who afterward became a general on Wellington's staff and a peer of the realm, could never bear to look again on the portrait of his bride. The canvas was stored in London for fifty years, and was then given to the National Gallery of Scotland. Another portrait of Mrs. Graham by Gainsborough was recently found bricked up at the end of the drawing-room in the former country home of the Grahams in England. This second picture is now in the Widener Collection, Philadelphia



In the National Gallery, London

PORTRAITS OF TWO GENTLEMEN, By Joshua Reynolds

The Reverend George Huddesford and John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde, Esquire, sat to Reynolds for this picture in the year 1778. Huddesford, the figure in the black coat, was the son of an Oxford College president and a former pupil of Reynolds. He was also a poet in a small way. The artist indicates the aristocratic Mr. Bampfylde's taste for music by placing a violin in his hand, and shows him examining with his friend a roll of prints



Owned by the Earl of Crewe

MASTER CREWE, By Joshua Reynolds

A picture of a sturdy boy that makes instant appeal for the rollicking air of it. Reynolds put the young scion of the noble house of Crewe in the dress of Henry VIII, and posed him after Holbein's celebrated portrait of bluff King Hal which was burned with Whitehall in the eighteenth century. It stands at the head of his child portraits, perhaps because the subject is a typical English boy. Reynolds has been criticized for making his children look "more like Italian angels in modern dress" than like flesh-and-blood boys and girls



A GENTLEMAN IN A RED COAT AND FUR, By Joshua Reynolds

Gainsborough and Romney equaled the art of Reynolds in painting lovely womanhood, but none of his rivals could approach him in delineating the characteristics of his own sex. He seemed to have the faculty of seeing into the very brain and soul of men, "to realize clearly and judiciously the part they were playing in life, and he strove to set it down in such a fashion that the character and capacities of the sitter should impress themselves at once upon those who saw the portrait." The identity of the "Gentleman in a Red Coat" is uncertain, but Sir Joshua has left us in no doubt as to his character and breeding.



In the Wallace Collection, London

NELLY O'BRIEN, By Joshua Reynolds

A portrait well suited to the talents of the painter, and carried out "to the height of his ability." Some critics consider it the best of all his creations. Reynolds found inspiration for four pictures in the attractions of the dashing Miss O'Brien—a light-o'-love whose associates were chosen from among high society. In this universally admired version of her beauty she is wearing a "Peg Woffington hat," in vogue at the time, and a muslin dress over a quilted petticoat. In her lap she holds a white Maltese terrier. Reynolds frequently met the fascinating Nelly at the homes of his friends, as he did the oft-painted Polly Fisher. Toward women of every station he was courtly and reserved, and when he immortalized them on canvas he always made them beautiful



In the Wallace Collection, London

"PERDITA" ROBINSON, By George Romney

"Unalterable to my 'Perdita' throughout life" were the words the future George IV sent on a paper heart to the bewitching actress Mary Robinson. The prince first saw his innamorata in "The Winter's Tale" at Drury Lane Theater. They met in a moonlit park, and for two years their affair was the talk of London. Then romance waned; the royal lover abandoned the one-time idol of his heart, who through him had lost position and good name. The unfortunate girl took to writing under the pen name "Perdita," and died in middle age, poor and crippled. Daughter of an American whaling captain named Darby, she married a ne'er-do-well and, when very young, was launched upon a stage career by David Garrick. Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, vied in depicting the fascinations that in her heyday brought all England to her feet.



"NATURE"—The first portrait of Emma (Lady Hamilton) made by George Romney

When she was fifteen years old, Romney first saw Emma Lyon in the scullery of an English country house where he was making the master's portrait. The child's blue eyes, red cheeks, and red-brown hair attracted him then, but it was not till two years later that he had opportunity to paint her. In her he found the ideal model. For years he posed her in every conceivable character: as Circe, as a Sister of Mercy, as St. Cecilia, as a spinner, as a bacchante, and as her own joyous self. After she left England he continued to compose pictures of his "divine lady" from memory. No woman ever had greater magnetism and natural intelligence, more luscious coloring and captivating variety of expression. The poet Goethe called her "a masterpiece by the artist Nature." She was besieged by painters at home and abroad, but none equaled Romney in representing her all-conquering charms. A decline ending in complete disability began when she came no more to pose for him



JOHN WALTER TEMPEST, By George Romney

Though Romney was at his best in his presentments of fair women, he could make delightfully natural pictures of children and young people. He could also draw horses well, as proved in this finely executed portrait of the autocratic Master Tempest and his favorite mount. Harmonious composition lends further distinction to this pleasing picture



THE MACNAB, By Henry Raeburn

Francis Macnab, a noted character of the eighteenth century, was the twelfth laird of Macnab and lieutenant colonel of the Breadalbane Fencibles. Raeburn painted the heroic Scot in the uniform of his regiment. Lawrence, Raeburn's rival, once said that this portrait was the best representation of a human being that he had ever seen. It has frequently been reproduced by engravers, and is one of the most popular of Raeburn's works



Courtesy the Owner, J. H. Harding

SIR WALTER SCOTT, By Henry Raeburn

This, the last of six portraits of Sir Walter executed by Raeburn, was begun by the artist in 1823, the final year of his life. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts purchased the picture from Raeburn's heirs. At a sale held in 1922 at Christie's, London, a firm of New York dealers secured it for a sum approximating \$50,000. Later it passed into the possession of Mr. J. H. Harding, a New York banker who owns a number of art objects and treasured mementoes associated with the poet and novelist. The picture shows Scott as he appeared at the height of his capabilities, about ten years before he passed away. Lawrence and other British artists painted him, but said he to Raeburn, "I wish none but your portraits of me were in existence." Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," wrote in 1870, "I have been to Charlesfield, the residence of Sir Henry Raeburn's grandson. The house is overrun with the choicest Raeburns; among them Sir Walter Scott, for which I doubt not America would gladly give thousands."



In the National Gallery, Edinburgh

MRS. CAMPBELL OF BALLIMORE, By Henry Raeburn

An important example of Raeburn's talent for portraying elderly persons is this picture, painted when the subject was about sixty years old. The modeling of the face gives characteristic liveliness to the features. Note the gloved hand. Raeburn's hands were usually very beautifully done, but first of all he was a portrait painter, and he frequently employed devices to suppress details that might interfere with concentration of attention upon the face. The artist completed this masterly picture of Mrs. Campbell in seven hours. He used to go to his studio every morning regularly at nine o'clock and remain until five. He usually had four sitters a day, and to each one he gave about an hour and a half



MRS. HOPPNER AS "THE SALAD GIRL," By John Hoppner

Hoppner's American-born wife was the daughter of Patience Lovell Wright, the New Jersey artist who gained a considerable reputation in Revolutionary times as a modeler of wax portraits. Mrs. Wright made bas-reliefs of many American and English celebrities. Her son Howard went to the Royal Academy Art School, and there he met John Hoppner, who had been given an annuity by George III to enable him to study. It was said that the young artist was the son of the king. When Hoppner married Phoebe Wright in 1781 he lost the king's favor. Americans were not very popular in England just at that time. Hoppner was turned out of his apartments at Buckingham House and forced to establish himself without royal assistance. His wife sat to him as a bride for the fanciful portrait here reproduced, and in after years she frequently posed for her husband and for the American painter Benjamin West



MISS EMILY DE VISMES, By Henry Raeburn

In the early part of his career Raeburn specialized on portraits of middle-aged and elderly people. He had been painting a number of years before he lost a certain stiffness of technic that marred his pictures of youthful and pretty women. Seductive to a rare degree is this portrait of a young beauty who posed for the great Scotchman when his art was mature and he had become a master of color and drawing. In the portraits of this later period the squareness of the planes fall away into softer curves. Raeburn's treatment of fabrics and handling of light have undoubtedly had an influence on the work of some of our modern portraitists



In the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection

MISS FARREN, By Thomas Lawrence

A prime favorite with theatergoers in the reign of George III was a vivacious Irish girl named Elizabeth Farren. None of the charmers portrayed by the Georgian painters had a more romantic story. Her father, an apothecary and surgeon, forsook his profession to join a band of strolling actors. He married the daughter of an innkeeper in Liverpool, and when he died his widow put her two little girls on the stage to help fill an empty purse. "Betsey" Farren, a half-starved, thinly clad child, used to carry the drum of the company's band as the players tramped from town to town. She was still in her early teens when she got a Liverpool engagement, and from that time roses strewed her path. Throughout twenty years spent in the theater, her reputation remained unimpeachable, and when she married the Earl of Derby, the Queen of England herself was one of the first to offer congratulations. Lawrence painted this portrait of Miss Farren when he was barely twenty-one. Lord Derby bought it for \$500, but complained of its thinness, and Miss Farren wrote asking the artist "to make it fatter and diminish the bend"



INGULAR ADVENTURES OF SOME * * * * * STOLEN MASTERPIECES

BY E. M. DOLE

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, had the faculty of focusing the interest of the public on anything she did. At her London mansion she was the center of social and political groups that swayed the kingdom. She liked hubbub and excitement. She was lively, shrewd, democratic. If she could have foreseen that nearly a century after her death she would be the most talked-of woman in the world, she would have been delighted.

Gainsborough was at the height of his powers when the auburn-haired duchess ordered a full-length portrait. He made four preliminary sketches before deciding on the pose and costume. After the picture passed into the lady's possession, about the year 1778, it was occasionally lent at exhibitions; then it dropped out of sight. In 1841 a well-to-do haberdasher saw the picture in the cottage of an old school mistress, who had cut it down to fit a space over her mantel. He bought it for \$275, and thirty-five years later sold it to a well-known London firm of art dealers at a profit of \$50,000.

At this point there enters the sinister figure of Adam Worth, an American criminal, who in May, 1876, was directing from his luxurious apartments in London the operations of an international band of thieves and forgers. One of his aides had fallen into the hands of the police and was in Newgate Prison. While trying to decide what to do to get him out, Worth passed along Bond Street one afternoon and noted the line of carriages drawn up before Agnews', where the Duchess of Devonshire's picture was on view. Immediately he conceived a plot. He

would steal the painting that had set London astir and hold it as hostage against the release of his confederate. The next night he climbed through a window, cut the portrait from a stretching frame, and carried it to a safe hiding place. When the robbery was discovered, the art world was thrown into convulsion. A day or so later the Messrs. Agnew received an anonymous communication stating that the picture would be surrendered if they would go bail for the prisoner in Newgate. A scrap of the canvas was enclosed in the letter. The owners were deaf to negotiations that would involve them in the doubtful proceedings proposed,

and Adam Worth found the stolen masterpiece on his hands. Despite desperate efforts, Scotland Yard got no clue to the solution of the crime, and some time afterward the portrait was carried to America concealed under the false bottom of the robber's trunk. For twenty-five years the painting was sought by detective agencies all over the world while it lay concealed in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston warehouses.

In 1901 word came to Pinkerton's through Pat Sheedy, a notorious New York gambler, that the picture, whose disappearance had never ceased to be the object of discussion in art circles and

in the underworld, would be surrendered upon payment of the reward of \$5,000. Worth, after a life of extravagance, was penniless. The crime was outlawed. A secret message was sent to Mr. Morland Agnew, and in Chicago a few weeks later the canvas was placed in his hands. The "Stolen Duchess" was viewed by hysterical crowds when exhibited in London. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, after a few moments' examination, bought the picture for \$150,000. At Mr. Morgan's death the painting came back to America



"THE STOLEN DUCHESS"

Gainsborough's masterly painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, taken by a thief from London to America and hidden in this country twenty-five years



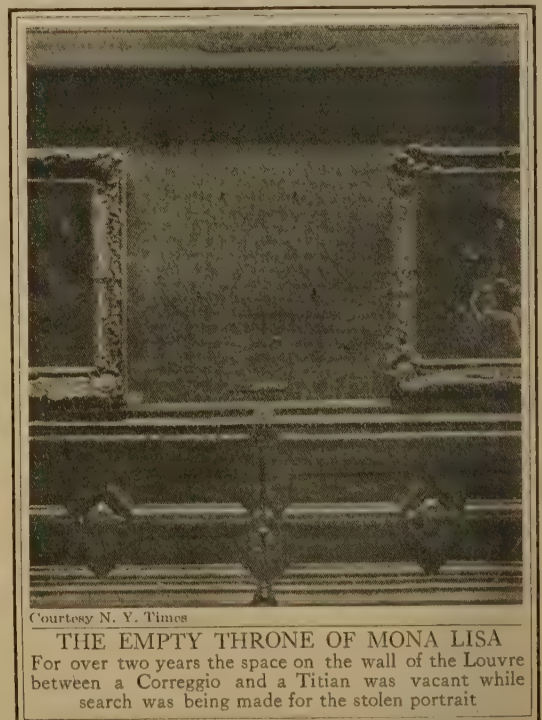
and was shown for a while at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In 1916 it reverted to Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Morgan's daughter.

About a year and a half before the theft of the Devonshire portrait, art lovers were shocked to learn that an act of gross vandalism had been committed against a magnificent Murillo in the baptistery of St. Mary's Cathedral, Seville. "The Vision of St. Anthony," the largest canvas painted by the Spanish artist, was in his best *vaporoso* style. The Duke of Wellington so greatly admired it that he once made a proposition to buy it for \$200,000. The masterpiece was done to the order of the cathedral chapter in 1656. On a November day in 1874 a sacristan drew back the protecting curtain and saw a ragged hole where the figure of St. Anthony had been. Quickly the alarm was given, but too late. Already the thief was escaping from Cadiz. The day after New Year's, a Spaniard calling himself Fernando Garcia appeared at the gallery of William Schaus, a New York dealer, and offered to sell a small newly framed painting of a kneeling saint. The nose was damaged and there was a knife cut at the side of the canvas. Mr. Schaus

recognized the fragment and turned the culprit over to the Spanish consul. A great fête celebrated the rehanging of the picture in Seville. The work was so skilfully done that one unacquainted with the story would scarcely detect the place where the canvas was pieced.

From the day that Leonardo da Vinci conceived the idea of painting "Mona Lisa," the portrait of the wistful Florentine has been the cause of agitating rumors and abnormal conduct. Madonna Elisabetta Gioconda's child had died and she was still wearing mourning bands when she sat for Leonardo. He worked off and on for four years on the picture, painting it on a panel of Italian wood. The lady Lisa was a difficult subject, often lost in sad thoughts and loath to make an effort to lighten her habitual expression of melancholy. The painter became so engrossed in translating the soul of her that he refused lucrative commissions and shut himself away from friends who wished to help him and took offense at his neglect. Shortly after the picture was finished Mona (Madonna) Lisa died. Leonardo, in debt and disgrace, fled to Rome and Milan, carrying with him only his master portrait, for of other goods he had none.

When the King of France, then in northern Italy, saw the picture he offered four thousand ducats for it, or about \$9,000—a record price for a work of art four centuries ago.



RECENTLY STOLEN FROM VERSAILLES

A priceless Gobelin tapestry picturing the entry of Louis XIV into Dunkirk. The thieves entered the grounds of the palace of Versailles through a ditch and gained access into the Mercury Gallery by a window. Aided by the light of the moon, they located two tapestries, pulled them down and rolled them into bundles, which they threw out of the window. One was cut into sections with the idea of selling the gold thread it contained. Before the thieves could carry out their plans, they were captured and the tapestries recovered. Below is shown a skilled needleworker of the Gobelin factory restoring the mutilated "Siege of Douai" to its original condition



Leonardo agreed to the terms but stipulated that he should keep the picture to enjoy as long as he lived. He died in the arms of King Francis I in 1519. The portrait, already famous throughout Europe, was taken from the dead painter's lodgings and given a place of honor in the palace of Fontainebleau, and then in the premier gallery of the world, the Louvre.

A professor of history in the Sorbonne, Paris, is authority for the statement that Mona Lisa's violent attraction for Louis XVI created a breach between him and Marie Antoinette that never healed. Her strange beauty, fading through the years, but still casting its unearthly spell, has roused men to write poems and love letters and fling them below the space she occupies in the great Square Salon. In 1908 a woman sprang at the picture with a knife, but was led away before great damage was done.

Late in August, 1911, Mona Lisa vanished from the spot so long made glorious by her presence. The frame, glass, and ebony "cradle," weighing over 200 pounds, were found on a narrow spiral stairway used by

employees, but the panel had disappeared.

A deep red square showed on the faded wall like a crimson stain. When the information was published, the nation was in an uproar. Certain stories that gained credence have never been convincingly refuted. Some people believe the portrait was not actually stolen, but that it was injured, perhaps by acids, either in a photographer's studio or in the shop of the firm that had the contract for cleaning the gallery's pictures. It is a coincidence that the young man who, in December, 1913, turned up in Florence with The Smiling One apparently unharmed had been employed by this firm and was familiar with the ins and outs of the Louvre. When he was arrested after a world-wide search of over two years he told a story of having borne the picture to the stairway unaided, but this in itself seems improbable, as three men had always been needed to carry the heavy glassed-in box when the portrait had been removed on other occasions. Perugia, the self-confessed thief, said that he took the Mona Lisa to avenge the carrying-off of Italian art works by Napoleon. It is considered possible that his confession was a fabrication, that the picture was damaged in the process of restoration, and "found" in Florence with the connivance of officials that would have been held responsible for its injury. A reward totaling \$48,000 was paid to the Florentine antiquary who, in the very city where the fated portrait was created, recovered it for its foster parent, France.



MRS. SIDDONS



IX WOMEN OF GEORGIAN TIMES FAMED IN ROMANCE AND ART ❖ ❖ ❖

BY MARIA ALLSTON

preserved for posterity. It was a time when to be romantic was to be in fashion. Emotions aroused by feminine attractions were freely expressed. Crowds followed a popular actress to her door; a fair face was publicly toasted by gallants in satin breeches. The names of reigning favorites were frequently entered in the engagement books of successful painters.

Mrs. Siddons, queen of tragedy, sat for both Gainsborough and Reynolds, and several portraits of her, including the one in the white headdress, were done by Lawrence as a labor of love. At one time he had expectations of becoming her son-in-law. Reynolds' portrait, called "The Tragic Muse," is now in the Huntington Gallery at San Marino, California, where it hangs near Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Born Sarah Kemble, daughter of a strolling actor, Mrs. Siddons married at eighteen a member of her father's company. In an epoch of famous actresses she became the greatest of them all. Even the actors that played with her paled at the realism of her interpretations. When she died in 1831 Lawrence was one of her pallbearers.

"I am in love with Peg Woffington," Charles Reade wrote a hundred years after the comedienne had taken her last curtain call. He made her the heroine of his play "Masks and Faces." As a child, she sold watercress and oranges on the streets of Dublin. Her smiles and graceful ways won the interest of a French woman who had a circus and trained Peg to assist in acrobatic acts. When the girl got a chance on the stage her rise was instantaneous. She had fine features and a distinction of speech and bearing

The Golden Age of Portraiture owed not a little of its radiance to the women whose charms Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and their fellow painters

hard to reconcile with her lowly birth. Hogarth made many pictures of her, but his favorite was the one with the rose in her bodice and the cap on her unpowdered hair. Reynolds represented her as Penelope, and numerous other artists tried to do justice to her face and personality. David Garrick lost his heart to her when he first saw her act, and she loved him in return. The foremost men of London made her rooms a meeting place. In and out of the theater, "Lovely Peggy"—her talent, her black eyes, her clothes, her benevolence—was the chief theme of conversation. On a night in May, 1757, she was

playing Rosalind in "As You Like It" when she was stricken with paralysis. Her grave in a churchyard on the Thames is still an object of devoted pilgrimage.

Angelica Kauffman, a Swiss painter who set up a studio in London, made portraits and sentimental groups that earned her a pretty fame. Sir Joshua Reynolds sent her many patrons, and each friend sat to the other for portraits. Some chroniclers would like us to believe that the bachelor artist was in love with the attractive foreigner, but there is no dependable evidence that he



PEG WOFFINGTON

was ever romantically in love with any woman. Miss Angelica was a sad coquette, and was the heroine of many adventures. She was verging on thirty when she married a man calling himself a count, whom too late she discovered to be only a count's valet. Pictures by Angelica Kauffman hang in prominent galleries. She was the only woman whose name merits inclusion in the Georgian group.

To Angelica Kauffman, as to Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence,



ANGELICA KAUFFMAN

THE MENTOR

the French artist Vigée LeBrun, and ardent lesser lights, the matchless model, Emma Lyon, posed for her picture several years before she became the wife of Sir William Hamilton. Never was a beauty so often painted. Her extraordinary coloring was inherited from her father, a well-to-do English gentleman named Henry Cadogan. Against his family's wish he married the daughter of a laborer. He changed his name to Lyon and bought a forge in the village of his wife's people. Emma was born a short time before her father's death. Following the period when she lived in London under the protection of Sir Charles Greville, and was the inspiration of the painter Romney for scores of portraits and fancy pictures, Emma improved her social position by marrying the English ambassador to the Court of Naples. In Italy, as in her own country, Lady Hamilton was sung, painted, petted, and adored. Her conquest of Lord Nelson is one of the world's love epics. It was Emma with her high spirits and intense patriotism that roused England's hero from retirement and sent him to a victorious death in the Battle of Trafalgar. Nelson fell with an entreaty on his lips that his country should protect her—an entreaty that went unheeded. Years later, when the sun of the enchantress had set, she died an outcast in a foreign land. But her peerless beauty lives on through the art of the eighteenth century.

In the Georgian gallery at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, there hangs a portrait by Romney that recalls the romance of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, and his morganatic wife, the good and gentle-mannered Maria Anne Fitzherbert.

For reasons of state the marriage was denied in Parliament, but a decorous establishment was maintained by the pair for over a decade. The lady was often addressed by her neighbors as "Mrs. Prince." A legal union with a German princess was forced upon

the future monarch, but ended in divorce before he was crowned. Alone on his throne he ruled nine years. Mrs. Fitzherbert survived him. She and the king's executor, the Duke of Wellington, found among his personal papers every letter that his well-loved Maria had written

him during the years of their happy union.

The celebrated Wallace Collection in London is a pictorial chronicle of "an age of folly and of heroism" unequaled in British history. On the back of many a canvas a romance might

be inscribed. In praise of Lawrence's familiar portrait of the Countess of Blessington, Lord Byron wrote a poem. Margaret Power was given in marriage at fifteen to a dissolute army captain, but while still in her twenties the dark-eyed Irish girl found herself a widow and free to marry the rich and vastly extravagant Earl of Blessington. Lady Blessington entertained in her splendid home all the great folk of the capital, and she was especially the patroness of writers, actors, and artists. The Count D'Orsay, "last of the dandies," became enamored

of her, but marriage was impossible for them even after the demise of the earl, since D'Orsay, hard pressed for money, had taken to wife the nobleman's daughter by a former wife. However, in that easy-going age matters were easily adjusted between the count and his bride, and in 1829 the marriage was dissolved. The French gallant made his home under the hospitable roof of the countess in Kensington, London. Aside from setting the fashions and dictating the conduct of high society after the manner of the beau ideals Nash and Brummell, D'Orsay was a painter and sculptor of ability. Lady Blessington wrote a number of novels, and a book called "Conversations with Lord Byron." Debt overtook the pair; the magnificence of Gore House crumbled about them. They fled to Paris, and there, in 1852, the Countess of Blessington's amazing story came to an end.



LADY HAMILTON



MRS. FITZHERBERT



LADY BLESSINGTON



MORLAND COMES INTO HIS OWN

BY MARY SIEGRIST

George Morland is coming more and more into his own with the passing of the years. The genius of the man—the inner self of

him—is brilliantly defined against the centuries. To-day, in the strength and delicacy of his art—which was the true record of himself—we find the real George Morland. Scoffed at by his contemporaries, neglected for a hundred years, he is now given a place among the best portrayals of folk and animal life. Few English painters have equaled him in this branch of art; only the Dutch artists, whose style he admired and followed, can be compared with him.

Morland's boyhood was a long imprisonment. He was born in London in 1763, the son of Henry Morland, who was a painter and engraver, and kept a picture store. His father gave him his first artistic training. He was not permitted to study at the Academy nor even allowed to play with other children. All day long he was closely confined either in his father's studio or in an upper room of the house, where he was made to copy Flemish and Dutch pictures and plaster casts. He grew up shy, awkward, and unhappy, always looking forward to the time when he could go on ways of freedom.

His genius was apparent from the beginning. When he was three years old he made remarkable sketches. At ten he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and at seventeen he had acquired a reputation as an expert copyist of Dutch and Flemish masters. One of his favorite amusements was to draw objects on the floor so startlingly natural that those around him would stoop to pick them up. Once he drew a beetle on the hearth, which his father tried to crush with his foot.

When Morland was nineteen he managed to get away from his prison home. In the violence of reaction he drove hard into a life

(he died at forty-one), was a series of vicissitudes and changing fortunes, but full also of work-crowded days, and amazingly productive. Altogether he painted four thousand pictures, hundreds of which have been engraved or etched. That his genius was fully if slowly recognized is shown by the fact that no painter who ever lived has been so often copied as he.

His subjects were scenes in humble life in town and country—cottages, stables, inn-yards, pastoral scenes and domestic ones. But not only was he a "painter of pigs and ponies"—especially pigs—he was also an accomplished landscapist, a master of the mysteries of light, a sympathetic artist to whose generous, impetuous spirit none of the tender sentiments of home were unfamiliar. In all his work there is the penetration and simplicity that belong to the finest spiritual endowment. No artist has painted animals or rural life with more affectionate knowledge. His pictures are distinguished for the excellence of their drawing, the purity and sincerity of their style. "In all the range of British art," writes Henley, "there are few things better than a good Morland."

Morland's honest nature instinctively shrank from snobs and from narrow-minded mediocrities. The gentle-hearted genius was



THE MENTOR

happiest when he was with simple folk. He could see the good in derelicts. He himself consorted with hostlers, pawn-brokers, and keepers of low inns. It was his "Interior of a Stable," now in the National Gallery, London, that laid the foundation of his popularity. Frequently he dashed off a picture a day, and it is said that he once did a landscape with six figures in six hours. When he had money he spent it wantonly, and rarely had funds to meet his bills. When pressed for payment he would hand out a picture worth many times the amount of his indebtedness at store or tavern.

During the time that Morland lived on a farm in Leicestershire he indulged to the full his delight in animal life. Often he could be found seated on the floor of a barn surrounded by a dozen children and a score of dumb creatures. One day he was trying to sketch on a piece of rough cardboard. Chickens, pigeons, and ducks were close about him, he was fondling two rabbits, a guinea pig, and some new-born puppies. A colt had hold of his hat and a calf was nibbling at his foot. As he sat there in intimate companionship with these friends, he made a picture such as he himself would have delighted to paint.

Morland's detachment and lively sense of humor were a part of his interior greatness. He could see the irony of his own way of life. Near the close of his years he made a sketch of a tombstone bearing the epitaph, "Here lies a drunken dog." He was imprisoned for debt for three years, and not long afterward he died in a sponging house in Holborn. He had been hiding for weary months from his creditors. As a result of his misfortunes and excesses he suffered intensely, and yet he seemed incapable of mending his ways. Yet the sordid facts of his tragic passing are as nothing when compared with the sheer triumph of his genius, and are in a sense irrelevant as marking the true spiritual biography of this man. To dwell upon his extravagances, follies, and misdeeds seems an impertinence. What concerns us is that he brought his genius through, and that,



In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

"VALENTINE'S DAY"

child of the divine fire, he has left the world incomparably richer for his heritage of beauty.

On the walls of the National Gallery, London, there are eight paintings by Morland, including his famous "Fortune Teller." The South Kensington Museum possesses ten of his paintings. "The Halt" is in the Louvre. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Historical Society, the New York Public Library, and the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, all have good examples of the work of this eighteenth-century master. The best of his pictures were executed between the years 1790 and 1794. In the works of this period his coloring is mellow and the drawing faultless. His compositions are never crowded, and the figures in them are so well grouped as to draw the eye to the vital elements of the scene.

Morland married when he was a young man a charming, virtuous woman, who clung faithfully to her husband throughout his career, despite flagrant errors in his ways of living.



In the National Gallery, Edinburgh

PORTRAIT OF SARAH MALCOLM, MURDERESS

Painted by Hogarth two days before she was hung

THE busy, brutal, bewildering eighteenth century" produced no more extraordinary figure than William Hogarth. To say that he painted well is to name only one of his talents. He drew, he engraved, he caricatured—but he had special genius for interpreting the seamy side of life, and often went into ugly by-ways to get the subjects he painted or engraved.

One of his hobbies was the study of the criminal mind. More than once he persuaded notorious offenders to sit for their portraits. This amazingly active and ingenious artist took his painting kit direct to the cell of Sarah Malcolm, sentenced to death for a triple murder, and there began a portrait of her shortly before her execution on the gallows. All England gossiped of the venal crime that put her behind the bars at Newgate. Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, an elderly woman of means living in apartments in the Inner Temple, her companion, and her maid were all three found strangled on a Sunday night in February, 1733, under circumstances that cast suspicion on Sarah the charwoman. That same night Mrs. Malcolm was seized and accused of robbery and murder. When, on the fifth of March, the prisoner was told that an artist was coming to make sketches of her, she put on a fresh cap and a bright-colored dress to receive her visitor.

Two days later, when she was driven to the place of execution, she wore a new black dress and a knitted hood, and her lips and cheeks were carefully rouged.

Hogarth, quite fascinated by the shameless bearing of the condemned, made two paintings of her. Horace Walpole paid him twenty-five dollars for the portrait reproduced on this page.

MILLET'S COTTAGE A SHRINE of ART

BY M. B. LEVICK

In June of 1849 a slow-moving, bearded man of thirty-five strolled up the long street of cottages which forms the hamlet of Barbizon, near Fontainebleau, France. At the top of the village he stopped before a three-room cottage. The gossips watched suspiciously: this man came from Paris, thirty miles away, and there was barricade fighting and turmoil then in Paris. Within a day or two he appeared again among them, this time as tenant of the cottage, and the folk of Barbizon accepted him as one of themselves, for now he wore a blouse and was shod in the wooden sabots of the peasant. He was a painter, it was said, but he wore the loose clothes as if he had never known any others, and his talk showed that he knew the ways of peasants from experience.

In that little house, which in time was enlarged bit by bit as his family grew, Jean François Millet lived simply, like the peasant he was, until his death twenty-six years later. There, ten years after he settled in Barbizon, he painted "The Angelus," which, though scorned at first, became the most popular picture of the nineteenth century.

To-day his cottage, after having been turned to ordinary uses for years, is a memorial to Millet. Through the devotion of a follower of "the great rustic" his home has been purchased as a museum and restored to the condition in which it was when Millet died in 1875. Though this museum has been open only since 1922, each day visitors come to see its mementoes, and recognition of it by the French Government is not improbable.

Such a memorial to Millet, in the little house at Barbizon, was the dream of André Douhin, who is termed the last of the Barbizon school of painters. His determination overcame great difficulties before at last he gathered a collection of prints, casts, sketches, autograph letters, furniture, and painting equipment and restored it all to the Millet cottage. Once again the cottage has the big window that Millet installed; once more



A SELF-PORTRAIT OF JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

Starting his career as a poor farm boy, without money or influential friends to promote his cause, Millet held to his ideals, though often beset by poverty and discouragement, and at times by thoughts of suicide. When he died in 1875 he did not dream that some day half a dozen of his works would hang in the Louvre, greatest art gallery in the world, and pilgrims would come from afar to offer homage to his genius in the little house he occupied at Barbizon

there is a gap of a few bricks in the garden wall, like the hole Millet himself made that he might watch the setting sun from his arm-chair.

In Millet's time the building belonged to a friend. Millet's widow was left with few resources beyond a small pension, but for thirteen years she kept the cottage intact. In 1888 she was forced to leave it. Its doors were closed to the public. Worshipers of Millet sought in vain for a glimpse of his home, and even those who peered through cracks in the wall had no reward, for all within was altered.

When Millet died, the cottage was filled with his work, including many partly finished canvases. He was a slow worker: he created his pictures with the patience of a peasant tilling the soil, and he would make sketch after sketch and return again and again to his subject till he was satisfied. In thirty-one years he produced eighty pictures. Fifty-six incomplete canvases and designs from his



Photograph by Bodmer

THE MAIN STREET OF BARBIZON
Showing Millet's home at the curve of the road

studio were sold after his death for 321,034 francs, then nearly \$65,000.

"The Angelus," finished in 1859, was declined by the patron for whom it was intended, and Millet sold it to another for 2,000 francs. In his own lifetime it sold for 50,000 francs, and fifteen years after his death it brought 750,000 francs. Others of Millet's paintings form equally striking examples of increase in value with the passing of time.

The story is told that a friend found Millet and his wife in the winter of 1848 without a fire; for two days they had had no food. It was at this period that he sold six drawings for a pair of shoes. They were then living in Paris. After he had chosen the type of painting that was to make him famous, "A peasant I was born," he said, "and a peasant I will die; I'll say what I feel." When he got the weight and pull of a wheelbarrow in a picture it was because he himself knew how heavy a wheelbarrow could be.

Theodore Rousseau was already living at Barbizon when Millet moved there, and his house and Millet's were the rendezvous for the

other big men of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau school — Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Dupré, Jacque, Troyon. They painted in the woods and on the plain toward Chailly, where Millet is buried. In his discussion with them Millet would utter views on art which were recorded in his letters to others. "The human side of art," he said, "is what touches me most; the gay side never shows itself to me."

Not until 1867 was Millet in easy circumstances; then he was given a first-class medal at the Paris Universal Exhibition and the Legion of Honor. He had already painted "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Man With the Hoe," "Woman Shearing Sheep," and "Shepherdess and Flock."

Honors came to him in his last days. He cared nothing for them. He was worn from the years of privation, but he continued to plow his furrow. Only once did he leave Barbizon—that was in 1870, when the Franco-Prussian War forced him out. He went to his native region in the north and at Cherbourg painted by the sea for a few months. Then he returned to the cottage which had grown large through additions for his many children. There, in the studio like a barn, he worked almost till the last. Now again it is dedicated to him, and many come to do it honor.



Photograph by Bodmer

THE STUDIO AT BARBIZON

Where Millet painted "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Angelus," "Man With the Hoe," "Gréville Church," and other pictures that brought him world-wide fame

INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST

BY CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE



WHITE CLOUD—STONY TRIBE

IN ALL my travels and experiences among the Indians of our Northwest Country, British Columbia, and Alaska, I have found those Indians that have been the least associated with civilization to be the best morally and physically. They suffer less from the ailments and the disturbing influences of the incoming race, and they retain those moral attributes that have in the past caused the Indian to be worthily designated "The Noble Red Man." It is the Indians of these tribes that I describe and picture in the following pages.

LONG LANCE.



Photo by Long Lance

WOLF COLLAR

Famous Blackfoot medicine man, the only medicine man of the old school of mystics left alive among the Indians of the Northwestern plains. The feats this wizard has performed are hard to believe. He is ninety years old and the virtual ruler of the tribe. Though his normal expression is impenetrably stony, when he smiles, displaying two rows of perfect white teeth, he radiates a warmth of human kindness. He is master of all the arts and crafts known to the Indian. His sacred "medicine," the thunderbird (eagle), is seen painted on his tepee just over his right shoulder. It was given to him in a vision when he was struck by lightning at the age of seventeen, and lay apparently dead for twelve hours

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NDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST AND WEST CANADA

BY CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

Forty-five years ago the Indians of western Canada were roaming the plains as free as when Columbus first placed the standard of the Spanish crown on American soil. The white man had not yet come into their country. To-day they live on large reservations situated far out from the towns and cities that have since grown up, and therefore they have seen very little of the white man since. For these reasons they may be said to be the truest type of aboriginal American left on the continent. They retain all their old customs; they are mainly non-English-speaking, and they still paint their faces and wear much of the native raiment.

The Indians whose photographs appear on these pages are: Blackfeet; Sarcees; Bloods; Bush, Swampy, and Plains Crees; Assiniboines; Sioux; Stonys; Nootkas, and Musqueams of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territories.

All of these tribes, except the Sioux, Assiniboines, and Stonys, are indigenous to Canada. The two bands of Sioux here sought refuge in the Canadian Northwest following the Minnesota Massacre of 1862 and the Custer Massacre of 1876. The Assiniboines broke away from the Sioux in what is now the United States three hundred years ago and settled in Saskatchewan, where they became known under their present name. During the big smallpox epidemic, which all but wiped out the Assiniboines one hundred years ago, what are now known as the Stonys fled from the Assiniboines, went farther west, and settled in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where they now live, just forty miles east of the well-known mountain resort, Banff. In this new territory they lost both of their original identities—Sioux and



CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD
LONG LANCE

This article, the pictures, and the descriptive legends have been prepared specially for this number of *The Mentor* by Long Lance. A sketch of him will be found in the Open Letter on page 72.



Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF WHITE CAP

One of the chiefs who brought the American Sioux onto the plains of western Canada after they had massacred five hundred white people at Redwood, Minnesota, in 1862. At the age of one hundred years, White Cap is living to-day on the Standing Buffalo Reserve, near Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, together with the remainder of the famous band

Assiniboine—and became known by the English translation of Assiniboine, which means “Stone Indians.” But they continue to speak the Sioux language, and, like the Sioux, they still refer to themselves as the Dakotas, a word which means “Friends,” but which is used by the Sioux to designate all Indians.

Many that have written about the Indian have gained their knowledge from one tribe or district; then, believing that they have learned all that is to be known about the race, they write a volume on “The Indian.” Even an Indian cannot do that. All Indians have so-called red skin, but further than that one cannot generalize with safety. There is as much difference between the Plains tribes and the Bush tribes of the Hudson’s Bay district as there is between Americans

and the Russians. The Plains Indians, and especially the Blackfeet and the Sioux, are proud, independent, defiant; they cannot be driven. The Bush Indians are docile, slovenly, and rather inclined to dodge a fight.

Without the knowledge that Indian tribes differ just as white nationalities, many well-meaning writers have done more harm than good to the Indian race. One group portrays the Indian as a romantic god. Another group depicts him as a shiftless, irresponsible good-for-nothing. The reader of the romantic writer happens to see his first Indian in a country where the Indians are extremely peace-loving, uncleanly, and of poor physique, and the unexpected contrast arouses a repulsion that would never have existed had he not got the impression that all Indians are alike. On the other hand, writers of some Western novels and cheap motion-picture plays have probably never laid eyes on a representative of one of the Plains tribes or a pure-bred Indian.

I have sometimes felt like putting a bullet through a movie screen on



Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF ❖ ❖
WATER CHIEF

A minor chief of the Blackfeet and his wife, who stands almost six feet in her moccasins. She is typical of the fine type of woman that survives among the Plains tribes and has had little contact with the new era since the coming of the white man some forty years ago

INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST AND WEST CANADA

which I have seen an Indian bowing and salaaming to a master like a Hindu. That is not in Indian nature—not even the tractable Bush Cree. Again, I have seen the Indian portrayed as a treacherous timber wolf. The Indian is not treacherous. The word of the pure Indian is as good as his life laid in your hand. It is true that Indian blood mixed with certain foreign bloods produces individuals that are too crooked to trust themselves; but these disreputable characters are no more Indian than they are white. They are mixed breeds. Scotch blood mixes better with Indian than any other. Irish, English, and French come next in their order. I have no experience with the Spanish mixed-bloods.

Some of western Canada's best citizens are of Scotch and Indian descent. Lady Loughheed, wife of Sir James Loughheed, minister of the interior, is a half-breed. So are Brigadier General H. F. MacDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O., and D. H. MacDonald, member of the Saskatchewan legislature. James McKay, chief justice of Saskatchewan, is of Scotch and Cree descent, as are many others holding responsible positions in Canada. The Indians are proud to call these people their "half-brothers."

These fine representatives of both races, Scotch and Indian, are very numerous in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the mention of which reminds me of an incident:

A few years ago the Scotch missionary of the Qu'Appelle Agency, Saskatchewan, received a letter from the Old Country, inquiring into the nature of the half-breed. He replied: "The half-breeds are pretty poor specimens of the Indian race, but they are quite an improvement upon the Scotch!"

This leads me to answer the oft-asked question, "Has the Indian a sense of humor?" I dare say there are few races that have a deeper vein of humor than the Indian. But his humor inclines to funny situations and actual happenings rather than toward manufactured jokes, which

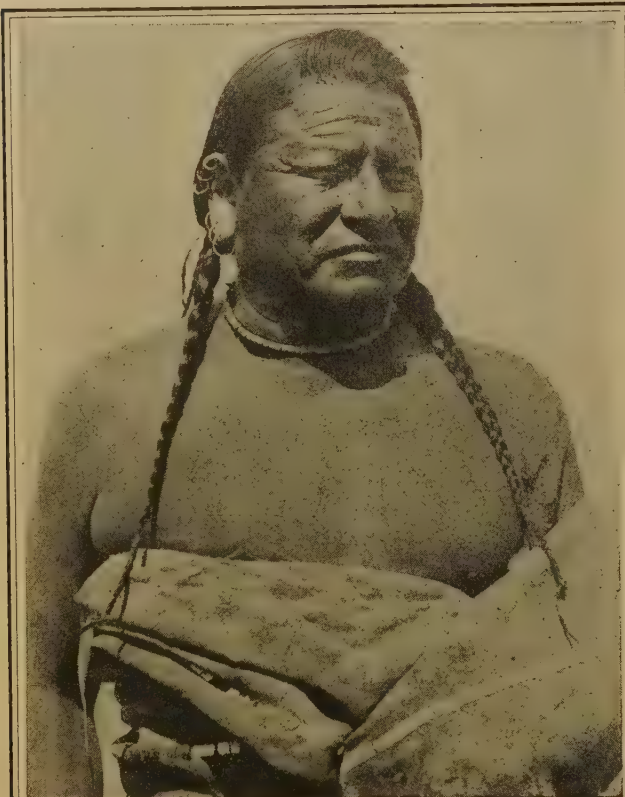


Photo by Long Lance

TYPICAL BLOOD INDIAN OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Steel was famed as a scout for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police until the settling down of the Northwest a few years ago. He is still living on the Blood Reserve. The Bloods are said by the Indian Department officials to be the most independent Indians of the entire West, and they must be handled with great diplomacy



Photo by Long Lance

NOOTKA, ❖ ❖ ❖
INDIAN CANOE MAKER
OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

Note the squatty stature, the large head, short legs, which contrast so markedly with the tall, wiry Plains Indian. The canoe is first carved to about an inch and a half in thickness; the inside surface is then burned with charcoal and polished with smooth stones until the shell is about a quarter of an inch thick. When completed, this canoe is so light that it can be carried easily by one man. No instruments are used in measuring these canoes while building, yet engineers say that their proportions are scientifically correct

seldom "get over" with him. If a person tries to act or be funny, then he is not funny in the eyes of an Indian. Instead, he is ridiculous, and will sometimes bring forth scornful laughter that freezes into stolid-faced contempt.

The following is a typical Indian joke—one that he will laugh at long and heartily, because it happened without intention:

George Brass, Cree interpreter for Polley Agency, Saskatchewan, was interpreting a sermon for the Anglican missionary of that agency. The missionary was a cockney Englishman who took extreme liberties with his h's. In this particular sermon he quoted: "Do not be afraid, (h)it is I." George interpreted it thus: "Ahkah-waye-kesakeshew-pukama-oskeesikook" ("Don't be afraid, hit him in the eye"), accentuating the word "pukama" (hit) by banging his fist into the palm of his hand. I have repeated this occurrence to many Cree gatherings on the plains, and each time I have had to stop under the laughter before I could go on talking.

People often ask me about "the Indian dialects." Among the score of tribes with which I am acquainted, there are no dialects. Distinct tribes have distinct languages, more different from each other than English and Turkish. For instance, the words "white man" in the Blackfoot language is "apeekwan;" in Sioux, "washeechu;" in Cree, "monias;" in Squamish, "whulwhul-laten." It is interesting to note that the Cree word for white man, "monias,"



Photo by Long Lance

YELLOW TEEPEE, ASSINIBOINE BRAVE

Dressed in war regalia. The horned headdress which he wears is called by Indians their "enemy hat." It is worn only in battle, being carried at all other times dangling over their backs, ready to be donned when the enemy is sighted. He holds in his left hand the Indian scalp stick. Each feather represents a scalp. The actual scalps are kept only a few days after they have been taken, for the victory celebration, after which they are carefully buried, and the feather takes their place for trophy purposes.

means: "a helpless person with little experience." The white man first impressed the Crees as being helpless because he had to carry around with him so many things that seemed unnecessary to the Indian, such as: compasses to find his way, toothbrushes, razors, soap, cooking utensils, drinking cups, combs, and so forth.

The Indian languages are very elaborate. Blackfoot has nine conjugations; it takes forty-nine pages of foolscap to conjugate one verb. Cree has twelve words for "snow," each expressing a different condition of snow, and each requiring a sentence to express it in English. There are no "swear words" in the Indian languages. Indians are perfect in their grammar; not to be able to speak the language correctly lowers one to an inconsequential position in the tribe. Hence, the first duty of the mother is to teach the child how to speak properly.

In the foregoing I have been telling of the Indians with whom I am most intimate—those of the great

American plains and those of the North and the Northwest. There are certain outstanding characteristics that may be attributed very generally to these Indians, and among them I would mention in the order of their predominance: their deep religious nature, their love of sport, their fidelity to friends, their calm acceptance of the inevitable (called "stoicism"), their honesty and truthfulness, their great power of physical endurance, their dislike for manual labor, their great understanding and adaptation to things mechanical, their equanimity,

INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST AND WEST CANADA

their inborn respect for the aged, their love of gathering together and of ceremony, and their unfailing concern for the poor and needy. I would add to this the inability to appreciate the value of money and the desire to turn money into something tangible that one can eat, drink, or use.

The restless, aggressive Blackfeet are a very tall people, averaging well over six feet. They are of a dark copper hue, with retreating foreheads and long, crooked noses. They stick to the custom of painting their faces according to the way they feel when they arise in the morning—happy, angry, revengeful, in love, warlike, or sad. They wear their hair in two long braids, taking particular care to shave off all superfluous hair around the temples, in the groove where it parts, and around the eyebrows. They pluck their eyebrows down to two narrow, straight lines; and they did this for hundreds of years before civilized women adopted this fashion.

The Blackfeet are expert riders, but since the passing of the final buffalo herd in 1883 they have ceased to be hunters. They raise cattle and stock extensively on their large reserve near Gleichen, Alberta, which is forty-six miles long and ten miles wide. During the last ten years they have made great strides as grain ranchers.

They cling to all their native customs. Once a year the whole tribe, numbering seven hundred, journey to the Tallow Flats along the Bow River to hold their famous Sun Dance for two weeks. They pitch their



Photo by Long Lance

MEDICINE MAN OF MUSQUEAM TRIBE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

These Indians have an entirely different set of customs from all other Indians. They are foreigners to the Plains tribes. The medicine man dons this garb at all marriages, and once a year he dances and shakes his rattles (the sea shells held in his right hand) over the dead in the tribal burying ground

beautifully painted tepees in a large circle, about a half-mile around, and in the center of this they erect the big green Sun Dance lodge, where, hidden from the eye of the white man, they carry out their ancient rites.

Chief Calf Child, whose photograph is shown on page 17, is one of the leading figures at this annual event. I lived in Calf Child's tepee during the Sun Dance last year, August 3d to 12th. Every morning I would be awakened long before sunrise by a queer noise. I would turn over in my bed and see the chief sitting on the side of his pallet, singing his "medicine song" and gazing wistfully at the breakfast fire that his wife had already built in the center of the tepee. This was his morning prayer. He was keeping up the ancient custom of the Plains Indians: of rising before daylight and gaining strength in prayer for the battle against hardships, starvation, and the enemy. The Canadian Government has tried for years to do away with the Sun Dance among the Blackfeet—the only tribe that has preserved it in its entirety—

but their efforts have not met with success.

Chief Weasel Calf is the last chief living who signed the famous Treaty of Peace in 1877, which settled the roving tribes of the Canadian plains on permanent reserves. At the close of the Sun Dance this year—while we were holding a council of chiefs in his tepee to discuss the Government's efforts to abolish it—Chief Weasel Calf said to me:

"It is a funny thing: all white people of different nationalities have the same skin and the same God; all Indians of different tribes have the same skin and the same images. I do not know which is right. But I know there is but one Great Spirit."

Weasel Calf is one of the Indians who still have more than one wife, as was the custom in the old days. Mrs. Weasel Calf, one of his two remaining wives, is said to



Photo by Long Lance

SPOTTED CALF AND SOUNDING SKY

Mother and father of the famous Indian outlaw, Almighty Voice, who was killed in northern Saskatchewan in 1897, after bringing down seven Mounted Policemen with his muzzle-loader. These hardy Crees are living to-day just four miles from the spot where Almighty Voice made his last stand. Sounding Sky was himself a warrior of note up until 1885, when he fought his last battle in the Northwest, or Riel, Rebellion. He fought under his wife's father, Chief One Arrow, who led the Crees in this last frontier war in the Northwest

possess the powers of a spiritualist. She is one of the few women who have attained to the rank of a medicine man. She is head of the Old Women's Lodge, an organization which meets in secret for four days, once a year, to carry on their weird incantations with the "spirits."

The Blood and the Piegan tribe of Alberta are identically the same as the Blackfeet, together with the South Piegans—so-called Blackfeet—of Montana. They became split up into these so-called tribes about one hundred and fifty years ago, as a result of a buffalo shortage on the Northwestern plains. These tribes were one at that time, with a head chief whose three sons were minor chiefs of these three bands of the tribe—all tribes are divided into two or more bands under minor chiefs, for war purposes, much the same as a military division is divided into brigades.

No buffalo had come north that year, as a result of a switching of the warm Chinook winds to a more southerly course. The big tribe was facing starvation during the coming winter. The head chief called his three sons together. He instructed the chief of what are now the Blackfeet to go east with his band, and not to return until they had located a herd of buffalo. He sent the band now known as the Bloods south with the same instructions, and he dispatched what are now the Piegans westward. None but the aged and infirm remained with the head chief to await their return.

Months afterward the band that became known as the Blackfeet, having veered far to the north and crossed an immense stretch of country burned by a prairie fire, returned to the head camp with their moccasins jet black. Following out the universal Indian habit of renaming things according to circumstances or characteristics on momentous occasions like this,



Photo by Long Lance

MANY SHOTS

Brother of the famous Blackfoot Chief, Crowfoot, who was responsible for bringing about peace between the Indians of the Northwestern plains and the incoming white race. He persuaded all of the other tribes to join him in the Treaty of 1877. Many Shots, who is now seventy-eight years old, has been through the terrible ordeal of the Sun Dance seven times, a record which no other living Indian holds. He bears the ghastly scars on his chest.

the head chief forthwith called this band the "Siksika," meaning "Blackfeet." The band that is now called the Blood tribe was the next to return. During their long absence they had acquired a wide reputation as dangerous fighters, having time and again defeated all their enemy tribes to the south, and spread disaster among all that crossed their path. The head chief called them the "Kai-nais," meaning "Bloods." The Piegans were the last to return. They had grown to like their separate existence so well that they refused to join the parent body again. And the chief called them the "Pia-canis," meaning "cut off, or separation," which has become corrupted by English pronunciation into "Piegans." I might say that this is a fact that has never been recorded

or, so far as I am able to judge, heard by white writers and researchers among Indians.

From this time on the three bands grew more individual in their movements and habits, but they kept sufficiently close together to fight their enemies as one unit. When the Treaty of 1877 was signed, the three bands chose to continue their separate existence on reservations located in the hunting grounds that each found during the buffalo shortage one hundred and fifty years ago. Thus the Blackfeet took up the most easterly position at Blackfoot Crossing, now Gleichen, Alberta; the Bloods chose their southern hunting grounds between Whoop-Up and Stand-Off, Alberta; and the Piegans went west, near Brockett, Alberta. There they are to-day, separated, but all speaking the same language. The Bloods speak much more rapidly than the Blackfeet, and the Piegans speak about twice as rapidly as the Bloods. It is a peculiar



Photo by Long Lance

LITTLE WHITE CLOUD

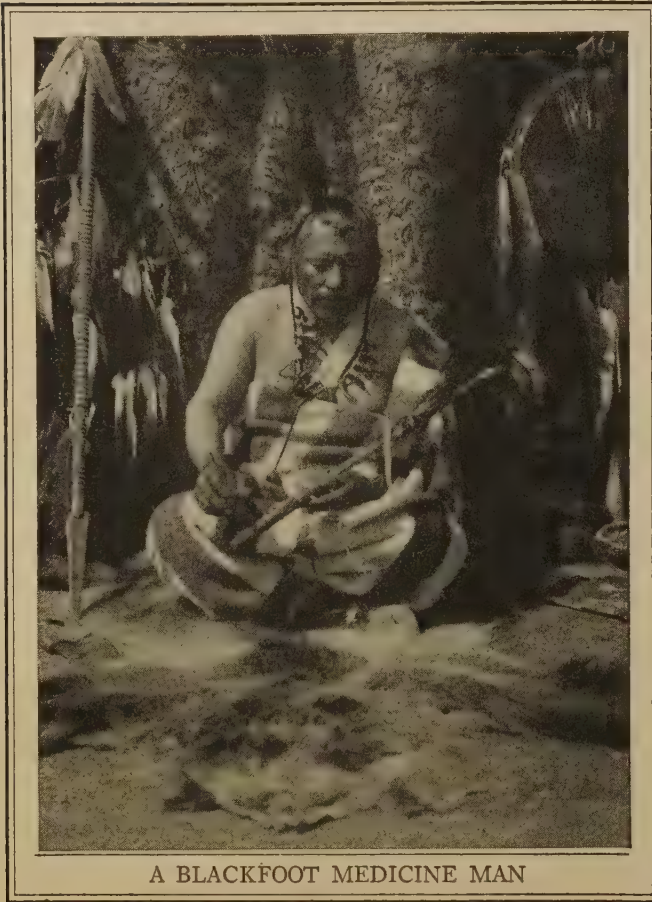
Son of Spotted Eagle, who is the champion boy prairie-chicken dancer of the plains. At Indian festivals and celebrations he has been awarded prizes for this accomplishment. The Indian "Prairie-Chicken Dance" is perhaps man's nearest approach to perfection in imitating the actions of wild fowls or animals. Every muscle of the body is made to quiver with such rapidity that the crouching dancer becomes almost a blurred outline. People of the West are familiar with the original of this dance, which prairie chickens perform at certain times of the year



Photo by Long Lance

MANY DUCKS

A young Cree girl of the last band of Indians that still roams the plains of the Northwest without treaty obligations or a reservation. She is the daughter of Chief Crying Child, head chief of these painted and feathered rovers who have staunchly refused ever to sign a treaty with the white men. The territory over which they wander extends as far as six hundred miles north of the Montana border in Alberta and Saskatchewan



iar fact that all mountain Indians speak very rapidly—both the Bloods and Piegiens are near the foothills of the Rockies. The guttural Kootenays of the Rockies are noted for the rapidity of their articulation. And the Stonys, since going into the foothills, have grown to speak so fast that their parent body, the Assiniboines, have to be with them about a week before they can understand them.

Shortly after the Blackfoot split-up, the Sarcees, a tribe belonging to an entirely different stock from those already on the plains, came down from the country of Athapasca—Rubber Sky—lying far to the north in what is still the Northwest

Territories. They fought the Blackfeet for years, until they were overpowered, and then they joined them as allies. Thus the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegiens, and Sarcees became known as the Blackfoot Confederation, which spread havoc among all tribes of the West, much the same as the Iroquois of the East. The Sarcees now live on a reserve just south of Calgary, having dwindled down to less than one hundred and fifty, a sorry remnant of their former tribe of ten thousand strong. They will soon be extinct. In fact, there is only one full-blooded Sarcee living among them: Fox Tail, whose photograph is shown on page 18. The remainder of the tribe are mixed with Blackfoot.

The Sarcees speak a language that no white man has ever learned. Even their allies, the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Sarcees, have never been able to grasp it. Hence, the Sarcees have been forced to become the linguists of the plains. Although they speak their own language among themselves, they are all able from early childhood to speak Blackfoot, and most of them speak Stony and Cree.

Archdeacon Tims, who wrote a grammar of the Blackfoot language and put the language into writing (syllabics), spent three years among the Sarcees with the same end in view, but he was forced to give it up. He still lives on the Sarcee Reserve, having been their missionary for thirty years; but he has

to converse with them in Blackfoot.

The Sarcees have three gutturals for every vowel sound. One of these gutturals is pronounced high up in the throat, another deep down in the chest, and the third is pronounced midway between these two points. To complicate matters, they change these vowels in the throat without a break in the voice. And again they will take one vowel, "a," for instance, and switch it back and forth through high, low, and intermediate without a break, as given words may require. If the slightest mistake is made in placing the guttural vowel in the part of the throat in which it belongs, the word may mean an entirely different thing.

Fox Tail, the last pure-blood Sarcee, retains the his-

tory of how the Sarcees happened to break away from their brethren, the Beavers of the North Country, and come south. The big parent tribe was crossing one of the immense northern lakes one winter's day, when one of their women-folk noticed the antlers of a moose sticking out of the ice. She went over and struck the antlers with her ax, to see if they were shed or on the head of a frozen moose, which would make good food. The vibration resulting from this blow caused the ice to split in half from one side of the huge lake to the other—a distance of some miles. The noise was terrific, and the gap kept widening. All those on the south side of this parting of the ice ran south, while those on the north fled in that direction. The Sarcees kept rushing south until they reached the shore, many miles away. They never returned north. They continued southward until they met the Blackfeet. Although they ultimately allied themselves with the Blackfoot tribes, they chose a separate reserve at the Treaty of '77, much against the wishes of the government authorities. But they believed that if they should be brigaded with the Blackfeet these lordly people would always look down upon them as inferiors.



Photo by Long Lance

WHITE NAILS, BUSH CREE OF THE
NORTH COUNTRY

One of the few surviving Indian medicine men of the old mysterious school. Note the difference of dress and appearance between these docile Indians and their brethren of the plains. Although he is a full-blood, he wears a beard, like all other Indians of the North



Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF WEASEL CALF

Aged ninety, the last chief living who signed the historic Treaty of 1877, which established peace between the Indian and the white man on the vast expanse of the Northwestern plains. This Blackfoot chief was the youngest chief of his tribe at that time, having been elevated to that rank in recognition of his bravery on the warpath. He is pictured later on in the Calgary Stampede

The Sioux on the western Canadian plains all came from the United States as refugees. The first bunch came over in 1862 after they had massacred five hundred white people at Redwood, Minnesota—called the Minnesota Massacre. They are now scattered over six reservations in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the bands having been purposely scattered to avoid any further outbreaks. But these Sioux, now numbering more than one thousand, are the most industrious, self-reliant Indians in the Canadian Northwest. And they retain much of the Sioux spirit of independence. The second lot came over with Sitting Bull, following the Custer Massacre of 1876. Sitting Bull and his legion roved the Canadian plains,

gaunt and half-starved, for eight years before returning to the United States under promises of amnesty. But fifty families of his band remained in Saskatchewan, and they are now living on a small reservation near Moose Jaw. Sitting Bull, as many may know, was duped and murdered at the Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, in December, 1890. He had said to the American commissioners when they came up into Canada to meet and parley with him under the escort of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police:

“God Almighty made me; and he never made me an Agency Indian—And I will fight and die fighting before any white man can make me one. You come and take our lands, and when we fight you for our rights you would hang us like dogs. If I did not fight you, you would hate me. If you think I am a fool, you are a bigger fool than I am. Now I want you to go home; and I want you to take it easy going back.”

The Minnesota Massacre Sioux brought a little white baby into Canada with them—one that one of the women had picked up out of the bloody mud and saved after its parents had been killed. This child grew up as an Indian, and is living at Amaranth, Manitoba, to-day, a man over sixty. His name is



Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF ❖ ❖
CALF CHILD

A splendid representative of the type of Indian that will pass away when the pre-frontier generation has died off. The younger generation unfortunately will not inherit all of the hardihood, poise, and character of this vanishing type. Calf Child still lives up to all the best physical and moral principles of the race, and is a powerful leader among the Blackfeet

Ross Tanner. I have spent the last year trying to find out whether he has any surviving relatives in the States.

When he reached the age of ten and found out that he was not an Indian, he ran away from the Sioux. He hid in badger holes during the day and traveled at night until he came across a roving band of half-breed buffalo hunters. He joined them; and he thinks it is from the fact that he was given the job of curing the buffalo hides that he acquired the name Tanner. He is entirely illiterate, speaking only the colloquial English of the half-breed and being unable to read or write. Every now and then he journeys far—to wherever I happen to be in the Northwest—to find out whether or not I have located any of his relatives.

The Assiniboinés, the parent body of the Stonys, and themselves an offshoot of the Sioux, live on two reservations in Saskatchewan. Chief Carry-the-Kettle, head chief of the Assiniboinés, died last February at the age of one hundred and seventeen on the Carry-the-Kettle Reserve near Indian Head, Saskatchewan. He was the oldest and most renowned pre-frontier chief

surviving in the American West, having ruled his tribe for some forty years before the white man came. He was one of the few survivors of the historic smallpox epidemic at the beginning of the last century, which all but wiped out the tribe and caused the Stonys to break away from it. In describing this fearful epidemic to me just two months before his death, he said that he and his father rode through camp after camp, along the Upper Missouri River, to find all of their occupants piled into decaying heaps, and dogs feeding on their bodies.

The chief said that during this terrible scourge all the little orphan children in his camp would gather at sunset and climb to the top of a certain hill overlooking the camp. Here they would sit down in a circle and say to each other:



Photo by Long Lance

FOX TAIL, AGED ONE HUNDRED

The last surviving full-blooded Sarcee. This tribe, which lives just south of Calgary, has acquired a strong strain of Blackfoot blood since it became allied with the Blackfeet more than a hundred years ago. Fox Tail recalls vividly the accounts, related to him by eye-witnesses, of the splitting of the great lake in the Far North, which caused his people to flee south one hundred and fifty years ago

"Let us cry."

As twilight grew into darkness, they would sit and weep for an hour or more, while the coyotes yelped and fought over the bodies of their parents a few hundred yards below.

The Cree tribe is the largest in western Canada, and it is said to be the largest north of Mexico. They were originally a part of the Ojibway, or Chippewa, tribe. They migrated from the Montreal district about three hundred years ago and settled on the plains and in the bush districts of the North Country. The Plains Crees are far better specimens than the Bush Crees. Closely

allied with them are the Saulteaux—really the same people who have acquired a different name since migrating West, and a different accent. The Crees inhabit every province west of Ontario, including British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, and it is the only tribe in the West which has that distinction. Their name is derived from the word "Cristeneaux," given to them by the early French voyageurs; and this word was latterly abbreviated to "Cris," pronounced in French "Cree." But the Crees refer to themselves as the Nehiyowuk—"The Exact-Speaking People." The Saulteaux are so called because they once resided on the Saulte.

It is interesting to note that practically none of the Plains tribes refer to themselves by the name under which they are known to the white man. The only exception I know to this rule is that applying to the three Blackfoot tribes, who happened to be named by their head chief.

The Cree language has produced three words that have attained universal usage in the white man's language: "moccasin," "squaw," and "Eskimo." Eskimo comes from the Cree word Iyeskimo—"Eaters of Raw Flesh"—the



Photo by Long Lance

THE SWEAT BATH

The framework of the bath is made of limber willow sticks over which are thrown blankets and skins anchored by heavy stones. In a hole, in the center of the bath, are white-hot stones on which the bather splashes cold water to produce steam. Periodically he drinks cold water to induce perspiration. In the meantime, the bather lashes his body with a bundle of tightly bound straw. After thirty minutes of this, he runs to a near-by stream and plunges into the cold water. For soap the Indian uses the fine mud at the bottom of the stream.

A twenty-minute sunning completes the semi-weekly bath

cognomen which they applied to these residents of the Far North. Squaw is derived from the Cree word Esquao, their term for woman, which means literally translated "the lowest of beings."

It might be mentioned here that Eskimos and Indians have always been enemies of each other, and have never intermarried, although they live very close to each other in the North Country, and meet and mingle at the trading posts. They have definite lines running from east to west, south of which no Eskimo ever trespasses, and north of which no Indian ever wanders.

Some will wonder why the above Indian words mean so much when translated into English. That arises from the fact that the Algonquin languages are agglutinative; that is, words meaning whole sentences are made by taking a root syllable from each word and grouping them together in one short word. In order to show the brevity of these roots, and at the same time show why hyphens are always used in such Indian words and names, I shall give here the longest word in the Blackfoot language: Ma-ta-pi-mat-o-kots-i-tu-tui-sup-i-ksix-is-tu-tu-kiu-ats-ests. This word means a whole paragraph. It will also be noticed in this word that certain letters do not occur in the Blackfoot language; namely, l, b, r, d, f, j, z, or hard g. It is full of gutturals and very staccato. On the other hand, Sioux contains more of these consonant letters than any others, and it is full of ch's and sh's. This is not an Algonquin characteristic, however; as Chippewa contains all these letters except "r", and it is full of "bungs" and "zons."

The Algonquin tribes in the Canadian West are the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Crees, Saukteaux, and a few straggling Chippewas from Ontario. The Dakota, or Siouan, tribes are the Sioux, Assiniboinés, and Stonys. The only Athapascan tribe on the plains is the Sarcee—the home of this big linguistic stock embraces the great North Country up to the Arctic Circle.

Crossing the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia—which is never referred to as western Canada, but as "The Coast"—we come upon an entirely different set of Indians. Their customs, traditions, dress, and physical appearance are as different from those of the Plains Indians as black and white. They are of a short, stocky build, big-headed, powerful about the shoulders, and short of leg. Generations in the canoe have not given them the long, sinewy appearance of the foot and horse Indians of the prairies. They are intelligent, but their facial features are not so strong as those of the Plains tribes. Many of the tribes bear a strong resemblance to the Oriental. They belong to many tribes that have never been heard of by the Plains Indians; and they represent four big linguistic stocks; namely, the Salish, Kuawkiutl-Nootka, Tsimshian, and Athapascan.

Last July the Plains tribes of Alberta were brought together for the first time in nearly fifty years, during which time they were purposely scattered over widely separated reserves to insure peace and safety to the white settlers. By permission of the Government they journeyed to Calgary in order to



Photo by Long Lance

FLYING- ✚
IN-A-CIRCLE

Sioux brave, now living on the Oak Lake Reserve in Manitoba, came from Minnesota after the massacre of 1862. He wears on his chest a medal bearing the profile and royal bearings of George III, who ruled Britain at the time of the American Revolution. This medal was given to his great-grandfather, Chief Wahpasha, by George III for services rendered to the Royalists

take part in the stampede—a week's celebration in the Canadian Northwest.

The Indians decided that while they were all together once again they would play a little joke on the white man, and at the same time have the fun of going out on one more war party before returning to their lonely reserves to live and die in the memories of the past. The head chiefs, Running Rabbit, Big Plume, Buffalo Child Long Lance, and White Head, held a council in Running Rabbit's tepee, in which elaborate plans for the retaking of the city of Calgary from the white man were drawn up.

On the following day they lined up two hundred warriors, many of whom carried human scalps dangling from their weapons, and led them galloping, yelling, and shooting their guns into the air against the seat of civic government. While their braves careered around the big building on horseback, they dashed into the city hall, took the mayor out of his chair, and installed one of their own chiefs, Running Rabbit, as mayor of the city of Calgary. They bound the mayor to a horse and took him to the center of the public square, and there, in front of several thousand citizens, they formally handed the city back into the hands of the white man and initiated Mayor George Webster as an honorary chief of the Alberta tribes—with the Indian name of "Chief Crowfoot." The mayor reciprocated by making Chief Running Rabbit mayor of Calgary for one month. The mob of white people cheered for fifteen minutes—they came up and shook our hands and inquired if we were happy—they had not believed that Indians were sufficiently humorous or

original to play a joke like that. Some of the scenes of this affair are pictured in this number. Chief Running Rabbit is the most renowned chief, warrior, and medicine man left alive among the Plains tribes. In his last battle with the Crees and Assiniboines he had his head split open from between the eyes to the crown of his head; he received a bullet through his chest and another that smashed his thigh, but he is still hale and hardy. In the big Indian massacre on the North Saskatchewan River in 1863, he was responsible for saving the lives of practically the entire tribe of Black-



LAST WOLF (Oknick-ka-kim)
A type of Kootenay Indian



ABDUCTING THE ❁
MAYOR OF CALGARY

An incident of the Calgary Stampede of July, 1923. Mayor G. H. Webster is on the horse at the right. Walking Buffalo of the Stony tribe on the horse at the left, and Chief Running Rabbit in the center

feet. On the night before this massacre he dreamed of the defeat which lay before the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, and Piegans, and he advised the head chief to turn back. The chief told him that if he or any of his followers chose to turn back, they had might as well go home and "put on their wives' dresses." Running Rabbit, who was not then a chief, replied: "I am not married, but I will go home and put on a woman's dress."

The head chief continued his advance with a scouting party of three hundred braves, but the majority of the four allied tribes, believing in Running Rabbit's "strong medicine," turned back with him. On that same day the advance party ran into an ambush, about "two camps," or forty miles, north of the present city of Saskatoon, and were practically annihilated. From that time on Running Rabbit's fame as a medicine man spread among all tribes of the plains, and he subsequently became a great chief and medicine man whose prowess is still talked of daily among the Prairie tribes.

Although the Indians of the older generation who were here before the white man came appreciate some of the better things that civilization has



brought, they cannot be said to be entirely pleased with the new era. They fret in their stolid way under the restrictions which now exist. They were rovers of the wide, open plains until a few years ago, and they will never learn to like their present mode of existence—where there is no game to hunt, no adventure in sight, no outlet for their wandering instincts.

The old people spend their waning days sitting in their tepees, going over their deeds of yesteryear, reminiscing back into those days that can

never be again. It is pathetic to listen to some of these old people, quietly reviewing their plight.

I have seen old Indians walking along the prairie with one hand over their mouth, singing their song of sadness: "Enepoka, where are all our old men to-day; where are all our warriors; why have fences come over our hunting grounds? Enepoka, we are no longer men; we are dying."

In the preceding paragraphs I have been speaking of the generation that was here before the white man came. The younger generation is groping between the old and the new way, rather dazed sometimes, but trying hard to comprehend things as they are, and to become "civilized." The older people will soon die off, and then, without the haunting background of the freedom that was, the younger generation will perhaps go forward more rapidly. In time, they should become useful citizens of the civilization which will envelop and absorb them. But it is to be hoped that they will hold on to the true Indian character which is still possessed by their old people, and which is so easily lost, once an Indian has mixed with the lower elements of other races.

In closing this article, I shall quote the concluding entreaty of all Black-foot speeches: "Mokokit-ki-aekamimat!" (Be wise and persevere!)

INDIANS OF WESTERN CANADA

VARIED TYPES, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN
PICTURED FOR THE MENTOR BY J. L. HAWKINSON



SPOTTED EAGLE

A Stony "brave," standing in front of the oldest buffalo tepee left on the plains. This tepee was made in 1866 by Spotted Eagle's grandfather, Black Dog. It will be noticed that the tepee is barely taller than the man standing in front of it. This small type of tepee was used in the hunt when camps had to be broken swiftly and moved on to follow the fast retreat of the bison. It is made of skin



"LITTLE SHOT"

Pierre Gregwa, or Shott Nanna, meaning "Little Shot." Pierre has a great sense of humor, a genial disposition, and is one of the most popular of the Kootenays



CHIEF RUNNING RABBIT

At-chis-tamakan, head chief of the Blackfoot tribe, standing with the long, ornamental staff which is the royal insignia of his office. It was presented to Chief Crowfoot by Queen Victoria and has since been handed down from head chief to head chief. Running Rabbit was a very famous warrior



KI-TSI-PO-NISTA (Sun Calf)—A Blackfoot Brave



CHIEF WEASEL CALF

Uponista, minor chief of the Blackfeet. He is the last chief living who signed the Treaty of 1877, which brought about peace between allied tribes of Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, and Sarcees and their enemies, the Crees, Stonys, Sioux, and Assiniboiners. Chief Weasel Calf was one of the most famous warriors among the Blackfeet, having become a chief at a very early age, as a result of obtaining many scalps on the warpath. The other signatories of the treaty were much older men, who have long since died. Weasel Calf still has two wives. Four was the average number in the old days. He is a minor chief—having refused to accept the head chieftainship, owing to his age, eighty-nine years



CAPTURE OF THE MAYOR OF CALGARY

An incident of the Calgary Stampede, July, 1923—a friendly affair. Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance interpreting the speech of Chief Weasel Calf (on horse in rear) to Mayor Webster (standing next to Buffalo Child Long Lance—En-ee-poka In-us-twan). General group, left to right: Guy Weadick, who superintended the Calgary Stampede; Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance; Mayor George H. Webster; Chief Back Fat; Chief Weasel Calf (on horse in rear)



MAKING THE MAYOR OF CALGARY AN INDIAN CHIEF

The crowning incident of the Calgary Stampede. Mayor George H. Webster kneeling between Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance (left) and Chief Running Rabbit (right), who are making him an honorary chief of the Blackfeet. They gave him the name of Chief Crowfoot, the famous (deceased) head chief of the Blackfeet, who brought about peace on the plains by leading the western Indians into signing the Treaty of 1877. Mayor Webster then made Chief Running Rabbit and Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance honorary mayors of Calgary for one month



WHITE CLOUD AND MRS. WEASEL CALF

White Cloud (Munza-Ska), Stony tribe, won first prize as the oldest inhabitant of Alberta, his age being ninety-eight. He was a very noted warrior previous to the Treaty of 1877. Mrs. Weasel Calf, Blackfoot, is one of the two wives of Chief Weasel Calf (Uponista). She is head woman of the Blackfoot Old Women's Lodge, and is one of the few Indian women credited with having the powers of a medicine man



A WHITE CHIEF OF THE KOOTENAY TRIBE

Randolph Bruce—one of the big land-owners of the Kootenay Valley—staunch friend of his Indian neighbors, being made a full chief of the Kootenay tribe by Chief Red Sky or, in Kootenay, Ka-nu-tail-mi-jit



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE KOOTENAYS

Lieutenant-Governor Nichol of British Columbia (kneeling) being made a member of the Kootenays. Kneeling at his left is Chief Louie Arbel



A PEACE SMOKE

Ceremony at the election of Lieutenant-Governor Nichol to Kootenay membership



A BLACKFOOT BRAVE

The Canadian Blackfoot tribe lives on a reservation forty-six miles long and ten miles wide, near Gleichen, Alberta



A BLACKFOOT CHIEF

The Canadian Blackfoot tribe numbers seven hundred and is called the Northern Blackfoot branch. The American Blackfeet in Montana, are the same people



MRS. TATANKA-MANI (Walking Buffalo), Stony Tribe



MARGARET ARBEL

Daughter of Chief Arbel has not yet been given an Indian name. She is a beautiful young girl, but exceedingly shy. She won the first prize for the best-dressed girl at the big celebration during the opening of the new Banff-Windermere Highway, Alberta.



INDIAN GIRL IN GALA RIDING DRESS

Indian girls ride with the grace and ease of their brothers



IN HIS BEST BIB AND TUCKER

Mrs. Emilio Gravelle and baby The mother's Kootenay name is Ka-ako-oupaith, which means "Kill-fire"



TYPES OF CANADIAN INDIAN WOMEN



ANNIE WHITE CLOUD (Kum-nuk-klu-aklut)



BOTTLED CONTENTMENT IN KOOTENAY



RED BAND (Koon-kansk-klack), daughter of Jimniy Red Breast (Kan-know-kan)



LITTLE MISS SPOTTED EAGLE (Wambida-Kneha-Kneha-Kneha), Stony tribe



A CAVALCADE OF KOOTENAY INDIANS



THE LAST OF THE TOTEM POLES

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

The making of totem poles is at an end; never again will there be such remarkable exhibits as were once displayed along the North Pacific coast of America.

Two hundred years ago totem-pole art was in full flower among the Haida, Tlingit, Kishpoot-wadda, and other Indian tribes of northern British Columbia and Alaska. Within half that time the craft was still pursued in many parts of the coast country, and poles were being cut in the original styles and in almost the original sizes. But nowadays Indian artists carve totemic designs on little sticks of wood or slate at so much the inch, and count themselves lineal successors to the artists who long ago cut great poles thirty or forty feet high.

Happily, some of the old displays remain, and, despite the wear of time, the havoc of curio-hunting, and the increasing modernism of the Indians themselves, they are sufficient to show what the art was like in the days of its ancient greatness. Several excellent specimens have been removed to public parks and museums in Canada and the United States, and even to England, and in this way the type is assured of preservation; but in British Columbia an embargo on the export of poles has now been proposed.

Some of the northern Indians who have been learning the white man's civilization have become ashamed of their once treasured totem poles, and in a number of cases have cut them down. Government officials are trying to protect the poles still remaining, for history's sake and for their human interest. But the same restraint from another angle is itself largely responsible for the first decline of totemism. For years the American

and Canadian governments have discouraged the native rites and festivities with which totem-making was once associated, and Indian Department officers and missionaries have used their influence against the cult and its festal excesses.

The poles still standing are weather-worn but surprisingly sound and solid, and, if undisturbed, will stand a long time yet. The totem artists worked on fir or cedar trees one to three feet in diameter. Their usual subject was the human or animal face, which appears on the wooden statuary, as still seen at places like Alert Bay, Kitwanga, and Wrangell, Alaska, in almost limitless variety.

There was good reason for the choice of animal subjects. Animalism played a very large part in the Indian's philosophy and so thoroughly permeated his thought that every creature of the wild had a mystical meaning for him in relation to his own life and destiny.

With quite as much pride of race as that with which a nobleman cuts his family arms in stone or prints them on his stationery, the North Pacific Indian carved or painted the bear, whale, and eagle on his household utensils and hunting gear. From this he passed to a more public display of the family heraldry, painting its symbols on

the front of his house or on broad planks, which he hung over the doorway. His next step was to carve the two front corner posts of the house. Finally he evolved the totem pole, a separate unit of heraldic art and social advertisement.

The totem pole served more than one purpose. It furnished a means of expression for family and personal pride, but it was also a public guide-post, whereby members of any one animal group could identify and locate their kinsmen. A mystical affinity obtained between all those holding the same crest. If a member of the Bear crest went to the door of a house occupied by another Bear, claiming kinship, he could not be refused admission.



A TOTEMIC GRAVE MEMORIAL



OLD BRITISH COLUMBIAN TOTEM POLES

Stories of local doings and records of Indian wars were mingled with the heraldry on the larger poles. A particularly ambitious householder sometimes had his own figure carved. For such pieces as these the totem owner probably suggested the designs, but in many other cases the carvers were thrown upon their own responsibility and were left to work out by themselves the particular effect desired. Thus community disasters, such as drownings and epidemics, were commemorated as faithfully as the valor and heraldry of the village heroes.

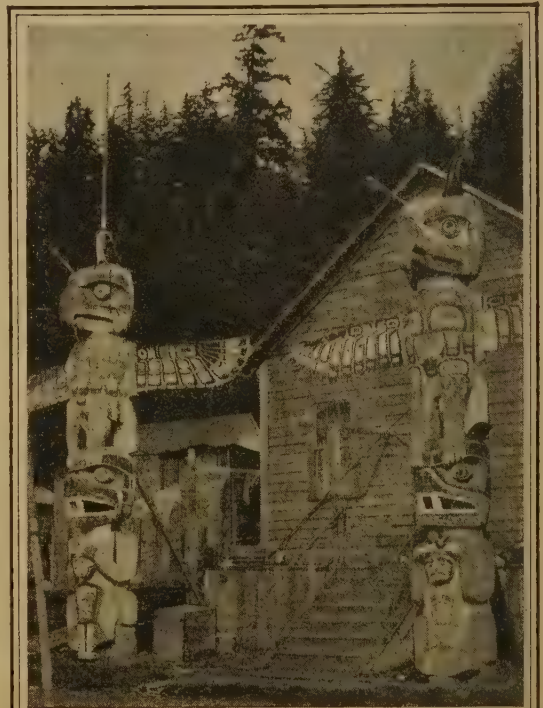
The genius of the totem maker, expressing itself in these various ways and forms, had a religious as well as an artistic side. It produced art-work that now appears to be merely freakish, but in fact there was philosophy in it. The theory of totemism was that all created things were related, and that mystic beings or spirits exercised protection and tutelage over man. From this it was an easy step to the belief that each clan or tribe had its own particular tutelaries. One of the most important of the coast tribes was under the patron care of the finback whale in the sea, the grizzly bear on land, and the grouse in the air; another chose the frog, the raven, and the starfish; and similarly the bear, eagle, beaver, heron, halibut, and all

the rest of animal kind were spiritualized and totemized.

In the application of the theory to everyday life there was genuine concern about the welfare of the clan. Out of it grew a code of social obligations and an elaborate system of relationships among fellow clansmen corresponding to those which they ascribed to their guardian spirits among the birds, beasts, and fishes. Kin-groups, having the same spirit-patrons, were established, but intermarriage between persons of the same totem kin was strictly forbidden. A Bear could marry a Whale, or an Eagle could marry a Frog, but never could two Whales or two Eagles mate.

If the totem cult had been nothing more than this, it would have lived longer; but with all its other sides it had also a sportive side, which finally proved its undoing. Public feasting and riotous ceremonials accompanied the raising of totem poles. The excesses sometimes involved human sacrifices.

Totemism was practiced in Australia, in the South Sea Islands, and elsewhere, but the Indians of Alaska and British Columbia developed the cult to its highest point. In producing the totem pole they made a remarkable contribution to primitive world art. Remnants of their cedar-tree statuary along the North Pacific coast still tell a story of ancient genius.



ALASKAN EXAMPLES OF TOTEMIC ART



Photo by Roger Daniels

HOW THE SIOUX
TRAVELS ❖

Carts, buggies, and even automobiles have replaced the Indian *travail* of frontier days on the prairies of the Dakotas



THE FIERCE-FIGHTING SIOUX TURNED CHRISTIAN

BY ROGER DANIELS

❖ quoted from the lips of Tipi Sapa, hereditary chief of the Dakotas, who has been a Christian minister for many years. The quotation is not verbatim, but covers the meaning

"My people have always known God. Before ever the white man came my people were a reverent people and worshiped the Great Spirit. My people stretched forth their hands in praise to the glory of the hills and the magnificence of great rivers. As the Maker of all things we have known Him and have worshiped Him for countless years before a white man set foot on our lands. We know Him now as a personal God. The God of the white man is our God."

Nearly fifty years have passed since the Battle of the Little Big Horn, when Custer and two hundred and sixty-four of his men were annihilated. That fight took place at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn rivers on June 25, 1876.

It was my privilege last August to be a guest at an encampment of five thousand of the Sioux, which marked the fifty-third anniversary of the Niobrara Convocation of Christian Sioux, or Dakotas, as they call themselves. The word Sioux is not even of their language, but came from the Chippewa and French. The Chippewas lived on the other side of the Mississippi and spoke of the Dakotas as the Sioux, meaning "the enemy." Two states bear their name, but even to-day it seems that they are destined to remain "the enemy."

The words of the opening paragraph are

he wished to convey. He is now known as Rev. Philip Deloria and is the spiritual leader of his people. His daughter has a degree from Columbia University, and was a ranking member of her class. When Tipi Sapa became a Christian he forsook all his hereditary rights. He stepped down from the highest place among his people and became a virtual outcast. But to-day he is again their leader.

The Niobrara Convocation is nominally under the charge of the Episcopal Bishop of South Dakota. Actually it is under the direction of the Indians themselves. From all parts of the Dakotas and from the Santee Reservation in Nebraska they have trekked each year for over half a century to a meeting place of their own choosing, to worship God in their own tongue, to live together as they did in the Dakota councils of old, but to-day it is a Christian council. This is no show put on for tourists. War paint and feathers have no part in the ceremonies. The Dakotas of to-day are farmers and business men. Many of them still cling to the old-fashioned prairie schooner as a mode of conveyance, but others of them come to the convocation in automobiles.

The encampment last year was on the Cheyenne River Agency. It is a section that has known blood. The surrounding hills have reverberated to volleys of cavalry car-

bines. Yet here was a gathering of five thousand Sioux that for reverence and downright Christian humility could not be surpassed by white people.

When evening comes at the Niobrara Convocation, and the smoke curls up from a thousand camp fires, the Sioux gather for a quiet hour of prayer. They lift up their eyes to the glory of the hills; the language they speak is their mother tongue. For generations the Sioux have prayed at the time of the setting sun, they have lifted up eyes and hands to the glory of the everlasting hills. Yet in the prayers offered up by the banks of the Moreau River a listener would catch two words now and then that were not of the Dakota tongue. The Sioux had nothing to take their place, and it was these two words that seemed to recur in every prayer that was offered. The words were "Jesus Christ." In the Dakota the "e" becomes "a" and the "i" has the short sound.

Many customs of the old councils have been retained in this gathering of Christian Indians. Among the Sioux, there was an order of heralds whose duty it was to call the hour of meeting, and to spread news of announcements throughout the camp. The



A WITNESS TO "CUSTER'S MASSACRE"

Spotted Rabbit, a Sioux who at the age of nineteen rode unarmed into the Custer fight in an attempt to take Custer alive. His mission had nearly succeeded when his horse was shot from under him

heralds remain today. Probably heralds sounded the call through the camp of the Sioux the night before the Custer massacre. The chief of heralds at the Niobrara Convocation is Spotted Rabbit, who, as a young brave, had the honor of riding unarmed into the Battle of the Little Big Horn in a reckless attempt to take Custer ("Yellow Hair") alive. He told me that he had reached Custer's side when his horse was shot from under him. A moment later he saw Custer die.

During the past few months there has been considerable agitation throughout the country caused by Commissioner Burke's decree that the Indian dances must cease. Commissioner Burke is head of the Indian Bureau and comes from Dakota. The Indians with whom he is most familiar are the Sioux. It is significant that the Christian Sioux are heartily in accord with him. One woman brought an offering to the convocation that had been raised by dancers. The committee of the convocation refused the offering.

The Indian dances are representative of a mode of living that has gone. The Indian farmer and businessman sees that the hope of his race lies



BOTH FULL-BLOODED INDIANS

Miss Deloria (on the left) is the daughter of a Sioux chief and holds a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University. The other is a typical Sioux girl who has not had the advantages of a modern education

THE MENTOR

in fitting himself to the conditions that are growing up about him. The customs back of the dances have in many instances been lost. Irregularities have crept in. "The Give and Take" dance of the Dakota Indians is nothing more than a type of pure chicanery, according to statements made by several educated Indians. They say that the arguments of those who would preserve the symbolism of the Indian do not take into consideration the fact that the whole mode of living of the Indian has been changed. What these lovers of symbolism are really doing, they say, is attempting to lead the Indian forward with one hand and push him back with the other. An Indian dance in "store clothes" would hold very little interest. It is necessary for the Indian to get into his regalia of paint and feathers. "And," say these civilized Indians, "if these lovers of symbolism would have these dances preserved, why do they discriminate? Why not revive the war and scalp dances along with the others? They were a part of Indian tradition and symbolism."

One of the outstanding impressions gained at the Niobrara Convocation was the alert attitude of the people. The so-called reversion to type, the return to the blanket, was nowhere in evidence. Here was a splendid group of people gathered together in a common cause. They were renewing friendships made at previous encampments, for the reservations on which they live are many miles apart. A contribution of five thousand dollars was taken up for missionary work in other fields. These Indian brothers have contrib-

uted to relief funds. They bought Liberty bonds. They contributed to the development of South Dakota as a state. They are sending their sons and daughters to college.

To spend a week among the Sioux is to learn to admire them. They were fierce fighters; history is proof of that. Now they are riding the range as cowpunchers. They are farmers. They are mechanics.

At the Niobrara Convocation a large number of the men present were young men. Christianity to them is more than a Sunday religion. It is an ideal, a mode of life. They fought in the World War. They are members of the American Legion.

"My people have always known God," said Tipi Sapa. It seemed to me that Tipi Sapa knew what he was talking about. I have been to all sorts of churches, but I have never seen a more reverent assembly of worshipers than the prayer circle of the Cheyenne Reservation. I couldn't understand what was being said, but I had a feeling that here was something which was part of our own religious heritage, and that these people had sounded the depths, and had an understanding of the significance of prayer that was fuller than that of many of their white brothers.

The Sioux has always been a seeker of high places. The camp on the Moreau River was surrounded by buttes, and all day long, and particularly in the early morning and at sunset, I saw solitary figures outlined against the sky. There is something in the Sioux that bids him go to the highest hill he can find and stand there alone.



Photo by Roger Daniels

THEIR
TOMAHAWKS
BURIED

More than two thousand Sioux encamped by the Moreau River, Cheyenne Reservation, South Dakota, for the fifty-third annual meeting of the Niobrara Convocation, in August, 1923



© Roger Daniels

KLAH'S
HOME

Here on the sun-baked mesa of New Mexico lives Klah, the medicine man of the Navahos. He is standing to the right of the entrance to the tepee. The young Navaho lad by his side is his pupil, who will succeed him as medicine man of the tribe



LAH,
THE PAGAN

BY GEORGE ROGERS

I did not choose the title. It came unsought and, once put down, seemed to serve the purpose. I found it in our own Southwest.

Klah is a Navaho medicine man. He is one of the chief medicine men of the tribe. The old men of the Navahos respect Klah's judgment. He is a personage. Klah calls his god "Ya." Phonetically, this suggests the name of the God of the Hebrews, which would be written Ya-weh in a phonetic transcription. The story Klah tells of the origin of the Navahos is nearly identical with the story of creation as it appears in Genesis. The Jew has looked upon himself for centuries as the chosen among God's people, and, curiously enough, the Navahos' name for themselves is *dine*, which means "the people."

Whether or not the story Klah tells is a myth, it is a very good story and worthy to be heard. One does not expect to find a story that parallels Genesis coming out of the New Mexico desert. But when the story is laid over against the actual geological facts it becomes something to think about. There is little doubt that this part of the continent is one of the oldest sections of the world. For several years it has been the haunt of the

archæologist. I talked to a geologist who had a collection of sea shells that he had dug up from the mesa, at an elevation of 7,000 feet. Side by side with prehistoric ruins are found fossils of prehistoric monsters. Just across the border, in Colorado, is the Mesa Verde National Park with its Cliff Palace, discovered only twenty-seven years ago. There is Pueblo Bonita near Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, which is a still more recent discovery. In the past year there have been notable finds that seem to antedate both of these ruins.

So when Klah, the medicine man, stood beside his primitive loom and told the story of the coming of the Navahos, paraphrasing the Book of Genesis both in word and action, it was not hard to feel, under the spell of his oratory, that it might have been here that the world began.

I first heard of Klah through a trader. The trading posts are scattered throughout the reservation, which is as large as the State of Pennsylvania. Strong bars hold the doors and windows at night. There have been murder and sudden death in these lonely places. But one keeps out of trouble with little difficulty if the rules of the road are obeyed. The railroad is a hundred miles away, so once locked up there is nothing to disturb the sleep of the trader or his guests.

It was in one of these trading posts, after an evening of talk about Navaho customs,

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particularly the Ya-be-chi, or religious ceremonies, that I learned of Klah. One does not often hear about the Ya-be-chi. The festivals of the several tribes of Pueblo Indians are catalogued and calendared. Tourists flock to them every year, artists paint them, in Sante Fé a museum and art gallery have been built up around them. Just at present they have come into the public eye through the ultimatum of the Indian commissioner that the dances must cease. Most of the dances of the Southwest are nothing more than charades set to music and interpreted by steps and gestures, and comparatively modern: the Corn Dance, the Snake Dance of the Hopis, the Eagle Dance, the burlesque Comanche Dance, the semi-historical dances.

But the Ya-be-chi is hoary with age. The ceremonial of the sand painting is related to the earliest forms of pictorial art, and follows the word pictures which were carved on rocks and pieces of bone. The pictures have been handed down from generation to generation. The medicine men, carrying little pouches of colored sand, direct the making of the pictures on the floor of the ceremonial meeting place. These are studied and memorized, and are then obliterated.

The next year the pictures are made, carefully observed, and again obliterated. But the story lives in the minds of all that are privileged to see these highly revered tableaux made of parti-colored sand.

When I heard from the trader that Klah was weaving a Ya-be-chi rug, telling in dyed wool one of the stories the sand pictures tell, I wanted to see it. When I learned that Klah's retreat lay in a hollow in the mesa only a short distance away I wanted to go at once. But the sun had set. Day was done. The Navaho is a nomad; he follows wherever his sheep find grazing. But he travels with the sun. If his destination is only a mile away when the sun sets it means that he will not complete the journey until the morrow. With

the going down of the sun he makes camp and halts for the night.

We were on our way early the next morning. There was no sign of any habitation on the mesa until we were within two hundred feet of the settlement. The ground dipped suddenly, and there, under the edge of a pile of weather-eroded rocks, was the establishment of Klah, the medicine man. It seems as if the land itself conjured with the Navaho to keep his dwelling place secluded. One travels mile after mile through the reservation and never sees a tepee. Yet there are more than thirty thousand Navahos. They all find a hollow just beyond the sight of traveled roads. In fact, they seem to know very little about the roads.

It was well for me that Klah and the trader were old friends. The dogs were aware of us first. The Navaho dog brooks no intrusion. He invariably runs to type and in general appearance looks like a mongrel Chow, even to the dark-colored tongue. But he is an excellent sheep dog, and for anything he does not like has a very guttural, business-like growl, one of the kind that gives evidence of having a bite behind it. I was not

sorry when Klah appeared and called off his burly guardians.

There was quite a group about the hut, but it was easy to single out Klah. The greetings were in Navaho, and the preliminary talk was long. I learned later that it was chiefly about me. My whole history was gone over, and my errand discussed. Over behind the rocks there was a tepee, as well as the customary hogan of the medicine man. The women were busy preparing the hide of a newly killed sheep, whose carcass hung up on poles to dry. The children were playing with lambs.



© Roger Daniels

KLAH, MEDICINE MAN OF THE NAVAHOS

The debate over the white intruder and his camera finally came to an end. None of the women, save one old grandmother squaw, had said a word. It was evident that she was opposed to any pictures being taken,

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particularly a picture of the rug. The Navaho women are skilled weavers, but they do not touch anything that pertains to a Ya-be-chi design.

Even after I set up the camera the old woman continued to rail, but she capitulated finally to curiosity as to the workings of the device.

It was not until a dozen pictures had been taken that Klah began his story, interpreting the design he had woven into the rug, a design only a medicine man dares to weave. I made no attempt to follow him accurately. The trader could not, and several times turned to me to say: "He is talking about things that he says happened a couple of thousand years ago, and I don't get him at all. I never even heard some of the words before."

Klah is a great actor. Much of the story was accompanied by pantomime. He would point to the ground or to the surrounding hills, then to the rug and the designs depicted thereon. His manner would have done credit to Cicero or Booth.

Before ever man was, said Klah, there was the great god Ya. All the earth, even the hills, were void and covered with water. There was nothing but water and space. Then Ya put forth his hand, and the land came up out of the water. Again Ya put forth his hand, and the sun and moon and

stars were made to appear in the sky. Out of the earth came all life, following four great roads. Then in his own likeness Ya created man, and for man he created woman. These, said Klah, were the first people, the Navahos. Ya caused the squash, corn, beans, and tobacco to grow. The Navahos lived then in a place like a great garden beside a river and a great sea. There was only happiness among them until the evil spirit came.

Here Klah waxed too eloquent for the trader to follow, and much of the story was lost. But in the end one gathered that Ya triumphed over the evil spirit and caused him to be cast into the depths beneath the earth.

It was just after this that the water disappeared. Klah told of no account of a deluge that the trader was able to interpret. The Navahos had lived beside a great body of water, and the water vanished. Thereafter they dwelt in a new land where once there had been the sea. They became keepers of flocks, because the land would not grow things as before. But Ya was still their god, and they were still Ya's people.

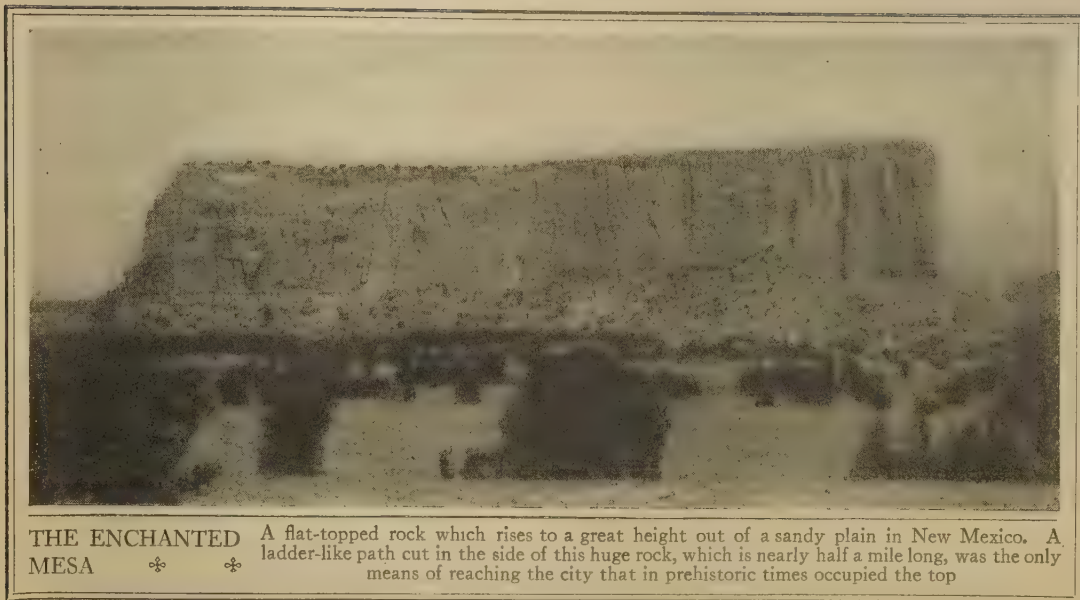
Klah pointed first to the sky, making a great arc with his arm, and then traced the border of the rug. Ya had caused the rainbow to appear in the sky as a sign between himself and his people. And here the weaver ended his story.



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**KLAH AND
HIS LOOM**

On which he weaves his ceremonial rug at periodical intervals. Into this rug is woven the story of Genesis. The black and white design across the top is Ya. The rainbow runs along the edge of the rug



THE ENCHANTED
MESA

A flat-topped rock which rises to a great height out of a sandy plain in New Mexico. A ladder-like path cut in the side of this huge rock, which is nearly half a mile long, was the only means of reaching the city that in prehistoric times occupied the top



THE OLDEST STREET IN AMERICA

BY FOSTER WRIGHT

The oldest street in the New World still echoes to the patter of feet and the sounds of daily toil. It is a short street and narrow, but its story precedes by many years the history of the settlement of our country: Before Europeans explored the continent this ancient thoroughfare was the scene of commerce and social meetings.

Not fifty years after Columbus discovered the western hemisphere, a Franciscan monk, under the régime of Coronado, first heard of the "people of the white rock." The sky city of the Pueblos remains to-day much as Coronado found it.

From the little railroad station of Laguna on the Santa Fé one rides to it for fifteen miles through a valley of sagebrush and stunted cedars. The surrounding cliffs are as striking in their formation as those in the Garden of the Gods. A little way up the valley a great rock nearly half a mile long rises abruptly from the plain—the Enchanted Mesa. In ancient times, so the dwellers in Acoma say, their city was on the Enchanted Mesa's crown. A mighty cataclysm destroyed the single trail that led to the top. The inhabitants that were working in the town on the day of the disaster starved to death, as time went on and no one came to relieve them. Those that were in the fields or were tending their flocks on the plain

below survived, and later on they built a new city on another rock a few miles to the south. This second city is the Acoma we know.

The Spanish word *pueblo* means "town." The Pueblo Indians are so called because they generally live in large communal houses two or three stories high. They adopted this form of dwelling as a means of protection against invaders. Ancestors of the tribes that are now grouped under the name "Pueblos" constructed the houses, cliff dwellings, and irrigation ditches that are found in New Mexico and Arizona. These tribes were formerly much more numerous than now. The Spaniards found the Pueblos established in well-built towns, and practicing the art of irrigation. Fortresses, too, they had built, and they were able to defend themselves even against armored Europeans. The Pueblos have not changed very greatly their way of living. Many of them speak Spanish and have Spanish names. For three centuries and more Spanish priests have ministered to their spiritual needs. They are skilled in cultivating the soil, and grow good crops of corn, cotton, peaches, and apricots. Herds of horses, donkeys, cows, and sheep graze on the scant herbage surrounding the Pueblo villages. Their corn is still ground on a stone mill called a *metate*, and wheat is threshed by first driving horses or donkeys over the straw as it lies on the ground. When the wind blows, the farmer and his family throw the grain into the air, and the breeze winnows it for them. After it is placed in baskets they pour it from a height

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down to the ground, and so clean it and make it finally ready for use.

Life goes on in the Acoma of to-day much as it did in the time of its original builders. The pedestal on which it stands is a great rock rising four hundred feet in the air. In places one goes straight up, clinging to niches worn by time. Of late years, great drifts of sand have blown against the side of the rock where the path is hewn, so that one climbs nearly half of the way over a mighty dune.

To the primitive man the massive rock seemed a veritable Gibraltar. The chronicles of Acoma tell of the defeat of fierce bands of marauders, against whom many of the valley "house" Indians were powerless. Most of the Pueblo villages of the Southwest are built of mud shaped into bricks and dried in the sun. The Acoma houses are made of rock brought up from the plain below, and are held together by mud mortar. The houses are for the most part three stories high, with an outside ladder as the sole means of access from one story to another. A light colored earth mixed with water serves as whitewash, and the houses are kept spotlessly clean inside and out. Both men and women wear white to a much greater degree than the valley Pueblos. Shawls of the Acoma women are often white, the houses are white, the top of the cliff gleams white in the daz-

zling sun. The women spend some of their time making pottery. From the spring seeding to the harvest few men are found on the cliff. Farm lands are often several miles from the city.

It is evident that this age-old city is fast approaching its end. The present population is given as six hundred in the census, but this includes all the Acoma Indians, and many born in the community have settled elsewhere. The old people cling to the time-honored customs, and are content with the isolation the rock affords. But they are dying off and the old traditions are dying with them. The city itself remains unchanged. It will probably stand as it stands now when all the other Pueblo cities have vanished. It does not seem to be a part of the New World at all. To walk down its main street past the orderly rows of houses to the well and find there a woman drawing water in an earthen jug of primitive design carries one back to the days when the Indians were the sovereign race of this continent. The woman fills the vessel, raises it with quick, graceful movements to her head. She smiles as she passes by. It all seems as old as Time itself. Yet fifteen miles away an express train is speeding across the desert. In the station at Laguna the agent has fitted up a radio set, and the news of the world is on the air.



A STREET OLDER
THAN HISTORY ❖

Hundreds of years before the white man set foot on the western continent, this street in Acoma, New Mexico, was the scene of commercial activities and community gatherings



© Roger Daniels

THE ❖
LADDER

Acoma houses are made of stones held together by a mud mortar. Most of the houses are three stories high. For centuries without number figures like these have been going up and down primitive ladders, from rock-hewn street to rock-walled rooms



DINNER FROM THE INDIANS ❖ ❖

BY C. A. HERNDON

Here is an all-American dinner. The main ingredient of every dish on this bill of fare originated in the Americas and had been won from the wilds by Indians before white men put foot on the continent.

There is not the slightest indication, according to Dr. William E. Safford, economic botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, that a single cultivated cereal, vegetable, fruit, or root crop of the Old World had come to America before the time of the discovery. The Indians must have developed their staple crops from various native weeds.

The tomato used in making the first course of our Indian dinner originated in South America from plants of the same general family as the deadly nightshade. Several varieties of tomatoes as large and smooth as those now grown were in the markets of Mexico City when Cortez and his brave followers first reached there.

For the meat course, there is turkey, the one domesticated animal which the American Indian contributed to civilization. Its very name illustrates how quickly the products of the New World were adopted in the Old. Mexico was probably the original home of the turkey.

The ancestors of our so-called Irish potatoes were small, bitter, tuberous weeds growing wild in the Andes. But at the dawn of American history, potato-raising was practiced from Chile to Colombia, but not in Mexico or North America. The Spaniards first found them under cultivation near Quito, Ecuador, where the tubers were dried in the sun and made into flour by the natives.

Sweet potatoes were developed from a species of wild morning glories. Their vine blossoms plainly show their relation to the garden morning glory. Squashes and pumpkins were insignificant members of the gourd family until cultivation by the Indians increased their size and quality.

Succotash is included in the all-American bill of fare because this dish was the invention of American aborigines. The corn and beans with which they used to make it were food staples of Indians of both the North and South American continents.

Both lima and common beans were grown on the terraced fields of the irrigated hillside farms of Peru long before the conquest of that country by the Spaniards. All the fundamental varieties of corn in existence to-day were developed from native wild grasses by the Indians. The original home of this greatest of American crops is believed to have been Central America. The pineapple originated from coarse, prickly-leaved plants of semi-arid regions of Central America.

Tapioca is made from the cassava plant, from which Indians of the West

Indies and South America have made bread since prehistoric times.

The after-dinner chocolate is a drink that was in common use in Mexico and Guatemala when the Spaniards first reached there. The Spaniards added sweetening and improved this "Indian nectar." Every Indian tribe had its tobacco, and several different varieties were developed by the Indians from clammy, ill-smelling weeds of a narcotic nature. Aborigines found a wild vine ripening its seed underground, and trained it until it produced peanuts, practically as we know them. Nearly every time we sit down to a meal, some dish on the table represents long, patient research by the people we are accustomed to think of as ignorant barbarians or bloodthirsty savages.

MENU for an ALL-AMERICAN DINNER	
Tomato Soup	
Fish	
Turkey	
Potatoes	Squash
Sweet Potatoes	Succotash
Beans	
Corn Bread	
Pineapple Salad	
Tapioca Pudding	
Pumpkin Pie	
Chocolate	Cigars
Peanuts	

ARCHÆOLOGY TO-DAY

BY RALPH V. MAGOFFIN, PH. D., LL. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE OF AMERICA



© Detroit Publishing Company

Boston Museum of Fine Arts

APHRODITE—Greek sculpture of the fourth century B. C.

THE “Forty-niners” scraped, dug, and burrowed in the earth for gold and silver; to-day, men are excavating in many ancient sites of human settlement for another kind of wealth—the hidden records of the past. What has been done, and is being done, to open up the treasures in the covered chambers of the earth makes a story of thrilling human interest. Some of the most important results so far achieved are described and pictured in this number of *The Mentor*.



Permission of the artist, F. Matania

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SEALING A PHARAOH'S TOMB

The final episode in the ceremonies attendant upon the death, mummification, and burial of a monarch of ancient Egypt. The workmen responsible for the interior decoration of the tomb are leaving with their tools, while masons wait to brick up and seal the outer wall. Behind masonry like this lay the sarcophagus of the boy king Tutankhamen



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PREHISTORIC TOREADORS ✦

Fresco from Knossos in Crete. The bull is about to toss a girl caught on its horns, while another is standing behind apparently waiting to catch her. A youth is turning somersaults on the bull's back. In Egyptian and Minoan frescoes the convention was to represent men by painting the figures brown, and the women by painting them white.



ARCHÆOLOGY TO-DAY

*How Man is Making the Earth
Give Up Its Hidden Records*

By RALPH V. MAGOFFIN, Ph. D., LL. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

It is not a hard word—archæology; and it gets easier to say every day. The discovery of a Pharaoh's tomb pushed the liveliest of men and the liveliest of events off the front page of the newspapers of the whole world.

Why is it that in nearly every country on this earth people are working as feverishly to get back into the past as they are to get ahead into the future? Is it not because those civilizations of long ago, which we have taken for granted as dead and gone, are again alive and with us, challenging our civilizations, quickening our interest; in fact, stirring our very being?

There always has been interest in archæology. People have always picked up, looked at, wondered about the objects used and left by those who had gone before. The Roman emperor Augustus was an archæologist when

he caused a dozen obelisks, made by Egyptians longer before his day than from his day until now, to be shipped to Rome and set up in the circuses on the middle of each backbone (*spina*) round which the chariots raced. The modern Turk or Arab is an archæologist when he hunts up ancient writings carved in stone. He has noticed that foreigners scan those writings eagerly. He is a bad archæologist, however, because he believes that the unknown writing is telling the foreigner where a treasure is hidden; so he breaks the stone to pieces, either to keep the stranger from finding the treasure or because he thinks the gold is inside the stone itself.

It is not much more than a hundred years since real archæology began. By that is meant the scientific search by governments or individuals for the relics of the past. It is hard to say which is most exciting: to discover things whose beauty transcends our own loveliest works of art; to find things the monetary value of which runs into millions; to study civilizations stratified in ages past; or to hunt for objects which no one has seen for thousands of years. At all events, the whole world is at it, and not a week goes by but that somewhere history suddenly takes a backward leap of a hundred or a thousand years as some forgotten city is discovered; not a fortnight but that a pot of money is found where its owner hid it a thousand years or so ago;

not a month passes but that a new magazine or book on archæology appears; not a night but that theaters show a pageant of Babylon or Egypt or Rome, the splendors of which are but the reflection of the past as mirrored in the archæological discoveries of the present.

The good sense of an English diplomat a century ago saved the magnificent sculptures of the Parthenon of Athens; the chance find of the Rosetta Stone and a Frenchman's skill at deciphering it gave us the secrets of Egypt; the dreams of a German schoolboy were finally made real by his discovery of the ancient Troy of Homer; the steady, fearless work of Americans has given us the



A SCENIC MAGNET

For centuries the wild beauty of the north coast of Sicily has drawn to it those who are so fortunate as to be free to choose their playgrounds. Here is a Greco-Roman theater built high over the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. Through the arch may be seen the gracefully curving shore far below



IN LONELY GRANDEUR
ON A SICILIAN HILL. ❖

Among the two-score classic structures still standing in the island of Sicily the unfinished temple of Segesta is unmatched for the purity of its Doric style and the majesty of its site. Columns, thirty-six in number, twenty-nine feet high, were hewn from the hillside and set up about 450 B. C., but the roof was never laid. Doubtless the builders' hands were stilled by wars and invasions. Successive races governed the island for twenty-five centuries. Greece planted her first colony there in 735 B. C.

facts about the cliff dwellers of our own Southwest, and is laying bare the mystery of the Mayas of Yucatan.

Archæology has arrived; it has only lately become a science, it is in a fair way to become a fad.

When some years ago a young Greek naval officer was sailing about taking soundings in the Ægean Sea, suddenly his eyes nearly fell out into the water as his ship sailed along over an ancient city, three miles in circumference, which lay all peaceful there fifty to a hundred feet below his gliding keel. A peasant cleaning out a spring in Italy came upon some coins of the later Roman empire, and digging down found a thousand years of money. From it scholars learned the religious story of a millennium of worshipers who threw a coin into the spring with a prayer to the deity who lived deep in its depths. An accidental glance at the roof of a cave in Spain disclosed rude carvings of animals ages since extinct, and science has proved that those carvings were made tens of centuries ago. In Italy they plow in a vineyard and strike the top of an old cistern and find in it skeletons surrounded with dishes and jewelry, among which is a gold safety pin. On the bar is a sentence scratched there more than five hundred years before Christ. In Greece a train has engine trouble. Two of the passengers take their luncheon a half mile away to the top of a low hill, where to their amazement broken pieces of ancient pottery lie about. They return a few months later with workmen and soon lay bare a chieftain's village. They came across a room full of all sorts of pottery, and can say with certainty that here more than a thousand

years before Christ the inhabitants of this house added to their income by selling tableware to the travelers along the Nauplia-Corinth interurban trade route. And now in Egypt, after months and years of hope deferred, while digging here and delving there, suddenly there appear steps which have led to a greater than Aladdin, to an Egyptian Pharaoh's tomb where untold treasures are.

Of good things, the more there are the more you want. That is the reason why there is now a three-cornered race between the poor natives (usually the chance finders), the rich collectors, both local and foreign, and the scientific archæological museums or societies. The last named must win at the expense of the other two, for only thus will the true historical value of the objects found be preserved. At the same time the first-named group must be fairly repaid, and the second group must have as a return for their money a fair distribution of the ob-



British Museum. Courtesy "Illus. London News"

EARLY GREEK STATUETTE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

The Macedonian emperor's mantle is fringed with serpent's heads, betokening his fabled descent from Zeus, the king of gods



A FIVE-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD MASTERPIECE

Recently sold at a London auction for \$50,000. Chiseled from black obsidian, one of the hardest substances known. This portrait of an Egyptian king, experts say, has never been surpassed in the entire history of sculpture

jects found to the museums and collections in all the cultured countries of the world.

Harmful, not helpful, are such attempts as that in 1911 of a party of wealthy Englishmen who, on the basis of a supposed cipher, set out to bribe their way to the discovery of the supposed hidden treasure of David and of the Temple of Jerusalem. How much more important are the recent discoveries of the sites of a dozen lost Biblical towns; how much more valuable in the long run are the excavations since 1912 at Beth-Eshemesh, which laid bare stratified deposits from the Neolithic Age down to the time of the Captivity!



Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

THE POULTRY VENDER

In Greek art there are few better examples of realism than this toil-worn figure of an aged market woman modeled more than twenty centuries ago



feeling that stretches easily across two thousand years when a witticism of then brings a smile of now. Not long ago there was turned up a Greek ostrakon, a piece of shell or sherd, on which in Greek was written: "Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, when asked by one who saw an Ethiopian eating white bread, said, "'Tis night devouring day.'" No less interesting than the beautiful jewelry and diadem of an Egyptian found in 1914 and called the Treasure of Lahun are the alabaster jars in which her cosmetics were kept, and the copper knives and the copper razors with gold handles.

One of our American universities has a collection of thirty-five bronze surgical in-

A gold treasure of the late Roman period, third to sixth century A. D., which was bought in Cairo, Egypt, in 1909, furnishes a good proof of the argument just advanced. Here, among other fine things, all of gold, were two pectorals, three medallions, seven necklaces, a breast chain, six earrings, eleven bracelets, and a beautiful crossset with emeralds. All the gold pieces were studded with pearls, sapphires, amethysts, and emeralds. More money was paid for the collection as a whole than the pieces would have brought had they been sold stealthily and singly. Besides that, the entire collection is still together where it can be seen, and it has also been carefully photographed and published. Now it is available for almost everyone.

It is, however, not the great finds that necessarily attract the most interest; at least, there is hardly a find, however small, that fails to yield something that stirs the imagination or increases the general stock of information. One has an intimate fellow



BRONZE MIRROR COVER IN HIGH RELIEF

The Greeks, like the Egyptians, used polished metal mirrors. In the fifth century B. C. a disk mirror with ornamental cover became popular. Note the very modern-looking handle of this example

struments of the first and second centuries of our era, which were found at Colophon in Asia Minor. The surgeons of the University's Medical School came to see them and were amazed to find their own knives, forceps, probes, cupping vessels, bow drills, catheters, etc., right before them, except that their own twentieth-century steel was harder, not sharper, and less artistic than the decorated bronze instruments of twenty centuries ago. If one would know how the ancients cooked, it is not far to a certain museum in Toronto full of Roman cooking utensils, found for the most part in Egypt—kettles, colanders, ladles, baking and frying pans, meat hooks and choppers, and all the rest.

After one has sat at the edge of an excavation hole and seen three little earthenware cups dug up, has seen them emptied, and has watched two ivory dice and twenty-four glass counters, six of a color, fall from the dirt of each one, and realizes that those cups have been there since 82 B. C., he never again plays parchesi without recalling the ancient Romans. When one sees silver coins dug up that have on one side pictures of men casting the Australian ballot of two thousand and more years ago; when one looks at the bronze

disk found in 1911 in Epirus, Greece, and learns from coins and other sources how to expand the monogram on the disk into the proper word, he realizes suddenly he is holding a voting ballot nearly two thousand five hundred years old; when one walks along the streets of Pompeii and reads the signs painted on the walls asking the passer-by to vote for So-and-So for mayor, or for street commissioner, one has a strange fellow feeling for those folk. Long ago they were doing what we have not yet learned to do much better.

Treasure-trove is more than the stuff that dreams are made of. Archæological treasure-trove is more than gold or gems, more than the gas or oil or ore that fills the material subsoil of a land; it is that richer subsoil of ancient



MAN'S CHALLENGE TO ETERNITY

"They are wonderful for size and height, and they will last as long as heaven," said their architect. The Colossi of Memnon, which were erected in Thebes, three thousand years ago, to represent Amenhotep III and his consort, stand sixty-five feet high. They mark the transition point from the obelisk to the huge statue in symbolic building, and are among the few monuments left standing at Thebes, once the capital of an Egyptian province

civilization which yields to patient search the coins that make the science of numismatics drive the mere acquisition of coin to shameful cover; which invests the panoply of war or court or tomb with human value; which, with its discovered treasures, be they manuscripts, statues, or homely articles of household use, makes modern life fuller and finer.

Who would not lose sleep, spend time and money, undergo hardships, to have a thrill like that felt by a monk some years ago, who found in West China, at the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," a library that had been walled up in the tenth century, which when opened disclosed a solid mass of five hundred cubic feet of manuscripts of Tibetan, Chinese, Turkish, Sogdian, and Sanskrit? Who would not have felt the throb of discovery when a roll dated 860 A. D. came out of the mass, and the realization with it that the earliest date

for printing could now be pushed back more than a hundred years? And as a result of that find the British Museum is now richer by some three hundred paintings, and fourteen thousand documents, and manuscripts in more than twelve languages.

If one wishes to compare the work of a French or Turkish peasant on his farm to-day with farmers of long ago, how better to do so than to look at a seal stone found in 1910 in Babylonia of the fourteenth century B. C.? On this stone is a scene that was engraved over three thousand years ago. Two cattle are pulling a plow. The driver holds both plow handles and he runs his furrow, and a second man with a bag on his shoulder drops seed into an attached drill. In 1909, off Madia in Tunis, a sunken ship was found. Two thousand years ago it foundered. On its deck, far below the surface of the blue Mediterranean, lay seven piles of unfluted marble columns, sixty-five of them in all. But, best of all, Africa has given to an admiring world a marble divinity, the Venus of Cyrene, who for purity of line, grace of form, and skill of execution has stepped into the front rank of the immortals—the immortal



Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

THE ARCHTYRANT OF THE BIBLE

Merneptah, thirteenth son of Rameses, ruled over Egypt from 1225 to 1215 B. C. He has recently been definitely identified as the Pharaoh who oppressed the Jews and whose tyranny is graphically related in the Book of Exodus. Science has determined after an examination of his mummy that he died from hardening of the arteries



A TERRIFIED TENDERFOOT

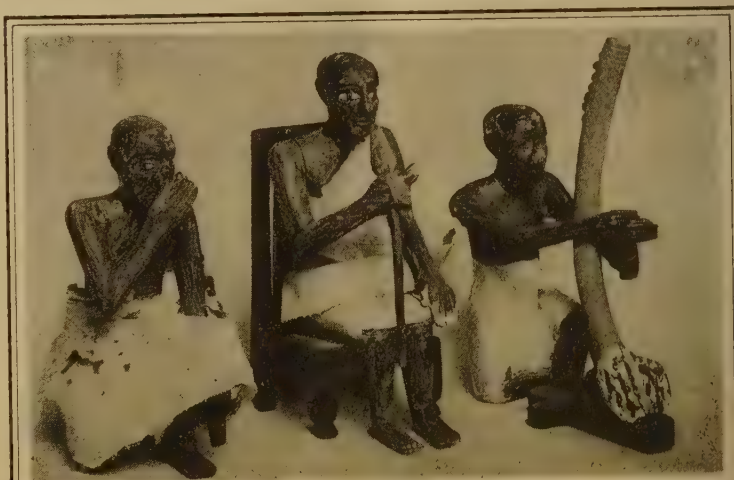
The novice rider of centuries ago had his "terrible moments" just as his prototype has to-day. The attitude of this youthful native of Cyprus seems to express great uncertainty and discomfort

soldier has scratched his name and cohort, which we know from other sources was in Britain in 124 A. D., and in garrison in 210 at Carnarvon (a name now enshrined in archæological memory).

In November of 1922 Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter, in the Valley of the Kings, near Thebes in Egypt, dug underneath the tomb of Rameses VI. Truly a strange place to seek! But one Pharaoh still was unaccounted for—Tutankhamen. A stairway came to view. It led deep down to an outer room. This had been robbed in antiquity of its precious metals, but the other furnishings had been left behind. Their beauty and variety beggar description. On February 16, 1923, the burial chamber was opened. Under a gilded canopy was a second canopy within which lay the royal sarcophagus. An adjoining burial chamber was crowded with wonderful works of art of every kind. Perhaps

marble dead of the Greek sculptor's chisel.

In no place does excavation thrive more than in England. Since 1906 excavation has been going on at Corbridge, and by 1913 it was possible to show that here the Romans, in preparation for their campaigns against Scotland begun under Agricola, had built a great fortress and store base to supersede York. Near Wrexham were found the kilns of the tile and pottery works of the soldiers of the Twentieth Legion. There are nine great kilns with parallel flues, cross-channels and upcasts, drying-rooms and all. Lying about were some perfect vessels of fine workmanship, scores of unbaked pots, thousands of broken sherds, pieces of molds, potters' dies, tools, and appliances. One tile has a legionary stamp on it, and by it a



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A JAZZ BAND

Mehenkwtire, the wealthy master, sits in the center leisurely smelling a lotus bud. At the right is a blind harpist strumming an instrument, while the singer at the left taps his cheek to give his voice a warbling sound. These figures and hundreds of others found in the same Egyptian tomb were in such a splendid state of preservation that the finger prints of the workmen who had placed them there were plainly visible

the world's greatest single find, thus far, was found. A year later Tutankhamen's pink sarcophagus came to view.

A discovery in Sardis on April 13, 1922, also made the world gape wide with wonder. In a small pot of coarse gray clay, found not far below the surface of the soil, lay thirty solid gold *staters* of the Lydian king Cræsus, whose great name still attaches to every man who attains extraordinary wealth.

Within the last few years the city of Rome has again come into the limelight of archæology. Just outside one of the gates a workman on the railroad drove his pick into and through the roof of a subterranean edifice. Soon architects, artists, archæologists, and historians alike were wild with enthusiasm. The shafts had been dug in virgin soil and concrete with a lava core poured in, and after the roof and arches had been built over a natural framework of earth the interior had then been excavated. Artists exclaimed over the wonderful stucco reliefs that covered nearly every inch of the great area of walls and ceiling, and all the world is still arguing as to the why and wherefore

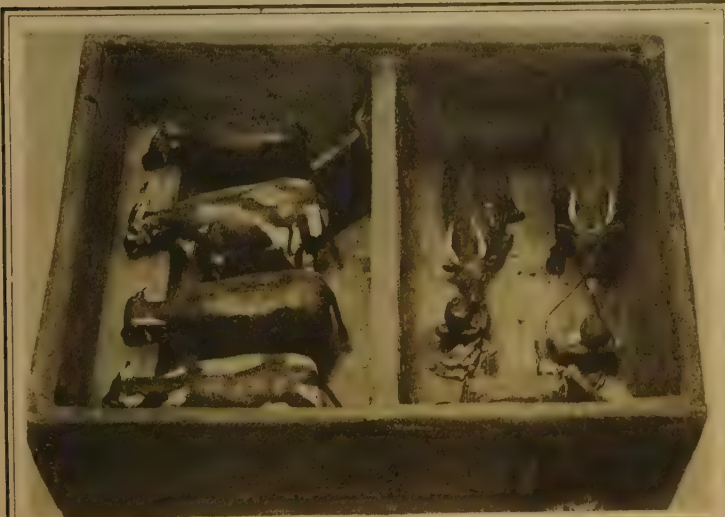
of this subterranean basilica-like edifice with its fine nave and side aisles.

General interest, however, attaches in nearly equal measure to the paintings on the walls and ceilings of three subterranean chambers in the Viale Manzoni in Rome, and to the new catacomb of Pamphilus on the Via Salaria Vetus, with its galleries intact and its *loculi* full of coins, ivories, glass vessels, altars, and rock



A DEMURE MISS OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO

A terra-cotta figure found at Hagia Triada in Crete. Note the arched back and the poise of the girl's feet in her attempt to balance herself. One can almost visualize a group of envious playmates standing around the swing



THE SOUL'S COMPANIONS

The Egyptians of about 2000 B. C. believed that these little images buried near the mummy contributed to the well-being of the mummy's spirit, which was symbolized by a statue, also placed in the tomb. These figures, which were found in the tomb of Mehenkwtet, a person of great wealth, represent a stable where beeves are being fattened for slaughter. One in the right-hand stall is so overfed that he lies on the floor while the cowherd feeds him by hand

crystal statuettes of fine workmanship.

Ostia, Rome's seaport, is fast outstripping Pompeii in its interest and value to the student of ancient life and manners.

But the greatest of the European finds during the last two decades has been made in Russia, especially South Russia. Many reasons have contributed to a scarcity of information from there, and who knows now whether a great part of the finds may not again have disappeared forever? Of the hundreds of finds, one, that of a Scythian royal tomb of the fourth century B. C. at Soloka, near Melitopol on the lower Dnieper, is most worthy of notice. Here was found a tomb, intact. The king and all his treasures were within; his groom and five of his horses, his swordbearer with a great iron sword and bronze-tipped arrows, his body servant, all were there buried with their master. The king, or chieftain, wore a gold collar of ropework pattern, its ends decorated with lion heads round whose necks



In the Vatican Museum, Rome

ACHILLES AND A BROTHER-IN-ARMS PLAY A GAME OF CHESS

Scenes familiar in Greek life were frequently employed by Athenian vase painters as decoration. These urns show women folding and perfuming clothes, brides receiving gifts, youths paying court, dancing, or walking in ceremonial processions



AT THE EXPIRATION OF ALL ITS NINE LIVES

Cats were accepted members of the household during the Ptolemaic Period, which began about 250 B. C. and continued for three hundred years. Those who were lucky enough to be pets of the wealthy were buried in pompous state and were supplied with a coffin surmounted by an effigy

are designs of palmettes and lotus buds on a ground of blue, red, and green enamel. On the king's right arm are three massive bracelets of gold, and on his left arm, two. Lying about are scores of repoussé gold plaques which once spangled his royal robe. Near by is a magnificent comb with nineteen long gold teeth set in a gold strip on which crouch five lions. On a second gold strip on their backs are three warriors, with two horses, engaged in deadly combat. A little further off lie the king's gold necklace of tubular beads, his bronze helmet, two iron swords, two spears, a knife, his coat of mail, his great bronze mace, his leather bow-case decorated with a repoussé silver design, and seven magnificent silver vases with various names in pictorial repoussé. Truly a royal burial!

And what of the Western Hemisphere?



**GREEK RELIEF
AT ITS ZENITH**

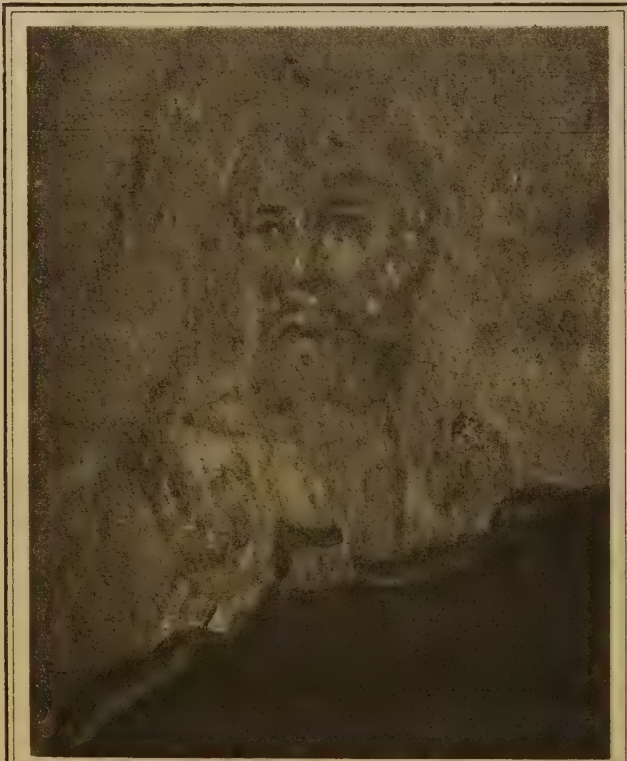
This superb example of the Greek sculptor's art is one of the finest pieces in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Its creator's name is unknown. The detail in the modeling of the body of the rider places this work as the product of the last half of the fourth century B. C.

Is it so young that it is barren of the past? Not so! Early history is full of Incas, Montezumas, Mound Builders, Cliff Dwellers. With every decade their antiquity increases a century, sometimes more. The mounds of the Middle States, the mesas, the pueblos, the dwellings hollowed by art and nature in the beetling cliffs of canyon walls, have absorbed more and more the attention of our people. Chile, Peru, and Mexico have disclosed more remains of the great peoples of centuries ago. And now, of late, Guatemala, Honduras, and Yucatan with their ancient peoples, especially the Mayas, are giving us an archæology which in antiquity reaches back to, perhaps beyond, the time of Christ, and in splendor of architecture and originality of decoration puts the Western Hemisphere nearly abreast of the civilizations of the Eastern.

Though the science has advanced to a sensational degree in the past generation, actually only a beginning has been made in the discovery and interpretation of archæological remains. Only recently we have learned to what extent the races of Asia Minor figured in the early history of civilization. The enormously important records of Babylonia, of Arabia, of China, are still practically untouched. In England, we are reminded by Professor

Sayce, eminent British archæologist, "what we already know has disclosed to us how much remains to be known; even so recent a period as that which created modern England after the overthrow of Roman culture is still a blank. These cities of Roman Britain were destroyed and Roman civilization vanished with them. But who destroyed them or how they perished is still a matter of dispute."

Archæology challenges the modern to help the ancient world, to learn from it what it has to teach, to sympathize with its mistakes, many of which are like unto our own, to glory in its successes. Above all, archæology bids every passing and each succeeding age to enter fearlessly and whole-heartedly into its heritage of the glorious past.



Courtesy "Illustrated London News"

A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF ST. PAUL

This and other remarkable frescoes, probably the oldest Christian paintings in Rome, were found on the walls of an immense underground building recently uncovered by workmen digging the foundations of a taxicab garage. Subterranean halls and crypts were built by the early Christians for secret worship and burial in defiance of pagan rule.



THE TEDIOUS SIDE
OF ARCHÆOLOGY †

The Field Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of New York at work in the Valley of the Kings near Thebes. Archæology is a modern science, but one in which modern scientific and mechanical devices are of little use. The work of searching for and uncovering long-buried secrets of the past is slow. Primitive methods and great care must be used in removing the débris because of the fragility of many of the objects found

ARCHÆOLOGICAL GROUPS NOW IN THE FIELD

A score of expeditions, many of them financed by American institutions, are digging in various parts of the world. Below is a list of those most actively engaged

NAME, LOCALITY, AND PURPOSE OF EXPEDITION

- American Museum of Natural History: New Mexico—Aztec civilization.
Mongolia—Mineralogy, geology, zoölogy.
- Metropolitan Museum of Art: Nile Valley—Early Egyptian civilization.
- University of Pennsylvania: Babylonia. Palestine. Egypt.
- Harvard University and Boston Museum of Fine Arts: Egypt—Determining extent of Ethiopian Empire.
- Harvard University: Honduras—Maya civilization.
- Carnegie Institute: Yucatan—Maya civilization.
- American Society for the Excavation of Sardis (Morgan Foundation):
Lydia—Asia Minor.
- Museum of American Indian (Heye Foundation): New Mexico—Prehistoric Indians. Ozark Mountains—Antiquity of man.
- British-French-American Expedition: Jerusalem—Site of City of David.
- Carnarvon Expedition: Egypt—Valley of the Kings.
- Wooley Expedition (British): Babylonia—Ur of the Chaldees.
- Service des Antiquités (French) and Count de Prorok: Tunis—Carthage.
- Sir Joseph Duveen Expedition: Constantinople—Byzantine treasure.



POMPEIAN
MURAL
DECORATION

Numerous examples of Pompeian mural decorations are still to be seen in a fine state of preservation. This fine specimen was found in the house of Vettii. The artists were of Greek origin. They had an extraordinary sense of distance and perspective and were able to make a small room give the illusion of opening into spacious vistas beyond



DEAD AND BURIED CITIES FOUND AGAIN

BY WILLIAM BISHOP

It is only a few years since man earnestly bethought him of the secrets of the past that might lie hidden in the earth. The first great enterprise in excavation started in 1748, when the site of Pompeii was located and the pickax began the work of releasing the buried city.

The element of chance has added to the romance of digging into the past, whether the object disclosed has been the palace of a forgotten emperor or a wooden boat dating back scarcely more than a hundred years, such as was found not long ago beneath a busy intersection of New York, within hailing distance of Wall Street.

Sometimes rumor is the guide that beckons the curious. It was rumor that led investigators into the desert where they found the rocks that had been Palmyra, once rival of Damascus. Sometimes tradition says that there should be wreckage of a city in such and such a place. Occasionally the search is advanced by the reports of savage natives who know less of the wonders they herald than the white men to whom they speak; it was thus that an American party came upon a relic of one of the dead and gone civilizations that once flourished in the Western Hemisphere, Machu Picchu, the dizzy ridge city where the last Incas found refuge.

Whatever the discovery—whether a single statue, like the Venus of Milo, or the ruins of many cities in strata, each built on the ruins of its predecessor, as at Troy and Carthage—whatever it is and in whatever part of the world, it shows that essentially man has changed little since the earliest period of which we know anything. It is apt to show too that, with all the mechanical advantages of to-day, the present was more than foreshadowed in forgotten eras. The finest weaves of the Gobelin tapestries were known to the Peruvians who lived before there was history. The drainage system of Crete nearly four thousand years ago equaled that of present-day cities. The Mayas of Central America perfected twenty-five hundred years ago a calendar which is not only more accurate than that we use to-day but which



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CEREMONIAL CAVE

In Frijoles Canyon, New Mexico, where mysterious rites were performed by the ancient inhabitants of the Southwest

DEAD AND BURIED CITIES FOUND AGAIN

actually anticipated Einstein in his much-discussed theory of relativity.

All this is a part of the story of the pickax, which has been tapping, tapping, and which once by accident pierced the earth and rock that covered luxurious Pompeii. The completeness of the dwellings, into which volcanic dust sifted like water during the eruption, was disclosed when the workmen of an engineer digging a water channel suddenly found themselves in a painted chamber adorned with statues and mosaics.

To-day one may pass along the streets that went untrodden for so long; one may enter the houses and see the pictures and libraries as they stood when Vesuvius began its eruption of the year 79 A. D. One looks at the election placards, asking votes as they are asked for nowadays. Not long ago an Italian office-seeker promised a civic improvement, and his opponent, from historic placards, showed that office-seekers of two thousand years before had made the same promise—and the improvement was never undertaken. And in Pompeii the visitor to-day sees the figures of those who were overtaken. The lava covered them, and when the site was explored plaster was poured into the molds made in the lava by the victims' bodies, and the figures of the dead came back to the dead town. Not only men and women; there is a little dog, twisting forever in its death agony.

Busy as the excavator has been in all quarters of the globe, he has made little more than a start. His is not simply a task of digging. Sometimes before he begins he must set his hand against hostile natives; often he must conquer a waste of sand; sometimes he must cut a path through a jungle.

The jungle which wrapped itself around far-away Angkor would have



AN AMERICAN ❖
ARCHÆOLOGICAL
PROBLEM ❖

The deciphering of Maya writings is still to be accomplished. The above tablet, recently uncovered at Copan, Honduras, by an expedition sent out by Harvard University, represents a Mayan astronomical congress. The two plaques in the center represent the date, 503 A. D. Early Spanish explorers destroyed large quantities of Maya manuscripts; all that was saved was the key to the date inscriptions



INDIA'S ART RIVALS EGYPT

A remarkable colonnade from a temple in the south of India. This collection of Indian art is the only one of its kind in the Western Hemisphere. It is located in the Pennsylvania Museum, in Philadelphia

needed an army of men forever working to keep back the creepers from the carved stones, yet men of the West penetrated the jungle after it had been unmolested for centuries and found this glorious monument of a lost civilization. It lies north of Cambodia, where a city of a million rose and fell before that part of the world came to be known as French Indo-China. In Cambodia to-day there is no remembrance of the builders of this temple to Indian deities. They were the Khmers, and their only records are in stone. They came, conquerors from India, in the fifth century A. D., and hardly was their temple finished when Buddhism became the accepted religion and the old gods were forgotten. They revenged themselves. This wonderful temple, eight hundred feet long and nearly six hundred feet wide, is a puzzle to the archæologists who penetrate to it; and the city, not far off, which once spread over miles, is a desolation.

At Angkor the archæologist must read in stones. So, too, at Copan, where the Maya records came to an end sixteen hundred years ago. Copan is in Honduras. The Mayas had their cities also in Yucatan and elsewhere, but in them all the problems are the same. The learning, the customs and life of these people in their original land and in their wanderings, which ended only with the coming of the Spaniards, must be interpreted from the



AMERICA'S PYRAMID BUILDERS

The Mayas of Yucatan left numerous examples of their handiwork and craft, but unfortunately neither spoken tradition nor historical legend explains their story. All that is known is that they lived from about 212 B. C. to 340 A. D., at which latter date their civilization suddenly came to an end

carvings to their gods. Time has done much to destroy; the Spanish did more, burning great quantities of the writings of these heathen. However, it was a Spanish priest that preserved the key to the Maya date inscriptions. There is more searching to do before the full story of the Mayas becomes known. For several years the Carnegie Institution of Pittsburgh has maintained archæological camps in Central America for the purpose of adding to the comparatively scanty store of information about this oldest North American civilization.

The Mayas were already a great nation, millions strong, when Carthage was destroyed by the Romans in 146 B. C. Here in North Africa was a city that rivaled Rome, and so perished. The Romans, when they made their Punic peace, proved a greater enemy of latter-day archæologists than is the desert itself. "Carthage must be destroyed" was the Roman slogan; little was left for us.

There is an older city still, however, and its story is one of the most interesting of all. Heinrich Schliemann, the son of a poor German pastor, was born in 1822 and in his youth read of Troy in Homer. He told himself he would some day find the site of the city. It seemed unlikely, when he

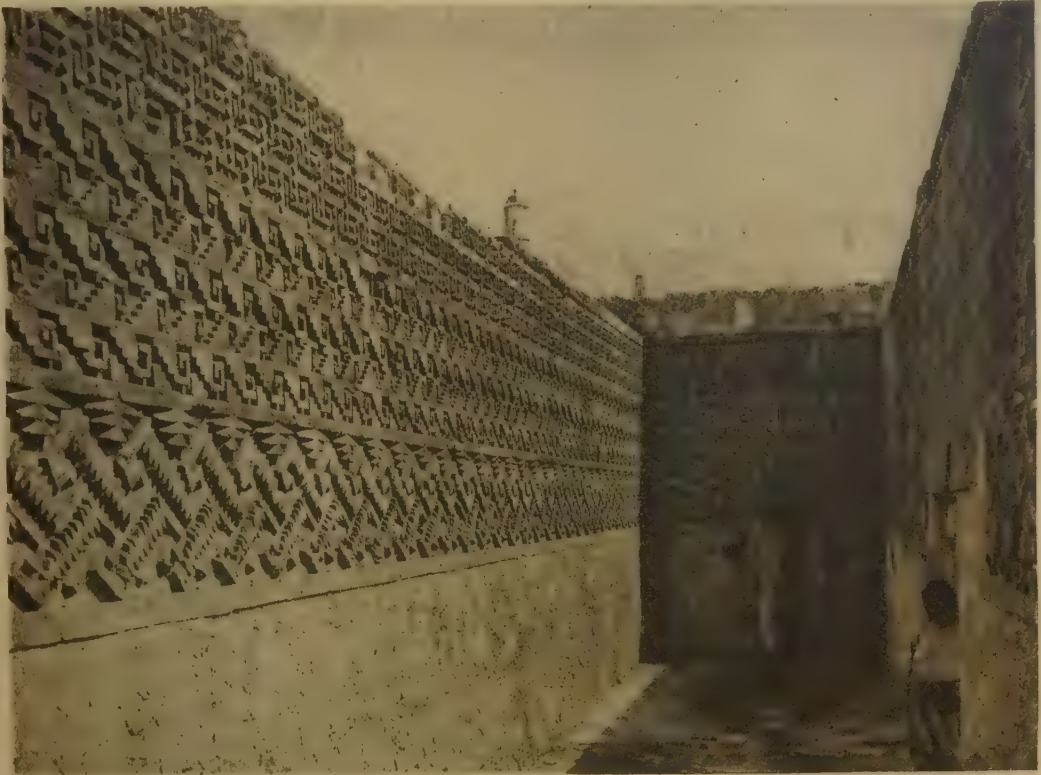


Photo by Edwin Galloway, New York

EARLY MEXICAN MOSAIC DECORATION

In the Palace of the Pillars at Mitla, in southern Mexico. These cream-and-red mosaics, though entirely geometric, show much variety in design. The palace was built by Zapotecan Indians, who inherited their civilization from the Mayas of Yucatan, and was used as a place of pilgrimage and burial.

became a grocer's boy, working fourteen hours a day or more. Hard work made him ill. He went to sea, was wrecked, and landed in Amsterdam. There he studied. In six months he learned Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian. But not Greek: he was afraid Greek would so enthrall him that he would not be able to work. French and English he learned; then Russian, in six weeks, while he lived on a few cents a day. At twenty-four he was sent to Russia on business; he stayed, and at thirty-five retired with fortune enough to let him hunt for Troy.

Men of science laughed at him; they told him Troy was only a myth. Schliemann thought otherwise; he bought the site of the Hill of Hissarlik on the plain of Troy, and in 1871 started digging. He found not only Troy but also half a dozen other cities besides, buried in the hill which had grown larger through thousands of years, as one city was built on the site of another. Fifty feet of height were added thus, by ashes, dust, and débris - and Schliemann dug through them. Thirty feet down he came on the city that withstood for ten years the Greeks' siege, and when he laid bare the gate in the city's walls he found in a niche, as if hidden by someone in flight, cups and goblets of silver and gold, and jewels such as Helen of Troy wore.

DEAD AND BURIED CITIES FOUND AGAIN

Schliemann worked three years, toiling as hard as any of the native laborers who tried to cheat him with bits of pottery on which they scratched words for the rewards he offered. He published his findings, and the conservative scientists assailed him again. But Schliemann, taking up new work at Mycenæ, made more splendid discoveries and brought out the bodies of old kings buried in armor of gold. In the end Schliemann's work was recognized for what it was.

Sometimes the treasure is not gold but a few bits of pottery. Such was one of the most recent finds, which added five hundred years to the known age of Jerusalem.

In the second chapter of Samuel there is an allusion which was long a puzzle: "The king and his men went to Jerusalem against the Jebusites, the inhabitants of the land. . . . And David said on that day, Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites, let him go up by the water course." What was this

water course?

Professor R. E. Stewart Macalister recently found the northern wall of old Jerusalem and near it a water shaft, the first in the history of the city, as was proved to the expert by pottery recognizably of 3000 B. C. This shaft told the early history of Jerusalem. In that dry region a site with water was half the citadel, if enemies besieged. King David wanted such a site; the Jebusites had it in their city, Jerusalem. Their spring was below the hill on which the town sat. They had dug a tunnel system, with shafts leading down like wells or with steps. This was the water course that David had



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"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN"

E-Sagila, the Temple of Marduk, was uncovered after digging forty feet into the ground. Half a mile from this spot stood the wall on which Belshazzar saw the vision of the writing on the wall recorded in the Book of Daniel. The Tower of Babel was erected on a spot six hundred feet from this excavation. The Joint Mesopotamian Expedition of the Field Museum and Oxford University is now working in this locality

DEAD AND BURIED CITIES FOUND AGAIN

in mind as entry into the city he conquered.

That there was such a water system had been known when Professor Macalister made his recent discovery. His find showed that Jerusalem had been a town of importance, because of its water; for two thousand years before the time of David, who captured it about 1000 B. C. Parts of the wall lately found go back, then, for five thousand years, five hundred years earlier than the earliest previous estimate based on evidence.

In Mesopotamia there are countless mounds which once were walls and houses and cities built of clay bricks. In one such mound, eight miles

east of Babylon, the Joint Mesopotamian Expedition of the Field Museum and Oxford University late last year found what had long been sought in many mounds, a stamped brick identifying the site of the earliest temple ever discovered in Mesopotamia, and the location of Kish, the long-disputed city which was the capital of the first empire known to history—the same Kish which was reputed to be the first kingdom established after the Flood. The discoveries here go back seven thousand years.

Kish was already ancient when Crete brought forth its Mediterranean island civilization, which in the time of the Greeks was remembered only in the legend of the Minotaur. Yet perhaps the men of Kish would not feel so utterly alien if miraculously they emerged into the world of to-day; and a citizen of the twentieth century, removed as strangely into old Crete, would find much that is not unfamiliar: hairpins, flounced skirts, corsets, bull fights,



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SCENE OF A RIOT DESCRIBED IN THE BIBLE

The theater at Ephesus where the crowd, inspired by the speech of Demetrius, "all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The disturbance had been caused by Saint Paul's exhortation "that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised." Crœsus had presented the columns of this temple when he found it in a state of disrepair in the sixth century B. C. It had burnt down in 356 B. C. and was rebuilt by funds provided by the sale of the jewels of the ladies of Ephesus



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A POPULAR RESORT OF THE ROMANS

What remains of the Baths of Caracalla situated just within the Porta Appia. They accommodated more than 1,600 persons at one time. Here the traveler would stop after a dusty journey on the Appian Way, select the kind of bath he desired, and afterward indulge in gymnastics and prepare for a meal. For the pleasure of the patrons there were libraries, concerts, shows, and literary entertainments. Admission to the baths was not restricted, and often they were opened free through the bequest of some rich and benevolent citizen.

the intricate life of a highly organized state, and a throne, the oldest one known to-day.

The merchants of Crete trafficked with Egypt when the civilization of the Nile was still young; to-day we have the jars that held the oil that made them rich. What Egypt had to offer in exchange we can judge from pictures, but the fullness of our knowledge of Egypt (one speaks comparatively, of course) is the result of one of those marvelous strokes of luck that frequently aid the archæologist.

The stroke was delivered with a pickax wielded by one of Napoleon's soldiers in 1799. The result was the Rosetta Stone, through which the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing was deciphered. The written language of Assyria was made out to a great extent as the result of pluck. Henry Rawlinson, early in the last century, climbed the cliff at Behistun and copied the inscriptions on the bare face of the rock—climbed it many times at great risk of life and limb.

In 1811, Gaston Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist, came upon an illuminated royal ritual which, when deciphered, showed him that he was on the track of a tremendous discovery. He learned that the papyrus had been bought at Thebes. Through rewards and pressure he found the thieving natives who had located the hiding place to which the mummies of kings and queens were removed in old Egypt that they might be safe from robbers who had found their original tombs. Doubtless no scientist ever felt a greater thrill than Maspero when, following a native, he dropped down a forty-foot shaft at the base of a cliff near Thebes—an entrance hidden for centuries by a boulder, but penetrated in the end by the Arab pilferers.

To-day the story of the Valley of the Kings is familiar to every newspaper reader, thanks to Tutankhamen, and in the little burial chambers of outlying rocks there have been found mortuary relics which give us an

DEAD AND BURIED CITIES FOUND AGAIN

idea of the splendors that made such a mighty town as Thebes, which itself to-day is mingled with the sands. Of all the ancient lands, Egypt is the most familiar to the average man of 1924, and he listens to its story as children listen to a folk tale, pleased the more when a comparison with modern attainment is given by some chance fact, such as the accuracy of Egyptian engineers who could build walls seven hundred and fifty feet long without varying them half an inch. With such exactness were the bases laid for the pyramids.

Three thousand years ago or more, Thothmes IV came to the throne of Egypt, and one of his first orders was that the Sphinx be cleared of the sand which had covered it since a day that was far off even in his epoch. Many times since then has the sand risen about the great statue, but men marvel at it now as they did when tourists from Rome scrawled their names on Egypt's walls.

What man retrieves from the past he must toil for like Thothmes' slaves. Even when the stones themselves stand above ground, as at England's Stonehenge, the work is only begun when the physical evidence is clear. Always back of the thing itself is the question of its meaning.

Storms efface, and time obliterates, and thieves despoil. The marbles of the Parthenon are ground up to make mortar for Turks' dwellings, and the tomb of Mausoleus at Helicarnassus is stripped by the Knights of St. John



A STOREHOUSE
FOR OILS ✧

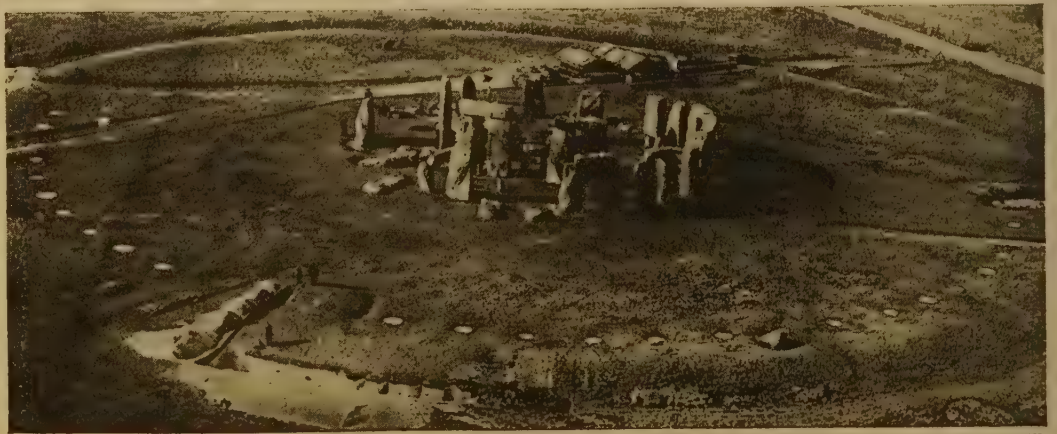
Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, was the seaport of Rome. It was a large commercial town of antiquity. About the beginning of the Christian era it lost some of its importance, due to the choking up of the harbor by the Tiber. Near the river can still be seen this "magazine," in which are thirty earthenware jars embedded in the ground for the storage of oil

DEAD AND BURIED CITIES FOUND AGAIN

to make a fort from which to fight the Saracens. There are ruins still standing that have been battered by pillaging soldiers for centuries: the temples of old Baalbek, whose stones are among the mightiest man ever squared (single stones being forty by sixty feet in size), were sacked more than twelve hundred years ago, and many times after that soldiers marched among them before British troops took possession from the Turks in 1918.

The time since man began to delve seems scarcely a moment, so stupendous are the distances in time that have been revealed to him. The digger in ruins has come upon civilizations that seem as far from us as the canals of Mars, yet with even the oldest and faintest of them man to-day must feel a fellowship like that of Hamlet, skull in hand, exclaiming, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well." It is so with the archæologist, reading chapter by chapter, the story of the race back to the time when men lived in caves and drew pictures of mammoths on the walls. Beside the archæologist stand other scientists, who study the recorded travail of mountains, and sometimes, on this continent or that, come across a skull which is more than ape and less than man. They bring to light the bones of monsters that perished millions of years before the first man discovered that he could speak.

The soil rises slowly and buries decayed magnificence. Civilizations have their terms of life, like men. What will the future find of us when the steel skeletons have crumbled in the skyscrapers of cities now great? Perhaps they will pore over the corner stones of our buildings as we pore over the corner stones of Babylonia. Perhaps those future men, digging in the ruins of our great museums, will come across the relics which we have dug from the past with so much effort, just as we have found stone-age curiosities in a bronze-age dwelling. And the future man will wonder what it was all about, and what Rameses, an Egyptian king, was doing in New York.



ENGLAND'S UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Stonehenge, situated on Salisbury Plain not far from London, as seen from the air. Some authorities believe that the structure was used in connection with Druidical worship in prehistoric times. The discovery of pottery, beads, and bronze ornaments leads others to think that it was used as a commercial center for the exchange of goods

SIR LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

"APOSTLE OF PICTORIAL ARCHÆOLOGY"



AS A STUDENT of art in Antwerp, Tadema lodged in the house of a professor of archæology, from whom he learned much that was to influence his future work. He first painted pictures based on Frankish and Egyptian life, and followed these by a long series that portrayed the customs of the Greeks and Romans. These classic scenes, with accurate archæological backgrounds, established him as a painter of unique ideals and amazing facility in his chosen field.

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST



IN TADEMA'S conception of antique life a new thing was added to the sum of intellectual pleasure. No one hitherto had attempted to bring this intimate and personal sentiment into our dreams of the past. Europe had wearied herself for centuries to record her conceptions of antiquity. Certain poets had set themselves to conceive antiquity as it had truly been. But these men concentrated themselves mainly upon idyllic or heroic themes, and avoided the prose of ancient life—its home, its market place, its theater, its ceremonies.

Alma-Tadema does not seek after more than mortal beauty; he is the painter of human incident in all ages and places. He takes you to the palace of Pharaoh, and fills the streets of ancient Rome with fresh-drawn life. He paints Sappho listening to the lyre of Alcæus; he introduces us to Phidias showing the frieze of the Parthenon to Pericles; with a wave of his paint brush he brings before us the Vintage Festival; he reveals to us the mysteries of the toilette and the innocent merriment of girls as they splash and play in the water. He has many things to tell us (or to paint us) of their homes and domestic affections.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ALMA-TADEMA

ARTIST AND ARCHÆOLOGIST

BY WILLIAM STARKWEATHER

MANY artists have dreamed of the beauty of antique life. Inspired by classical sculpture they have sought to escape from the workaday world of to-day with its rush and uproar, to reconstruct for us the sumptuously picturesque life of pagan times with its festivals, its dances and games, its majestically draped figures, its marbles, bronzes, and rose garlands, its villas and temples, gleaming white against the rich blue of Mediterranean sea and sky.

It is a dangerous route to follow. "One must be of one's own time" is a familiar proverb particularly applicable to the artist who would do something essentially vital. But it is a path that always appeals to the artist of scientific or archæological mind, while the pictures of such a school are certain to have a wide public through their historical interest and their charm of setting and subject.

The earlier classicists sought to depict the heroic phases of ancient life, to make again marbles similar to those of Phidias, to paint heroic figures like those of the tragic Greek drama. Their work often declined into the

merely academic and pedantic. Classical pictures generally became characterized by a highly formal and often meaningless composition, by colors at once cold and violent, by nerveless drawing and by a peculiarly stilted and conventional rendering of what classical life must have been.

It remained for a Dutch artist who made his home in England, Laurence Alma-Tadema, to give us a more intimate and personal view of antique life. A master of archæological research, an artist of great training and technical skill, a tireless worker, he interpreted the life of the old Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans in an absolutely unconventional and original manner. He approached his problem through realism rather than idealism, he succeeded by this method in reconstructing an ancient world



From a drawing by F. L. M. Pape

INTERIOR OF THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

It has been said that every artist's studio comments upon and explains his work. Alma-Tadema's workshop in London was a splendid place full of sumptuous marbles. With his house, it was planned somewhat to resemble a Roman villa. It was frequently the scene of elaborate hospitality

that is astonishingly real, where those who have tried to solve the same problem through idealism failed to be convincing. Alma-Tadema repeopled the past, took us through the streets, the shops, the studios, and temples of classical antiquity in a long series of pictures that are excellent of their kind, and

gained for their creator a wide and deserved celebrity.

Laurens, or, as he afterward Anglicized it, Laurence, Tadema was born in 1836 in the village of Dronryp, near Leeuwarden, in Holland. Ebers the Egyptologist states that

Alma was merely "a fancy name" which the artist hyphenated with his own when a young man, partly on account of its agreeable sound and partly because with a name beginning with a T his pictures would always be entered in the last pages of a catalogue. The Tadema family were poor, but Laurence, after some opposition, was permitted to go to Antwerp, where he studied at the art academy, afterward passing to the studio of Henri Leys, a celebrated historical painter who considerably influenced his style. At Antwerp he produced several pictures of fifth-century Frankish subjects, the most typical one being "Fredegonde at the Death Bed of Prætextatus," a dramatic rendering of the grim scene when the barbaric queen comes to view the last moments of the priest she had hated and caused to be done to death. In 1860 the artist turned his attention to Egyptian subjects, and in the last years of that decade painted at Brussels a series of Egyptian and Roman subject pictures which made him famous.

In 1869, after the death of his first wife, an Italian lady, he moved to London, where he afterward resided. In London his success was very great. He painted picture after

picture on classical motives. In Antwerp his paintings had been rather hot, dark, and heavy in tone; he was full of enthusiasm for rich ornament and barbaric splendor of color; in England he gradually raised the tone and heightened the color of his can-

vases. An extraordinary fondness for a play of beautiful whites throughout his compositions became characteristic. His second wife was an English girl, Miss Laura Epps, his pupil from the age of eighteen and an accomplished artist. Together they arranged Townshend House, his famous London residence, somewhat in the style of a Roman villa. There, during many years, they entertained English and foreign celebrities. The artist was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1876 and was knighted in 1899. Throughout this period his pictures sold freely for large sums; at times he received as much as \$25,000 for a single work. His paintings of classic subjects were shown throughout Europe; he became an international celebrity.

As a result of his archæological and art knowledge Alma-Tadema was asked by Sir Henry Irving to assist in the preparation of "Coriolanus"

and of "Cymbeline" for the stage, and the artist designed scenes and costumes for Irving's Lyceum Theater productions of those plays. Of these designs Irving wrote, "No praise could be too great for Sir Laurence's work for the stage," and Ellen Terry wrote of the exquisite costumes that the artist had created for her. "Coriolanus"



A BATH ATTENDANT

In this charming panel Alma-Tadema shows a young girl waiting by one of the inner doorways of a Roman bath to give scented towels to patrons



P © G

THE FINDING OF MOSES

Alma-Tadema painted this superb group after a trip made to Egypt in 1902 with a party of English friends. The figures are life size. The artist worked on them for two years, until his wife pointed out that "the infant Moses being now two years old he would no longer need to be carried." The canvas was first shown in the Royal Academy, London, in 1905. In texture and drawing it ably represents the artist at the climax of his career



THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL

proved an artistic but not a commercial success. A story is told of an old Lyceum stage hand who predicted its failure. He read an announcement of the play before its opening. "Coriolanus, Sir Henry Irving. Music by Sir A. C. Mackenzie. Scenes by Sir L. Alma-Tadema." "Humph," he said, "three blooming knights, and that is about as long as it will run."

Although he painted a number of portraits, Tadema was never a portrait painter in the strictly professional sense of that term. His portraits were less successful than his figure compositions. His own self-portrait in the Uffizi Museum at Florence is dry and uninteresting. One of his peculiar habits of work was characteristic. He did not date his pictures, but numbered them consecutively. This was done for two reasons, the first being the amusingly business-like idea that, as the picture season practically closes in July, pictures dated later in that year would appear a year old when presented to the public the next season; the other reason was that consecutive numbering would act as a check upon forgery. Tadema's busy and successful life came to a close in Wiesbaden, Germany, in June, 1912.

Alma-Tadema laboriously reconstructed piecemeal, with the aid of models and studio accessories, a world that he had never really seen, and which as a result he could not deeply feel. His work was expert, ingenious, learned; he was indefatigably industrious and endowed with great technical gifts. But the

union of art and archæology is a difficult one; he probably would have been a better artist if he had not been an archæologist, and a better archæologist if he had not been an artist. His pictures are not without anachronisms. He has been reproached for introducing into classic scenes flowers unknown to the ancients. Although he took great care to search a classic type of head and reproduced minutely antique modes of hair dressing, he was still, through his literalness, obliged to follow rather closely such models as he could obtain; many of the heads in his canvases are uncomfortably modern and English in type, and, as a result, certain of his compositions have something of the air of a stage spectacle. His literalness caused his contemporaries to charge that he was without imagination and that his work was mechanical. Tadema had, as a matter of fact, imagination of a certain ingenious order; it was rather poetry, sentiment, and feeling in which he was deficient.

But without his archæological endowments Tadema would not have been Tadema. It would be futile to demand of him qualities entirely beyond the range of his nature and outside the limits of the art to which he gave his life. One may only enjoy his work as it is for its ingenuities, its many accomplishments, and especially for the refreshing glimpses which it gives us of the world during a period of great material and physical beauty.

Late in his career Tadema addressed



In the Elkins Collection, Philadelphia

READING FROM HOMER

This is probably the most widely known of Alma-Tadema's pictures. It has been circulated throughout the world in many thousands of reproductions. The picture was painted in two months, but the studies for it took a much longer time than its actual execution. It was first exhibited in 1885

himself to the monumental task of reconstructing on canvas a sumptuous festival within the circular walls of the Colosseum.

He wrote a monograph telling the story of "Caracalla and Geta," the picture here reproduced showing the interior of the Colosseum. "No other ruin," he declares, "so impresses the imagination as this remnant of what for hundreds of years was the center of attraction to every pleasure-loving Roman.

"In order to bring this scheme within the scope of a picture, it was necessary to choose some particular moment. In the year A. D. 203, Septimius Severus bestowed upon his son by his first wife the title of Antoninus Cæsar, by which he became candidate for the throne in succession to his father. This son was Bassianus, known to history as Caracalla, a nickname given by his contemporaries on account of his predilection for wearing the Gallic mantle of that name.

"I imagined that on the occasion of Caracalla's nomination as Antoninus Cæsar, the emperor, amidst other rejoicings, would have given a gala representation at the Colosseum; and this finally settled my choice of subject.

"The picture shows Septimius Severus seated in the imperial box; beside him on the same seat sits Julia Domna, his second wife, who did her utmost to obtain for her own son Geta the same honor that had been bestowed on Caracalla. He is said often to have in-

curred the displeasure of his parents by spending all his money on his clothes. Bassianus is seen standing to the right of the emperor; he was wildly cruel after he came to the purple, and so easily offended that when once at Alexandria the youths of the town had sung ditties and written upon the walls things in his disfavor he responded by causing them to be massacred in the amphitheater. Yet we are told that he won the sympathy of the public in youth by the distress he showed when forced to witness any act of cruelty during the games. He was certainly not tender-hearted when less than a year after his accession, in 211, he murdered Geta in his mother's arms.

"In order to give unity of action to the picture, I chose to portray the beginning of the second part of the entertainment. These representations commonly began with the killing of wild asses, hares, rabbits, etc., let loose as a prey to carnivorous beasts. When this had lasted long enough, keepers came forth to coax the wild animals back into their cages.

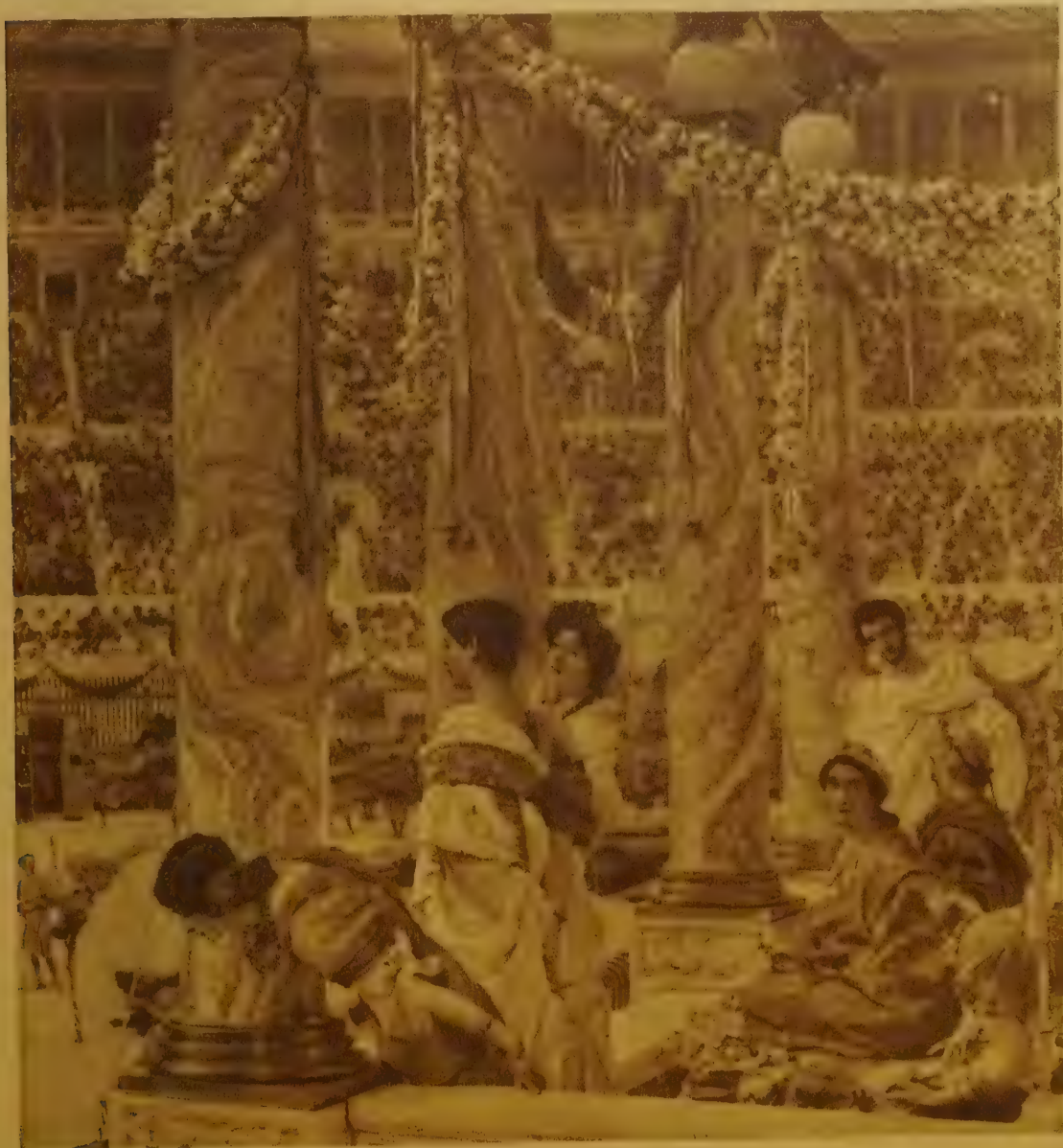
"This portion of the entertainment over, there was an interval during which the audience rested, and boys were sent into the arena to clear it and strew fresh sand. After this, bear-baiting commenced.

"The floor of the arena was of wood, and rested upon the stone sub-structure. The auditorium consisted of the *podium*, where each spectator was provided with a separate

armed seat, and of three additional tiers above; the tiers behind the columns had wooden seats. I have from the very outset counted the number of my spectators as I painted them in, and have now reached a number approximating 2,500. Allowing that the columns and garlands hide as many more, this would give a total of 5,000 figures for that seventh part of the Colosseum which is shown in the picture, and for the entire building 35,000, the number usually believed to have found accommodation in the auditorium.

"The four ornamental columns in the imperial box were used for purposes of

decoration, as witness the garlands, and were surmounted by globes bearing figures of victory. We are told that during a performance a shock of earthquake once threw down three of these figures of victory immediately in front of Septimius Severus, Caracalla, and Geta; the one before Caracalla remained intact, the one before the emperor was broken in two, and the one before Geta shattered to pieces. This was accepted as an omen that Caracalla should come to the throne, Septimius Severus would die within two years, and Geta would be annihilated. And so it came to pass."



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CARACALLA AND GETA



P 0 G

A ROMAN HOLIDAY

Alma-Tadema's interest in archæology, with his love of minute detail and fine finish, resulted in his occasionally overcrowding his pictures. This canvas is so full of incident as to be almost confusing. That the artist realized this is shown by his placing a fan of peacock feathers behind the face of his patrician lady, so that her face should be clearly distinguished from the procession passing below. The chief value of this painting from an archæological point of view is the picture it gives of the reconstructed outer walls of the Colosseum, the great Roman amphitheater which was for four hundred years the scene of games and gladiatorial combat



AN AUDIENCE AT AGRIPPA'S

This celebrated work represents the entrance of the house of Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, the most powerful citizen in the reign of Augustus Octavianus, the first Roman emperor. The great noble at the head of his suite descends a stairway. At the base of the statue of Augustus stand, awaiting his approach, three supplicants



In the Walters Gallery, Baltimore

SAPPHO

Alcaeus, first of Æolian poets, sings of love to the poetess Sappho. Beside Sappho stands her young daughter, while some of her pupils occupy seats behind



P O G

ON THE WAY TO THE TEMPLE

Beauty of detail marks this charming representation of the doorway of a pagan shrine. Note the care with which the artist has wrought the vender's images, and drawn upon the large bowl at the girl's feet figures of classic beauty



AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS

In this picture Alma-Tadema's liking for a play of subtle whites is shown in beautifully painted marbles and drapery. The couch on which the girls are reclining bears the artist's signature and the number of this picture among his works, 289, in Roman figures. As explained in the accompanying text Alma-Tadema had the interesting habit of numbering his pictures consecutively instead of dating them



CHILDISH AFFECTION

The artist was particularly fond of depicting masses of poppies in strong light. This is one of the series of pictures he devoted to this colorful theme



P O G

THE BATH

One of many pictures that Alma-Tadema devoted to scenes in the luxurious public baths frequented by the Romans



P 0 0

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE

A group characteristic of Alma-Tadema's love of high clear colors combined with the white of marble shown under strong diffused light



POG

SPRING

One of Alma-Tadema's most joyous pictures is this representation of a spring festival. The elaborate and carefully drawn architectural setting is characteristic of the painter



THE ROSETTA STONE

BY F. H. HICKS

Scholars who are hastening from all parts of America and Europe to Egypt, bent upon reading inscriptions recently discovered in imperial crypts, have the Rosetta Stone to thank for their ability to decipher the writing of the ancients. Before its discovery one hundred and twenty-five years ago there was not an Oriental nor a European who could either read or understand a hieroglyphic inscription.

In 1799 a French officer of engineers, engaged in rebuilding an old Egyptian fort, unearthed a broken black basalt slab, inscribed in three languages. Not far away was the town of Rashid, also called Rosetta. The spot where the stone was found marks the site of a temple. This arm of the Nile flowed by an ancient city of whose history and downfall nothing is known. No doubt the Rosetta Stone once stood in the temple of that town.

The stone was sent to Alexandria, and after the capitulation of Napoleon's forces to the English it was dispatched to England. It now stands at the south-

ern end of the great Egyptian gallery in the British Museum in London.

At present, the texts inscribed upon it consist of fourteen lines of hieroglyphic, thirty-two lines of demotic, and fifty-four lines of Coptic characters. In its original state, with the missing designs, sculptures, and reliefs of religious figures, it must have stood five or six feet high, and mounted upon a pedestal it must have formed a prominent monument in the temple to which it belonged.

The ancient Egyptians expressed their ideas in writing by means of a large number of picture signs commonly called hieroglyph-

ics. When writing upon papyrus was invented, the hieroglyphics, due to gradual abbreviation, lost much of their pictorial character and degenerated into signs that formed the cursive or flowing characters called hieratic. About 900 B. C., the scribes invented modifications of the hieratic characters, and a new style of writing called demotic ("of the people") came into use. Coptic was the Egyptian language written in Greek characters, an innovation of the Ptolemaic period, after Alexander the Great's conquests.

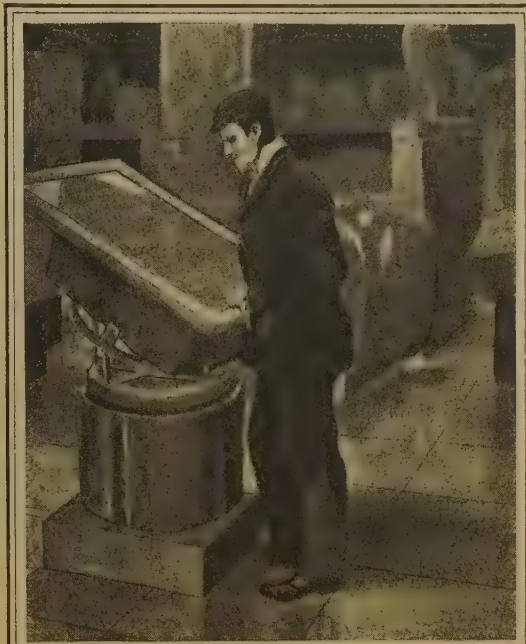
Soon after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, ink replicas were sent to the savants of Europe. First the Coptic was accurately translated. It told how Ptolemy V Epiphanes, King of Egypt, conferred great benefits upon the priesthood.

How, in gratitude for these acts, the priests convened at Memphis, and ordered that a statue of the king should be set up in every temple of Egypt. How a copy of the decree, inscribed on a basalt *stèle* in sacred letters (hieroglyphic), in demotic, and in Coptic, should be set up in each of the temples near the king's statue.

After it was revealed that the three inscriptions were identical, it was only a matter of labor and time until the key to the hieroglyphics was discovered. A red granite obelisk with hieroglyphic

and Greek inscriptions, discovered in 1815 on the island of Philæ, was also of valuable assistance. On the Rosetta Stone appeared the title Ptolemy, and on the Philæ obelisk was the name Kleopatra. The letters number 1, 2, 3, and 4 in Ptolemy agree with the numbers 5, 7, 4, and 2 in Kleopatra. And so the hieroglyphic alphabet was evolved.

With the aid of the Rosetta Stone and the Philæ obelisk the inscriptions on all Egyptian ruins have been translated, and old hieroglyphic papyri have become as intelligible as modern newspapers. The stone is three feet seven inches in length, two feet six inches in width, and ten inches thick.



THE ROSETTA STONE, IN THE EGYPTIAN
HALL, BRITISH MUSEUM



Courtesy the author

A CARTHAGINIAN BEAUTY'S DRESSING TABLE ❖ ❖

As profusely equipped as that of her sister of to-day. Perfume bottles, hairpins, combs, bronze mirrors, eyebrow pencils, carved stone vaporizers, and tiny boxes filled with rouge and powder were found among the ruins



THROUGH THE LAYERS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS AT CARTHAGE ❖ ❖ ❖

BY COUNT BYRON KUHN DE PROROK, F. R. G. S.

Father Delattre, dean of European archæologists, recently held mass in the ruins of the beautiful Basilica of St. Cyprian on the site of once glorious Carthage. It was the first service celebrated there in fifteen centuries. These ruins stand on a great precipice of blood-red rocks above the azure Gulf of Tunis. An Arab village looks down on them and surveys the plains where once stood Carthage, capital of empires, populated by a million souls. Legend attributes the founding of the city to Queen Dido and her Phenician colonists about 800 B. C., but this part of the coast of North Africa has always been a center of civilization. Berbers, Phenicians, Romans, Byzantines, Christians, Arabs—all built upon the ruins of conquerors dead and gone.

Few sites evoke more heroic souvenirs. Legends, poetry, history connected with its illustrious past make Carthage a prolific field of archæological effort. It is my hope to restore to the world what lies below the dust of twenty-five centuries, eloquent of the deeds of Dido, Hannibal, Scipio, Hamilcar,

❖ Hanno, Salambo, St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, and St. Louis of France.

No systematic excavations have until now been carried out at Carthage, though the English have been engaged

there from time to time. Father Delattre, with the scantiest of means at his command, has for fifty years been working to uncover parts of the dead city. He has done a gigantic thing in finding four great basilicas, the Roman and Punic necropolis, and the amphitheater and museum; but to date only one tenth of Roman and Christian Carthage has been unearthed. Every foot of ground contains débris of all sorts mixed with cinders and marble dust.

Last winter my party dug down through several strata of civilization. We found Arab tombs, then a Christian chapel, Roman cisterns, Byzantine relics of different sorts, marvelous mosaic floors, and beneath them Punic tombs of 700 B. C. This season we are going to attempt again the uncovering of monuments by water jets. The water runs off to the sea in drains. Nearly all the earth carted away is passed through sieves, a long and tedious work, but rewarded by divers objects of considerable value. Coins, crystals, beads, and emeralds are the results of this sieving.

The temple of Baal Ammon, the terrible god of the Carthaginians to whom mothers sacrificed their children, contains hundreds of Punic inscriptions, votive altars, and urns containing children's ashes.

The urns and votive altars are all of different epochs, the lowest and oldest giving indications of being pure Egyptian. Perhaps the Egyptians had a colony at Carthage before Queen Dido. We hope our next campaign will solve the riddle. Perhaps it will abolish the old legend that Dido founded Carthage. Another interesting thing about the Punic tombs discovered at Carthage is that each of the skeletons hold a coin in the right hand. This coin



REBORN FROM THE SEA

A piece of sculpture taken from a Greek treasure ship which lies one hundred and twenty feet below the Mediterranean not far from Carthage

was to pay the way to heaven, but whether this was accomplished is doubtful, as the coin was of bronze and invariably *out of circulation* at the time of the funeral.

The Punic tombs uncovered by Father Delattre have yielded coffins, statuettes, golden rings, strange Punic masks, and even a pair of magnifying spectacles. It is believed that these enterprising people also had check books and paper money. Only the discovery of a fountain pen is necessary to complete the picture of a Carthaginian business man adjusting his *pince-nez* and signing a check dated 700 B. C.!

One of the most interesting objects I discovered was a baby's gro-



"CARTHAGE MUST BE DESTROYED"

Was the order of the Roman Senate to Scipio in 146 B. C. The current belief was that not a stone or a trace remained of Rome's hated rival. This mosaic floor was buried beneath eight feet of silt and is one of seven uncovered by Count de Prorok, the figure with helmet in hand. The countess, who is American-born, assists him in his work. She is in the center of the group of three women. At the extreme right is Father Delattre, who has been excavating at Carthage for the last fifty years



A BABY'S ❖ ❖
NURSING BOTTLE

The eternal problem—keeping the baby quiet. Mothers of ancient Carthage seem to have had their worries too. On the left is a milk bottle decorated with painted eyes to amuse the baby; the beads below are children's toys. The vase to the right is a funeral urn containing the ashes and bones of children sacrificed to Baal

tesquely painted milk bottle of 500 B. C. The toilet accessories of a Carthaginian lady apparently were as numerous as those of her American sister. Perfume bottles, hairpins and engraved combs, bronze mirrors and lamps, pencils for blackening the eyes, beautifully carved stone vaporizers, and little boxes still filled with rouge and powder, these have been found in recent excavations.

Among the most interesting objects uncovered in the excavation of a small Christian chapel were statuettes of the Virgin Mary holding the Child in her arms. These statuettes are placed at the third and fourth centuries and are some of the first of their kind known. I uncovered several Christian tombs outside this chapel in which we found lamps, and by the side of each lamp were nails.

One wonders if these nails were those used in the crucifixion of the countless Christian martyrs that suffered under the Vandal scourge early in our era. Carthage was second only to Rome in the number of its martyrs, and was once the center of Christian-literature and learning under the leadership

of St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, and Tertullian.

A hundred years ago the site of ancient Carthage was unknown, and even to-day I have doubts under what part of the Peninsula of Carthage the *first* Punic city lies buried. Historians tell us that when Scipio destroyed the city, 146 B. C., not a stone was left standing. Next season we shall dig elsewhere than at Roman Carthage, under which it has been commonly believed lay the remains of Hannibal's city.

It is our intention to found an archæological school at Carthage for English and French students, and to open a library and museum. Moving-picture films have been made showing the work during the three years past, including the discovery of a treasure ship off the coast near Carthage, containing priceless works of Greek art of the finest period—300 B. C. The ship is at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet and can be clearly seen from above on a calm day. In the Gulf of Tunis we know there lie hundreds of vessels destroyed during the Punic and Vandal wars. What gems of antiquity they hold, perhaps the future will disclose.



DIGGING UP THE GOLDEN AGE IN CRETE

Two American Women Visit the Palace of Minos and the Birthplace of the Minotaur

BY CHARLOTTE WATROUS LYTTLE

One moonlight night a friend and I sailed from Athens for the island of Crete, which protrudes, like the narrow back of some great sea monster, for one hundred and seventy miles through the Mediterranean on the route between Greece and Egypt.

As our small steamer plunged through the choppy moonlit waves, we recalled Crete's romantic past. Thirty-five hundred years ago the island's sea kings were as powerful in the Mediterranean as the Pharaohs on the Nile. Before the Trojan War, King Minos ruled there.

In a day of superstition, when every event was ascribed to the direction of a god, the wife of King Minos gave birth to a monstrosity somewhat resembling a bull. It was known that the queen worshiped the great bull-god, and a love affair with the god was



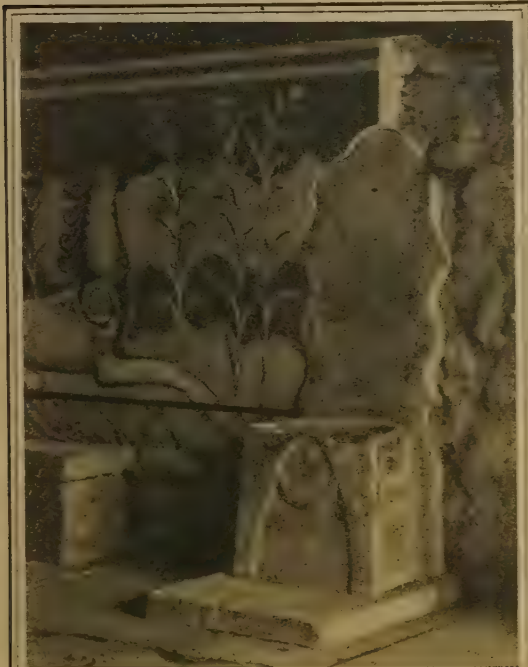
THE AUTHOR'S PARTY BREAKING CAMP

In spite of their poverty, Cretan peasants are invariably hospitable. The man on the right saw young American women making coffee and brought a present of fresh eggs and nuts. The summit of Mt. Ida may be seen in the background.

attributed to her. Fear of divine vengeance deterred Minos from killing the infant. Instead, he gave orders that it should be left to die in the depths of the Cretan labyrinth.

But the monster survived, grew up a savage madman, and preyed on helpless animals. Horror of him spread in the countryside, and messengers were sent to beg the king's aid. To Minos, who believed in the divine origin of the creature, no means but propitiatory ones seemed possible, and for this reason he exacted from the Athenians every nine years a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to appease the appetite of the Minotaur. A fair-haired Greek youth named Theseus was brought before Minos, as the monarch sat perhaps on the very gypsum throne shown in the photograph, while his daughter Ariadne and her attendants rested on soft cushions on the stone bench about the wall. At nightfall Ariadne bribed the guards, gave Theseus the sword and a clue of thread which enabled him to follow the winding paths of the labyrinth and kill the Minotaur.

A few years ago the story of the king and the Minotaur was legend only; Knossos, the great palace-settlement where Minos lived, was supposedly a mythical place, one of the island's "ninety cities," mentioned by Homer. The sites of Knossos, of Phaestos, of Gortynos, and other cities of the island were lost beneath the débris of three thousand years. But Schliemann and other archæolo-



Photograph by the author

THE OLDEST EXISTING THRONE

The throne of Minos, lawgiver and king of Crete. Stone benches for the council run along the wall, which is decorated with frescoes of sacred gryphons in a Nile landscape of water and papyrus.

gists believed that Crete was probably the home of civilization antedating the Greek. Shortly after the Turks had been forced to relinquish their hold on the island, in 1899, Sir Arthur Evans, then Mr. Evans, English historian and antiquarian, commenced excavation. He had previously been to Crete and purchased a part of the mound near the town of Candia, which concealed, it was believed, the ruins of Minos' palace.

Almost immediately Sir Arthur found indications of what he sought. Gradually the ruins of the magnificent palace revealed a definite picture of life on the Ægean in a Golden Age preceding by a thousand years that of Pericles in Athens.

Superb frescoes gleaming with deep wine-reds, peacock-blues, and yellows undimmed by long burial gave vivid pictures of religious ceremonies, of the sports of the time, and of daily life. Groups of women dressed in long-flounced skirts and low-cut bodices, their black hair in ringlets and knots, were shown as they appeared in public places or in their own apartments. Princes with great headdresses similar to those of an American Indian chief, and with tiny waists tightly banded with metal rings in the fashion characteristic of the period, stalked proudly on the ancient walls. Delicate figures of goddesses made of beautifully glazed faience, carved ivory figures full of life and grace, seals of carnelian and other semi-precious gems, lovely vases of black stone adorned

with scenes representing boxing matches and harvest processions, great jars for treasure, oil, and grain—these things and innumerable others came from among the ruins of the broad courts, colonnaded stairways, and vast porticoes to bring us, in the twentieth century, a vista into the daily life of a people who, as a race, passed from the world twelve hundred years before Christ was born. Earlier remains prove that men with some degree of civilization had lived in Crete for a period possibly dating back ten thousand years before Christ.

The Golden Age of Crete, which is placed at about 1750 to 1200 B. C., was partially contemporaneous with that of King Tutankhamen, who lived in the fourteenth century B. C., and preceded by several hundred years the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, which took place in the seventh century B. C. It is called by archæologists the Minoan period, from the name Minos. This name was probably used by a series of rulers as a title, in the same way that the Egyptians employed the title of Pharaoh for their kings, and not merely as the name of the powerful sovereign with whom it is especially associated in our minds.

Speculation on Crete's past changed to active interest in the present when we left the little steamer as she lay outside the shallow harbor of Canea, the Cretan capital, and made our way shoreward by rowboat.

Several days' journey distant lay Phaestos



WHERE THESEUS ❖
SLEW THE MINOTAUR.

A long corridor into which small chambers open. These chambers contained several large earthenware jars like those shown in the illustration. Traces of gold leaf found in some suggest that they were used for storing precious objects



GREEK AND ROMAN
INFLUENCE IN CRETE

At Gortynos there is a confusion of early Greek and first-century A. D. Roman ruins, for this site was used until a comparatively late period. Built into the walls of a Roman edifice were discovered, in 1884, stones inscribed with the municipal laws of the city; these constitute the longest Greek law code known

and Gortynos, our first archæological destinations. Most of the way led through the mountains. We rode forlorn native mules over narrow, rocky trails which wound down through olive-grown valleys and around the edges of grim, barren precipices. The mountain range through which we took our precarious way culminates in the tall peak of Mt. Ida, around which center many legends, among them that of Europa and the bull.

Our camping equipment proved useful, for we found no suitable places to stay except occasional monasteries. The peasants were hospitable, but in their houses men, women, children, and chickens, rabbits, and other animals lived in a proximity rather distressing to Westerners.

After several days of leisurely travel we came to the last pass of the mountains and looked down on the great plain of Messara, which skirts the sea on the southern coast. We visited the ruins of ancient Phaestos and Gortynos, and then climbed among the foothills to the cavern known to the natives thereabouts as the Labyrinth. Among the peasants the tradition has been handed down that this cave, and not the Minoan palace, was the scene of Theseus' encounter with the

Minotaur, but modern scholars disagree on this point.

We approached Knossos in a roundabout fashion, coming from the south by one of the few good roads on the island. The site, two and a half miles from Candia, is especially interesting to visitors because the museum is so easily accessible. In some cases, Sir Arthur Evans has made restorations, notably of the great staircase with its curious columns, narrow at the bottom and wide at the top. In the throne-room a copy of the original fresco is shown in its relation to the throne, which stands where it was placed more than three thousand years ago. The plumbing system is considered one of the most interesting features of the palace. Drain pipes may still be seen in a state of excellent preservation, and bathtubs of painted clay are numerous.

Museums in the United States, especially the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, have good copies of the principal Cretan treasures, as well as a few minor original pieces. But the student of early Ægean art and history must brave the discomforts of a trip to Crete if he would see the remains of its ancient glory in true splendor.



HERE DID THE LIFE OF MAN BEGIN?

*Science Taps One of the Great
Reservoirs of Four-Footed Life*

BY JOSEPH BIBB, JR.

Within the last two years another page has been turned in the book which holds the story of the earth and its beings. It is a long story, told in rocks and the fossils imbedded in them, and man does not appear till the most recent chapters are reached. Before him there are great cycles of other forms of life. The new discoveries which help piece together the tale of ages are those made in Mongolia by the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. In Central Asia, traditional home of the human race, the expedition found not only the bones of reptiles, but also eggs laid by reptiles when Nature had hardly begun to think about the first of the mammals which were man's forerunners.

The party of American scientists penetrated to one of the original homes of animal life, one of the great reservoirs from which four-footed life was disseminated. The remains of the horned-face dinosaur, one of those found in the Desert of Gobi, are those of a creature which lived at a far earlier day than the monsters of the same description that have been unearthed on this continent.

Other dinosaurs older than those of Asia have been found in North America. It is possible that when the time came for these immense lizards to migrate from one continent to another they traveled over such a bridge of land as that which man himself may have trodden within the recent past—recent as geologists conceive time: within a few thousand years.

The dinosaurs of Mongolia which laid the eggs that have created such a stir existed at least ten million years ago, perhaps much longer. But in the same region the Third Asiatic Expedition found also the fossils of primitive mammals with jaws as big as a mole's: unclassified animals from the beginnings of that order of life to which man belongs. These are no more than five or six million years old; they were created after Nature had experimented for fifteen million years with the reptile order and was beginning to give it up as a bad job. Mammals then were small and the reptiles gigantic; to-day the sizes are reversed.

And where is man, the newcomer, in all



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ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Examining the ten-million-years-old eggs, the first of their kind ever found. The eggs are seven or eight inches long and have the pebbly surface of an ordinary egg. Some contain skeletons of embryo dinosaurs

this juggling of millions of years? Perhaps the first traces of him lie still undiscovered in Mongolia—a creature from as far the other side of the ape-man of Java as the latter is beyond the Piltdown man, or the Neanderthal, or the Cro-Magnon. From Java to these later men of Europe we have a progressive range beginning one million years back and ending twenty-five thousand years ago. Besides the European primitives, science may decide to place the skull unearthed recently in Ecuador. This may be found to date back one hundred and fifty thousand years, thus changing the theory that man did not inhabit the Western Hemisphere till comparatively recent times.

Vastly old proof of a manlike being may in truth lie in the Gobi fossil area, which, though it is possibly the richest yet found, has been little explored. That, however, is for the future to show. The purpose of the Third Asiatic Expedition, led by Roy Chapman Andrews, was not primarily to search for traces of man, although such traces might be expected, but to explore thoroughly the natural setting.

How this was gone about makes a tale not

THE MENTOR

lacking in danger and daring; these hunters for knowledge faced hunger, sandstorms, and bandits. The expedition went out for five years, and the term has been extended to eight.

Those places where the most has been learned of the progenitors of man have been sites where the geology has been profoundly studied.

Here, let us say, is a rock containing fossil sea shells. That rock is known to be from the Cambrian period, because shells like these fossils were created only at that age and in no other. When that rock was made there was no land life.

To gauge the age of fossils, the nature of the surrounding rocks, and the traces of former life which they carry, must be studied and classified: a new fossil is known by the company it keeps. Rock made of red sand, such as entombed the dinosaur eggs, with no traces of old plant life and no carbon, shows that it was made in an arid region. The nature of the fossils themselves gives a clue: there were creatures which did well in one climate, others that required a different climate. The fossil hunter must read all the evidence.

Observing as it went, the Asiatic expedition traveled by motor into the Desert of Gobi, being supported by a caravan of seventy-five camels.

When fossils were found, detailed sections were drawn. It was in sandstone, in the middle of the desert, that the dinosaur eggs were discovered—twenty-five of them in all, at different sites. They had been laid in the sand and covered up to hatch; the sand in time turned to rock.

Six inches above one of these sand nests was the fossilized skeleton of a dinosaur. It may have been the one that laid the eggs; again, it may have come there to suck them, or possibly the proximity was mere chance.

Dinosaur comes from Greek words meaning "terrible reptile," and the name covers many species as different in appearance as the dog and the giraffe. Before the Mongolian finds, the American Museum of Natural History had specimens of fifteen species. Some had horns and wore armor thicker than a rhinoceros'. Some ate leaves and could rise like a kangaroo to nibble the tops of tall trees; others were meat eaters, and their jaws could take a man whole. A tall man is not as high as the shinbone of the largest.

The petrified eggs covered with sand so long ago have been the center of popular interest in the Mongolian expedition's work; no such eggs have ever been found before.

If they disappoint the layman in size—they are no more than six inches long—he must remember that reptiles lay eggs proportionately smaller than birds, and fish eggs are, comparatively, still smaller. The crocodile's egg is no bigger than a hen's. These probably were the eggs of a dinosaur no longer than ten or twelve feet.

The dinosaur discoveries are by no means all, however; they form one link in a chain which is not yet complete, but the expedition closed other gaps in the chain which leads on toward such creatures as we are to-day. Discoveries of many kinds make it possible to follow the evolution of mammal life in Asia step by step with the development of such life in other parts of the world.

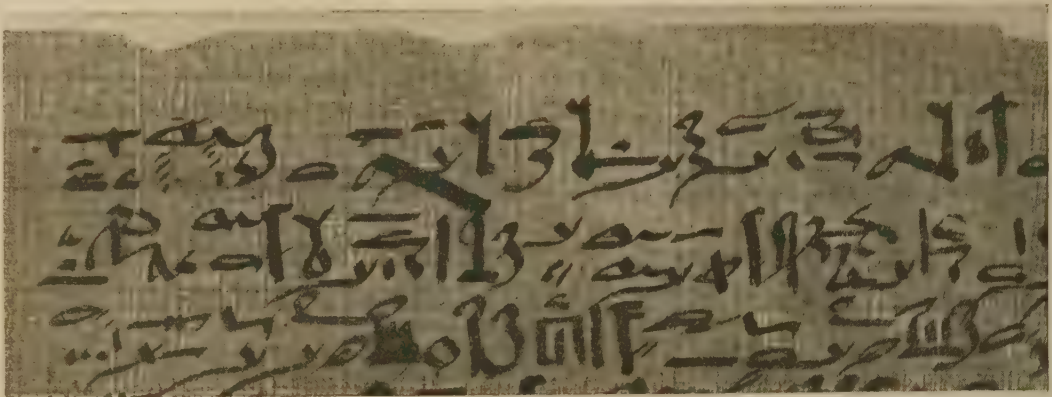
Some creatures in the procession that is marching down time are wholly new to science; others of the fossils now brought to New York belong to types which have been found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. All serve to fill out the picture.



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HOW FOSSILS ARE DISCOVERED

A stream, now dry, has cut through the soil, leaving this wall and exposing fossils as in a cross-section of the earth. Walter Granger, a member of the expedition, is examining the jaw of a *titanotheres*, a huge animal resembling a rhinoceros



Courtesy New York Historical Society

AN EGYPTIAN ✦
PHARMACOPEIA

A portion of the Edwin Smith papyrus. The writing is in hieratic, a development of the hieroglyphic. The papyrus is made of sheets of bulrush paper, thirteen inches high and sixteen wide, pasted together into a roll. Unrolled it measures about fifteen and a third feet



THE OLDEST ✦
MEDICAL BOOK ✦
IN THE WORLD ✦

BY M. B. LEVICK

A post-mortem to-day may show of what disease Tutankhamen died, for, while all the world has been following the recovery of his funerary treasures, work has been started on the detailed translation of the oldest medical book in the world—the oldest nucleus of truly scientific medical knowledge.

This is the Edwin Smith papyrus, which is now in the possession of the New York Historical Society. It lay for ages in the coffin of an Egyptian physician.

Medicine is scarcely mentioned in Egyptian inscriptions. Of the four papyri which give us our knowledge of it—the Smith, the Ebers, the Hearst, and the Berlin—the Smith roll is the oldest, reaching back into the seventeenth century B. C. However, the Smith papyrus has more than age to recommend it. It contains prescriptions found in some of the others, but, while they are chiefly collections of recipes and incantations, the Smith contains clinical reports, and also quotes from the still older "Book of Surgery and External Medicine," a standard work among the ancients. It is not unlikely that some of the prescriptions originated far back in the period of hieroglyphic writing. The Smith papyrus is in the "rapid cursive," or hieratic, writing, a development of the hieroglyphic signs. It is made of sheets of papyrus, thirteen inches high and sixteen inches wide, pasted together

to make a ribbon longer than a player-piano roll. It was about twenty-five feet long originally; ten or twelve feet have been lost. When this roll was written the civilization of the Pharaohs was far advanced, and, with its splendors and luxury, gout had also come. Among the prescriptions is one for "rheumatic pains in the limbs."

This papyrus reveals so scientific a spirit of inquiry that present-day students have begun to change their opinion that the medicine of old Egypt was for the most part magic.

On the Ebers papyrus, heretofore the best known, are marginal comments: here and there is written *nefr*, "good"—the note of a doctor who had tried the prescription on a patient. In one place is *nefr-ar*—"well prepared;" an apothecary jotted that down to show that he had filled the prescription.

In all of these medical records strange ingredients are mentioned. Some of the prescriptions are veterinary; in others it is said the drug named is of no strength unless it has been gathered in the full of the moon. The rose and the lotus were used; cumin and goose fat, sycamore figs and pomegranate flour and date sugar; and with such ingredients as verdigris ointment dissolved in beetle honey we find mention of drugs which are used by pharmacists to-day, including magnesia and iron.

Cures used by the modern *fellaheen* resemble those mentioned in the papyri; the diseases common among them were common five thousand years ago, and modern physicians can identify them from the symptoms named in the clinical reports of the Edwin Smith roll.



GREEK "BLACK BEAUTY" ❖ ❖ ❖

BY MAY TEVIS

At the top of the great flight of stairs opposite the main entrance of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, there stands a remarkable figure of a horse with head proudly raised and the left fore-foot lifted as if eager to be off. This statuette from the hand of one of the master sculptors of the Golden Age of Greek art, in the fifth century before Christ, is scarce sixteen inches high, yet it is so exquisitely modeled, so full of living spirit, that the museum authorities do not hesitate to declare it to be the most important art object in their collection of classic treasures. This is high praise indeed when we recall the vast number of art works this great museum contains.

The specimen has not come through the centuries unscarred; the tail has been lost, also the lower part of the right hind leg, the hoofs of two others, the eyes, which were inset, and part of one ear. Nevertheless, the beauty of the composition and the harmony of its flowing lines, together with its mingled aspect of animation and repose, is unblemished.

The piece was purchased about a year and a half ago in Paris. The museum authorities have been unable to find out where it came from originally. But it is comparatively easy for the expert to tell the time and place of its origin, and even to make a very good guess as to the sculptor. In the earliest stage of Greek art the decorative quality was more pronounced than the desire for realistic portrayal, but as the skill of the country's artists increased they were able to hold up the glass to nature more effectually and

there was a notable increase of interest in realistic rendering.

In the present specimen we have an admirable blend of the love of the decorative and the love of truth to nature. This horse is plainly studied in closest detail from a living animal, and yet it is not merely the individual creature that speaks to us: we are insensibly charmed by the impersonal quality that makes it typical of its species. We find pleasure not only in the beauty and gallant manners of this animal, but we are also moved to think of ideas that have become associated with the horse during the centuries since our Aryan ancestors first captured and tamed

him on the plains of Asia—ideas of swiftness, grace, and fiery spirit.

Because of its distinctive style, it is safe to assume upon comparing it with other Greek images of horses that this model was created about 470 B. C. Its similarity to the marble horses of the Acropolis Museum in Athens, and to the horses portrayed on coins struck in Syracuse between 500 and 450 B. C., indicate that it first saw the light in one of these two cities. Now, as it happens, there lived in Athens at just that period a sculptor who was famous for his talent in modeling horses. His name was Kalamis. More likely than not, the bronze Black Beauty of the Metropolitan Museum was from his hand. One likes to think that the artist within him recognized it for what it is, a masterpiece. A well-known authority on classic art says of this superb little horse: "For rhythmic grace he could not be surpassed. And this is the very quality for which



A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF
ARRESTED MOTION

Harmony of line and ease of movement are the qualities embodied in this bronze statuette modeled over twenty-five hundred years ago

the great Kalamis was famous."

Kalamis was probably a native of Samos, an island off the coast of Asia Minor. Of all the sculptors of his epoch, he was the most thoroughly imbued with the traditions of Ionia, a Grecian colony celebrated for its advancement in art, philosophy, and literature.



SHIELD OF TURQUOISE

*"The Most Important Example
of Aboriginal American Art"*

BY RICHARD DEAN

The Zuñi Indians hold the belief that the blue color of the sky is due to the reflection of the light from an immense mountain of turquoise. Since the dawn of human intelligence the sky, remote and beautiful, has been looked upon as supernal, as the abode of gods and departed spirits. Small wonder, therefore, that this stone of azure hue has been held sacred in all parts of the world, and in all ages. Perhaps, too, this feeling of mystic reverence was intensified among peoples living along the borders of the ocean, by the analogy of the various blue-green tones found in this stone to the shifting tints of sea water.

Because of its sacred and mystic character, the turquoise is enshrined in a thousand lovely legends and bits of verse. The Arabs regard it as their own special luck stone and are fond of engraving upon it in gold some magical character, a bit from the Koran, or the word Allah, to increase its potency.

Long, long before the treasures of the New

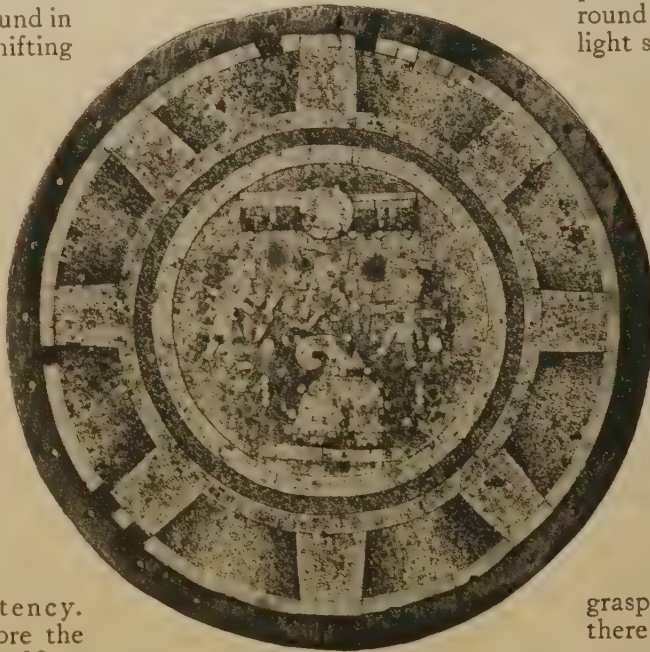
World were discovered and plundered by greedy adventurers, the gem had been employed in making amulets and charms, rings, necklaces, and other articles of personal adornment. It was also used in the decoration of breastplates, shields, and similar objects for conferring protection upon the wearer.

The reverence paid the turquoise by the Indians of New Mexico was shared also by the Aztecs of Mexico. Though the use of iron was unknown to their lapidaries, their art in the cutting and setting of precious stones was equal to that of the best European experts at the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the loot brought back by Cortez

there were no less than one hundred and fifty shields, twenty-five of which were ornamented with turquoise mosaic. Since no turquoise mines have been found in Mexico, the stones for these were probably obtained by traffic with tribes of New Mexico.

The remarkable Aztec shield illustrated is now a valued possession of the Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation), New York. It was found in a cave and is a perfect example of the ceremonial shield used in religious dances and festivals. A well-known authority upon the Aztecs does not hesitate to declare that this shield is "the most important known example of aboriginal American art."

Though only a little over a foot in diameter, the intricate design of the mosaic is estimated to contain no less than fourteen thousand pieces of turquoise. These round bits of dark and light stones are arranged in alternating zones.



The upper horizontal band in the delicately colored design is supposed to represent the heavens, while the sun is indicated by the rosette in the center. The upper circle probably represents the planet Venus. The figure of a woman or goddess is also seen

grasping a staff, and there are two other persons holding staves and

having trumpets in their mouths.

A distinguished authority, Dr. H. J. Spinden, asked to make a study of the shield's design, writes:

"I am inclined to believe that the design as a whole represents a sun shield, the eight radiating bars being the rays. The holes around the rim suggest that eagles' feathers may once have been attached. The sun and turquoise seem to be pretty closely connected, both mean divine. The sun in Aztec ritual was connected with riches and jewels."

The back of this rare archæological find has vertical ridges pierced with pairs of holes, evidently meant for the leather thongs which held it in place.



THE MENTOR PRIZE PICTURE QUESTIONNAIRE

We give below the names of the winners of the Prize Picture Questionnaire. Many of the contestants that "also ran" gave excellent answers for some of the questions. The prizes, however, have been awarded for the best sets of answers—that being a condition of the competition. The competitors are to be congratulated on the intelligence and industry with which they have consulted libraries, art galleries, art shops, and art books to get the most authentic and latest information. The answers sent in were too long to print. We give below, therefore, simply a brief statement of the important facts about each picture.

FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS: Mrs. Theresa Thole, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hedwig Wester, Nutley, N. J.

SECOND-PRIZE WINNERS: Helen Ginter, New York City; Thomas J. Kelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIRD-PRIZE WINNERS: Mrs. C. A. Harris, Northboro, Mass.; Helen Wright, Washington, D. C.

FOURTH-PRIZE WINNERS (Instead of two, as originally announced, we give fourth prizes to eight, of equal merit.): Maurice H. Goldblatt, Chicago, Ill.; Helen L. Earle, Lansing, Mich.; Florence E. Webster, Larchmont, N. Y.; A. Y. Casanova, Washington, D. C.; May A. Donahue, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. E. Sears, Deer Lodge, Mont.; Anna A. Fisher, Washington, D. C.; Sister M. Natalie, St. Louis, Mo.

HONORABLE MENTION: Helen Muzzarelli, Springfield, Ill.; Walter W. Schmauch, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. T. V. Doub, Oakland, Calif.; P. Maurus, St. Benedict, Ore.; Robert Leemans, West Hoboken, N. J.; Mrs. L. C. Carpenter, Iron Mountain, Mich.; Mrs. F. A. DeBoos, Detroit, Mich.; Mina L. Gillet, Sparta, Mich.; Geneva Tousignant, Iron Mountain, Mich.; Mrs. L. Young, Denver, Colo.; Charles L. Huyck, San Francisco, Calif.; Anna M. Ryan, Columbus, Ohio; Anne Lindemuller, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Adele S. Hodges, Portland, Ore.; Harriet A. Carrington, Whitehall, N. Y.; Margaret Dalton, Salt Lake City, Utah; Katherine Backonen, Lansing, Mich.; Norma H. Goodhue, Fort Fairfield, Me.; Leonore Winters, Morocco, Ind.; Emma M. Mitchell, Cambridge, Mass.

THE DAUPHIN, By JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE (1725-1805).

There is a great deal of uncertainty about this picture. It has been questioned whether it is really a portrait of the Dauphin (Louis XVII), also whether it is by Greuze. It is in the style of Greuze, but it is not mentioned in the published lists of Greuze's pictures. Many give the original a place in the Louvre, but the catalogue of the Louvre does not include it. Information from one of the prize winners on this point is of interest: "This picture was exhibited in 1883 at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition and was lent by Marquis de Santurce. It is recorded as sold in the Messrs. Murrieta sale at Christie's, London, in May, 1892, and was bought by Charles Sedelmeyer for seven hundred and ninety-eight pounds. It may still be in his possession."

CHARLES V, AT THE BATTLE OF MÜHLBERG, By TITIAN (Tiziano Vecelli) (1477-1576).

Original Painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid, Spain.

This is one of Titian's great masterpieces and was painted in 1548 on canvas ten feet ten inches by nine feet two inches. It represents the emperor riding on a brown charger to his victorious engagement on the battle field of Mühlberg (1547). The picture was considerably damaged by fire, so that only the center of it shows the luster of Titian's original pigment. Titian first met the Emperor Charles in 1530. He won the favor of the cold and inflexible ruler and received high honors at the imperial court, where he painted not only the emperor himself several times, but also many of the distinguished members of the emperor's court.

MADAME RECAMIER, By FRANÇOIS P. S. GERARD (1770-1837).

Original painting in the Petit Palais, Paris.

The evidence of various authorities seems to show that this picture may have had several resting places. Some art books and cyclopedias have located it in the possession of the Prefecture de la Seine, in the Hotel de Ville, Paris; and other authorities have located it in the Louvre. At the present time, however, it is hanging in the Petit Palais, Paris. It is one of two famous portraits of Madame Recamier. The first one by David (Dah-veed), master painter and teacher of Gerard, hangs in the Louvre. This was not satisfactory to Madame Recamier. She then sat for Gerard, the present picture being the result. David never forgave Madame Recamier for having preferred his pupil to himself.

SASKIA, By REMBRANDT (1606-1669).

Original painting in the Royal Gallery, Cassel, Germany.

One of several pictures of Rembrandt's beautiful wife Saskia, whom he greatly loved. This portrait was painted about 1633, shortly before her marriage to the painter. It is one of the most finished and elaborate of Rembrandt's works, and it has the unique characteristic of being painted in profile—Rembrandt's portraits being, as a rule, full, half, or three-quarter face. She holds in her hand a sprig of rosemary, a symbol of betrothal in Holland. The picture was originally in the Rembrandt collection in Amsterdam, and after passing through various hands it was acquired by Wilhelm VIII, Landgraf of Hesse-Cassel, in 1750, and then went to the Royal Gallery.



THE MENTOR



MRS. SIDDONS AS "THE TRAGIC MUSE," By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).

Original painting in the Henry E. Huntington Collection, San Marino, California.

This is one of Reynolds' most famous portraits, and one of only a few on which he inscribed his name. It is said that when Mrs. Siddons noticed the signature the master artist replied that he could not lose the honor the opportunity afforded him of "going down to posterity on the hem of her garment." The same story, however, is told of Reynolds' signing his portrait of Lady Cockburn. The original of this picture was, for many years, in the possession of the Duke of Westminster and hung in Grosvenor House, London. It was bought, through Duveen Brothers, by Mr. Huntington in 1922, and was brought to America, together with Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," which was purchased at the same time.



THE BLESSED DAMOZEL, By GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI (1828-1882).

Original painting owned for a number of years by Hon. Mrs. O'Brien (Lady Inchiquin); now in possession of Lord Leverhulme.

This picture illustrates Rossetti's poem of the same title, in which he describes the expectant longing of a maiden in heaven for her lover, from whom she parted on earth. The model for the picture was Elizabeth Siddal, a young girl who came to Rossetti's studio from a millinery shop, and who became his model and proved to be his ideal woman. Rossetti painted her many times, and loved her always. They were married in 1860, and she died two years later. Elizabeth Siddal had a beauty that was almost unearthly—fair in color, with coppery hair and blue-green eyes. Her death plunged Rossetti into lifelong misery. In the poem and picture Rossetti has expressed his ideal of womanhood.



BABY STUART, By SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641).

Original painting in Turin Picture Gallery, Italy.

This endearing picture, which is known the world over as "Baby Stuart," is a portrait of James, Duke of York, who grew up to be James II, King of England. It is a detail of a large portrait group of the children of Charles I of England, painted by Van Dyck in 1635. The group includes Charles, Prince of Wales, aged five; Princess Mary, aged three, and little Baby Stuart, not quite two years old. The queen presented this group portrait to her sister, Christina of Savoy. While recorded as a masterpiece of Van Dyck's, the world at large recognizes and cherishes the portrait of Baby Stuart alone and knows little of the other two figures. Van Dyck, at a later time, painted the same children in a different group.



DON BALTASAR CARLOS, By VELASQUEZ (1599-1660).

Original painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid, Spain.

This equestrian portrait, painted in 1635, when the little Spanish prince was six years of age, is full of the charm and elegance characteristic of the artist, who has been called by some "the master painter of the world." Prince Baltasar was the son of Philip IV and Isabella of Bourbon; he was born in 1629 and died when he was seventeen years old. Velasquez painted several pictures of the young prince, but none so full of the joy and buoyancy of youth as this. The very look and gesture of the boy express the pride, delight, and desire for approval that betoken the royal child. Critics praise the picture for its "spontaneous vitality," its richness of color, and its decorative quality.



DOLLY MADISON, By GILBERT STUART (1755-1828).

Original Painting in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

This portrait of the wife of President James Madison is full of the individual charm that made "Dolly Madison" a social leader in her time and a distinguished figure in American history. She was Dorothy Payne Todd (1772-1849), widow of John Todd, a Philadelphia lawyer. She married James Madison in 1794, and immediately began to make her social influence felt in governmental as well as social circles. When Congress was in session in Philadelphia in 1794, Gilbert Stuart took up his residence there, became the painter of the "Washington Court," and made portraits of the famous beauties and statesmen of that time.



ERASMUS, By HANS HOLBEIN (1497-1543).

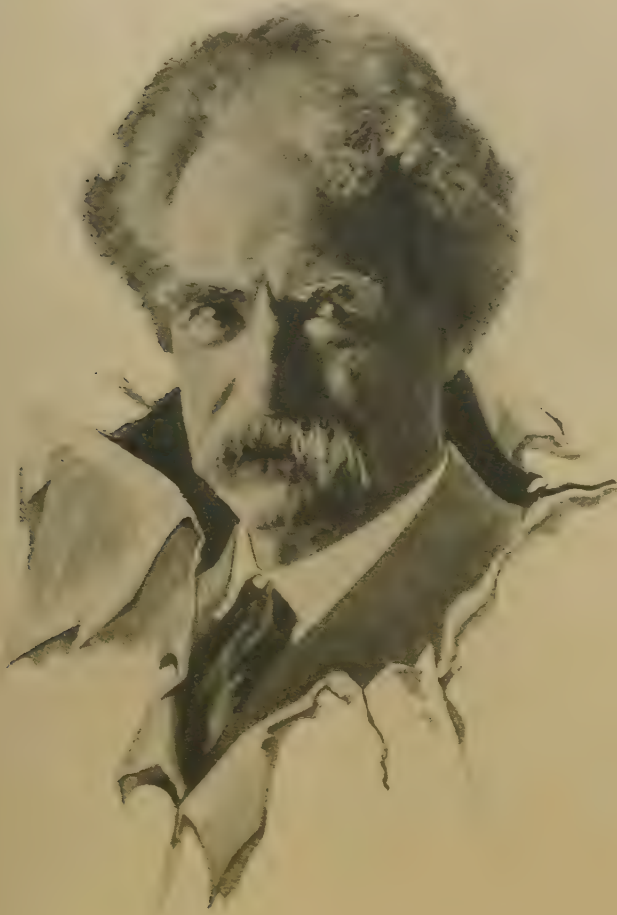
Original painting in the Louvre, Paris.

This immortal portrait was painted in 1523. Erasmus, the philosopher, who has been called "The Voltaire of the Renaissance," is represented in profile, at his daily work, and is absorbed in thought. The accuracy of the drawing is incomparable. Holbein, who was born in Augsburg, became a citizen of Basel, Switzerland, where he formed a friendship with Erasmus. His portraits display uncommon facility for seizing the character of his sitters, and this is a masterpiece. The museum at Basel possesses a study for the portrait, painted in oils, which is a finished picture in itself, and as interesting as the Paris portrait.

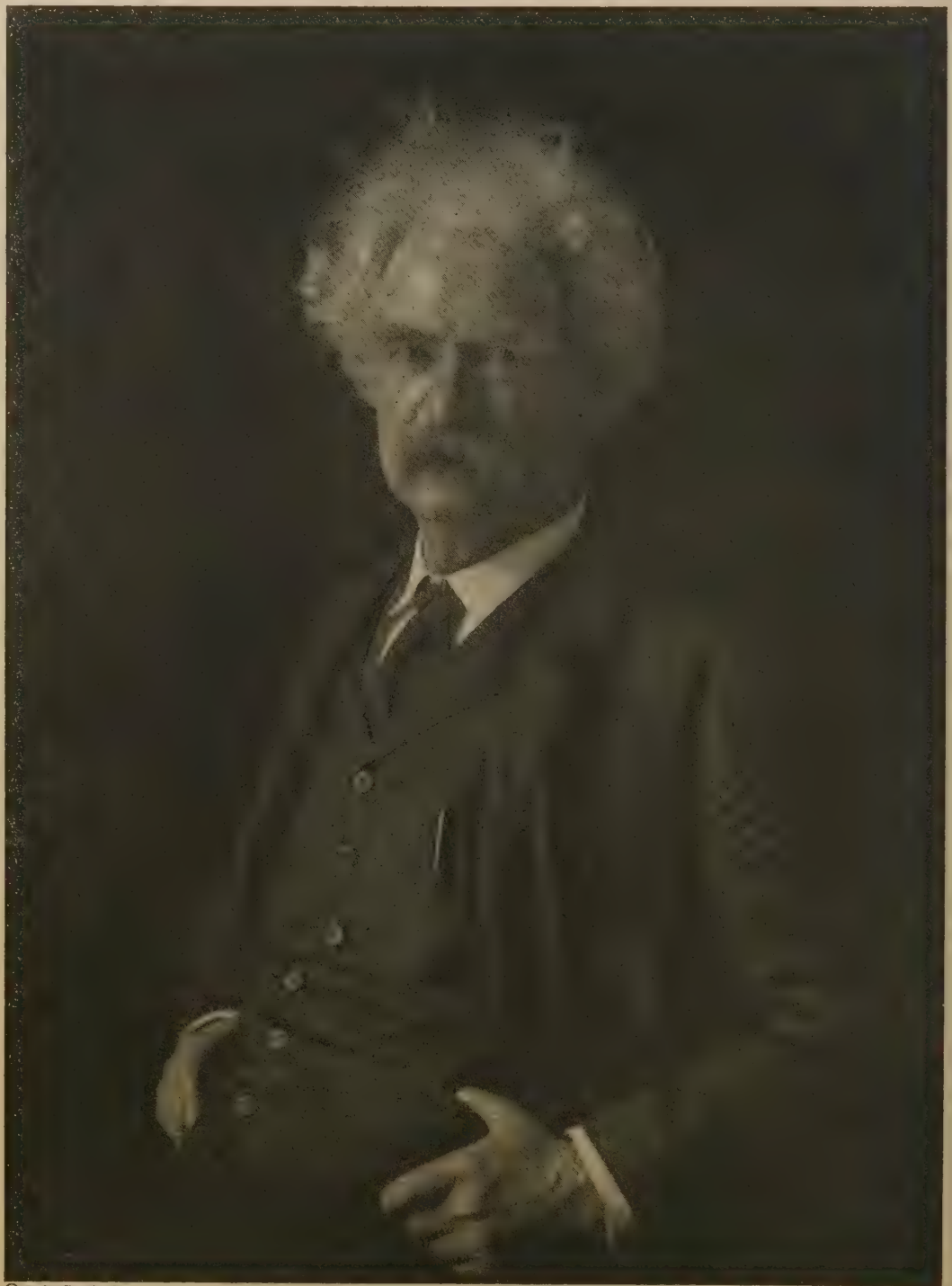
MARK TWAIN

HIS STORY, HIS WORK, AND HIS PERSONALITY
HIS HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HABITS OF LIFE

DESCRIBED AND PICTURED BY THOSE THAT KNEW HIM BEST



H E RUBBED elbows with all kinds of men, and his keen and searching humor made "copy" of them all. His genius broadened with the years, and, as his knowledge of human nature increased, he developed a searching insight and a shrewd philosophy. We of to-day—for he was so lately among us—knew him as "many kinds of a man," and we honored him for all. Hardly another American writer, during his lifetime, won such world-wide recognition. The great men and institutions of many nations delighted to pay tribute to him, and his friends were myriad.



© J. G. Gessford

With the kindest regards Stormfield, Oct. 7, 1909.

Mark Twain

The MENTOR

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No. 4



SERIAL
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MAY, 1924



MARK TWAIN— BOY AND MAN

The Story of His Life

By ALBERT
BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography"

EDITORIAL NOTE: The Mentor is fortunate in having secured from Mark Twain's biographer a condensed, but very complete, presentation of the important episodes and events in the life of the great philosopher-humorist.



Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine

MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER

Jane Lampton Clemens lived to the ripe old age of eighty-eight years. She died on October 27, 1890

Humanity pays tribute to many humble beginnings: Shakespeare first saw the light in a cottage at Stratford; Lincoln entered the world by way of a leaky cabin in Kentucky; while into the narrow limits of a cheap, one-story abode of Florida, Missouri, on a bleak autumn day, November 30, 1835, there came a feeble infant who, as "Mark Twain," would live to cheer and comfort a tired world. It is true, they named him Samuel Langhorne Clemens, but it was only as Mark Twain that the world would learn to know and love him, and it is only as Mark Twain that, now, fourteen years since he arrived at what he himself termed "the dignity of death," he is still universally loved and remembered. Mark Twain—what dynamic syllables they are! He chose them from his river experience; a leadman's call, signifying two fathoms (twelve feet). The name had a richness about it. He said: "It was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water."

It became somehow retroactive. We are inclined to think of him as Mark Twain even when, as an undersized boy, with a mass of light, sandy hair on a head too large for his body, he made almost any excuse to get out of going to school, this being the time when he and those graceless, lovable associates, Will Briggs and Tom Blankenship (that is to say, "Joe Harper" and "Huck Finn"), engaged in certain adventures, to be told later in a book which other boys, of whatever age, would read and continue to read through

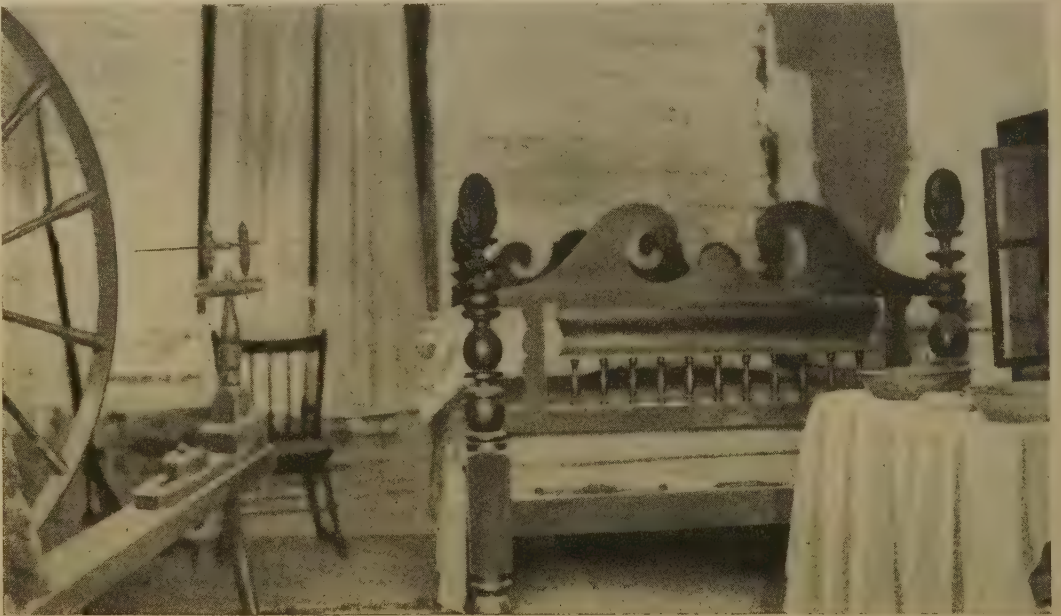
NOTE: The Editor of The Mentor acknowledges with full appreciation the generous coöperation of Messrs. Harper & Brothers and the P. F. Collier & Son Company, publishers of Mark Twain's works—both for the use of pictures in their possession and for their valuable assistance in securing outside material for this number.

MARK TWAIN—BOY AND MAN

the generations. He was a bandit in those days, a bandit and a pirate by turns; then he became a printers' "devil," which was no great improvement; and later a pilot, miner, journalist, and lecturer; but by that time he had become really Mark Twain, and as such was presently a famous author-traveler-publisher, receiving honorary degrees from great universities, sought by the world's best and foremost, loved by all men in all lands, and mourned by them when he died.

The father of Mark Twain, John Clemens, born in Virginia, had grown up in Kentucky, where he married Jane Lampton, the belle of her region. They left Kentucky for Tennessee, but their fortunes declined, and they finally moved to Florida, Missouri. John Clemens was a lawyer, a man of education; but a dreamer, full of schemes that usually failed. "Little Sam," as Mark Twain was at first called, inherited much from him, but more from his mother, who bestowed upon him her sense of humor, her prompt, quaint philosophy, and that pleasant drawling speech which gave her wit, and his, a serene and perfect setting.

John Clemens died, a failure, before little Sam was twelve years old. The boy's school days now over, he became a printers' apprentice. Life's turning points often appear when least expected: the printers' boy met one on a windy afternoon when he overtook a flying scrap of paper which proved to be a leaf from some old history of Joan of Arc. What he read there aroused in him an interest and an indignation that, while he lived, would never perish. The boy now read other things, and his career as one of the world's mentally



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INTERIOR OF MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MISSOURI

The humble little building is being preserved as a memorial to the author



Frazer Studio, Hannibal, Mo.

BACK VIEW OF THE CLEMENS HOME, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

This is the scene of the comical mishap of Jim Wolf, which is told in the story of Mark Twain's boyhood days called "Jim Wolf and the Cats"

elect was assured. From the first he was as eager to read as to write.

After two years as apprentice, Sam went to work for his elder brother, Orion, who had acquired the Hannibal (Missouri) *Journal*. Once during his brother's absence he tried his hand at editing the paper, and set the town a-laughing by his satires of a rival editor. Also, at this period he had two anecdotes printed by the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. This he considered a great triumph, but he did not follow it up—not immediately.

Prospects being poor in Orion's print shop, Sam struck out for himself. For a while he worked in New York. Later he was "subbing" on the Philadelphia *Inquirer*; then, becoming homesick, he returned to the West. This was late in the summer of 1854. On his way home he waited an hour or two in a small hotel at Muscatine, Iowa. A book on the hotel writing table contained pictures of the English sovereigns, with brief facts of their reigns. This information, which he there committed to memory, became his groundwork for all English history.

Orion Clemens wanted his brother to remain with him, but Sam preferred a job on the St. Louis *Evening News*. Later, he joined Orion in the job-printing office which the latter had opened in Keokuk, Iowa. There he read a book which fired him with desire to seek his fortune collecting cacao in South America. He was, however, without funds. But, as in the case of the

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Joan of Arc episode, the wind again became the messenger of Providence when, one bitter day, it hurled into his vision a scrap of paper which, amazingly, proved to be a fifty-dollar bill. No one claimed his find when advertised, so this good fortune remained with him.

Sam Clemens made Cincinnati his first stop. There he worked at his trade until spring, by which time the young cacao hunter, having saved money enough for the next stage of his journey, engaged down-river passage one day on the steamer "Paul Jones." Once aboard, an early pilot ambition returned; the romance of river life stirred strongly within him. He laid siege to the pilot, Horace Bixby, a small, brisk man, who, before they were half-way to New Orleans, accepted the young man's offer to go with him as cub pilot, upon the payment of one hundred dollars down, the balance to be paid as he earned it. Thus began the river voyaging which was to continue through four sunlit years; which was to give Mark Twain his pen name, and to the world an immortal book, "Life on the Mississippi."

At the end of eighteen months (September, 1858) he obtained a full license as a Mississippi River pilot. He had, as it seemed to him, become one of the elect. He was entirely happy. He loved the river as he would never quite love anything again. Yet, according to Bixby, "Sam was always scribbling when not at the wheel." He was now twenty-five, and regarded piloting as his life profession.

The Civil War, which broke out in the spring of 1861, brought the river chapter to a sudden

end. For two weeks he played at soldiering, then went up to Keokuk to visit his brother Orion, who had just been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory. Sam had the money that Orion needed to carry him to Carson City, and he was made Orion's pri-



Photo by H. Tomlinson, Hannibal, Mo.

MRS. LAURA FRAZER (LAURA HAWKINS)

"Becky Thatcher" serving tea in the Mark Twain home, Hannibal, Missouri, November 30, 1915, in memory of the author's birthday

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vate secretary. Their happy journey across the plains is told in "Roughing It."

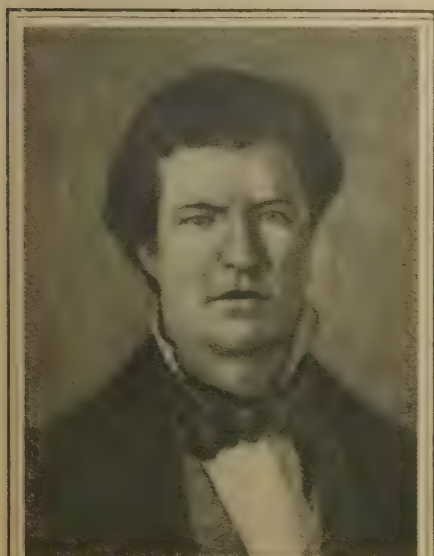
In Carson City, finding neither duties nor salary attached to his position, he devoted himself to the study and enjoyment of the easy-going freedom of frontier life. What he saw and experienced during this period was for him a priceless education. He engaged in mining, but the snow-covered ledges and the frozen hillsides of Nevada yielded him no treasure.

One or two of his letters home, of this period, printed in a Keokuk paper, through Orion, found their way into the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City. The early literary impulse stirred again, and presently some sketches, signed "Josh," also appeared in the *Enterprise*. They brought him no return in money, but all unknowingly their author was knocking at the door of the Hall of Fame. The "Josh" letters attracted the attention of Joseph T. Goodman, owner and editor of the paper. Being in need of another reporter, he offered the all-but-discouraged miner twenty-five dollars a week to join the staff. Thus, at last, the master of the world's widest estate came to claim his kingdom. This was in July, 1862.

The new member fitted well into the *Enterprise* group, adding a fresh vigor of thought and expression. It was during this period that he decided upon the pen

name "Mark Twain," signing it for the first time to an *Enterprise* letter appearing February 2, 1863. It quickly became known and popular all up and down the Pacific slope.

In May, 1864, Mark Twain accepted a position as reporter on the *San Francisco Call*. Presently dissatisfied, he began the more congenial work of sending a daily San Francisco letter to the *Enterprise*. His frank criticism of police officials stirred up trouble, and one day in December, 1864, he arrived at the mining cabin of Jim Gillis on Jackass Hill.



Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine

SAM CLEMENS AT EIGHTEEN

Taken about the time Mark Twain was wandering and working in New York and Philadelphia, and shortly before he became a Mississippi River pilot



MARK TWAIN'S SHACK AT AURORA, NEVADA

A part of his Western life, which he has described so picturesquely in "Roughing It"

MARK TWAIN—BOY AND MAN



SCENE OF THE "JUMPING FROG" STORY
The Metropolitan Hotel, San Andreas, in the saloon
of which occurred the "Jumping Frog" incident

At Angel's Camp, in Calaveras County, he became a miner. He did not make his fortune at this pursuit—he only laid its corner stone, for it was at Angel's Camp that he heard the story about a trained frog that failed to win a wager because the owner of a rival frog had secretly loaded down the trained jumper with shot.

A few months later, to please his fellow humorist, Artemus Ward, whom he had met in Virginia City, he wrote the frog story for Ward's forthcoming book of travels. The manuscript, arriving too late, was handed over to the editor of the

Saturday Press, where it appeared November 18, 1865. Copied and quoted far and wide, the name of Mark Twain became known to newspaper readers everywhere. In March of the following year he went to the Sandwich Islands to do a series of letters for the *Sacramento Union*. It proved to be an eventful sojourn. Returning to San Francisco, he offered himself as an entertainer on the lecture platform, choosing as his subject the Hawaiian Islands. The lecture was a genuine triumph.

Having money now, he returned to visit his mother, after an absence of five and a half years. He also made a trip to Hannibal, where he lectured, receiving a welcome that would have satisfied Tom Sawyer himself. In St. Louis he heard of the projected "Quaker City" Holy



MARK TWAIN AND JOHN T. RAYMOND

Raymond produced "The Gilded Age" as a play. He is shown here as he appeared in the character of Col. Mulberry Sellers



Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

THE "QUAKER CITY," WHICH CARRIED THE INNOCENTS ABROAD IN 1867

Land excursion and resolved to join that novel ocean picnic. He wrote to the *Alta California* asking to be sent as their correspondent, and was accepted. When he went to the shipping office to see about his passage, he learned from a reporter that he was not only booked but starred as an attraction. It was his first taste of fame on the Atlantic seaboard. Meanwhile his book "The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches" had appeared, and he had delivered his Sandwich Island lecture at Cooper Union, New York, to a packed house.

In "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain has told us the story of the "Quaker City" excursion to lands beyond the sunrise.

Returning to America, Mark Twain found himself, if not famous, at least in very wide repute. His letters, sent to the *Alta* and the *New York Tribune*, had carried his celebrity into every corner of America, and beyond the sea. He concluded an agreement with the American Publishing Company of Hartford to use these letters as the basis of a book which the company would sell by subscription. The result was "The Innocents Abroad."

Meanwhile he had met in New York Jervis Langdon and his daughter Olivia, father and sister of one of his companion voyagers on the "Quaker City." Olivia Langdon made a deep impression on the young author. In her Elmira home, which he presently visited, their acquaintance ripened. The proofs of his book were coming, and they read them together. She became his literary adviser—a position she would hold her life long, for on February 2, 1870, Olivia Langdon became Mrs. Samuel Clemens. On the morning of the wedding, Mark Twain received from his publishers a royalty check of four thousand dollars. Later in the day the young couple were presented by Mr. Langdon with a beautiful house, situated on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, in which city Mark Twain had become editor and part owner of a newspaper, the *Express*. Matters did not go well in Buffalo; one misfortune suc-



ceeded another. Clemens disposed of his Buffalo interests and went for the summer to Quarry Farm, Elmira. There conditions improved. The work on a new book, "Roughing It," went well, and he was in the clouds. In the autumn the Clemenses selected Hartford as their permanent residence. A child, Susy, was born in March, 1872.

During that autumn and the following year Mark Twain made his first visits to England.

His stay each time was a continuous ovation. His hotel swarmed with celebrities. His second visit was a lecture engagement, and, during almost an entire winter, throngs filled the largest hall in London to hear him—a record in the history of lecturing. It was between these visits that, in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, he wrote the "Gilded Age." At Quarry Farm, during the summer of 1874, he began "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and did his first story for *The Atlantic Monthly*, whose editor, W. D. Howells, was to become his lifelong friend and literary adviser. The Clemenses now had a beautiful home in Hartford, but spent most of their summers at Quarry Farm, the home of Mrs. Clemens' sister, Mrs. Theodore Crane. Mark Twain's study there was an inspiring place, and there it was, in 1876, that he made a beginning on a new Tom Sawyer story, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Few of his stories were finished straightway. "Tom Sawyer" was completed in 1875, "Huck" in 1883.

To obtain material for another book of travel, Mark Twain, with his wife and two children, sailed for Europe in April, 1878. His boon companion, the Rev. Joseph Twichell, followed. Meeting at Baden-Baden, these two congenial spirits set out on a tramping trip through Germany and Switzerland. The family followed by rail, and met them here and there, when they rested from their wanderings. The Swiss holiday ended, Twichell returned home, while the Clemens party remained another year in Europe. Arriving home in August, 1880, Mark Twain plunged into the completion of "The Tramp Abroad." This book completed, he took up again one of his un-

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finished stories, "The Prince and the Pauper," begun three years before. This tale, one of his favorites, was finally dedicated "To those good-mannered and agreeable children, Susy and Clara Clemens." That year (1880) a third little girl was born, whom they named Jane Lampton for her grandmother but always called her Jean. Mark Twain was now forty-five years old, his work highly successful, his income large, his fame world-wide. But he was not satisfied to "go softly." Instead, he restlessly invested large sums in enterprises that dazzled, and that had one striking family resemblance: none of them paid. Moreover, he now took steps toward becoming a publisher on his own account. Combining with James R. Osgood of Boston on "Life on the Mississippi," he installed Charles L. Webster, his nephew by marriage, as subscription manager in New York City. "Life on the Mississippi" was published in 1883.

In 1884, finding his finances somewhat reduced, he persuaded George W. Cable to join him in giving public readings from their stories. The tour was a great success. In the course of their wanderings they read at Keokuk, Iowa, where Mark Twain's mother, now in her eighty-first year, came to hear them.

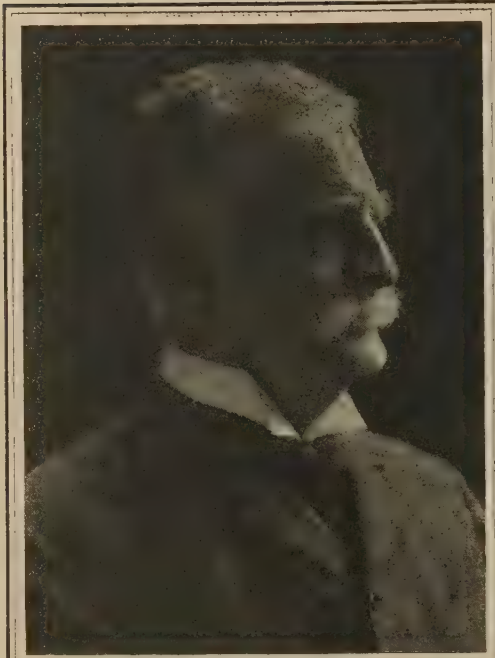
Upon his return from the reading circuit he embarked in a book venture, the success of which made Mark Twain's firm, Charles L. Webster & Com-



Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN AND A GROUP OF LITERARY FRIENDS

A photograph taken in Lakewood, New Jersey, in Mark Twain's later years. From left to right, the figures are W. D. Howells; Mark Twain; George Harvey; H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*; David Munro, editor of the *North American Review*; and M. W. Hazeltine, former literary editor *New York Sun*.



HENRY H. ROGERS

Former president of the Standard Oil Company and a warm friend of Mark Twain's. He straightened out affairs when Mark Twain became financially involved in 1894. At that time the author failed for \$200,000, but reestablished his fortunes in four years, and, at his death in 1910, his estate amounted to about \$600,000

pany, one of the foremost in America: the publication of General Grant's Memoirs. For a pleasing picture of the Clemens household and the truest of Mark Twain at this period (fifty years old), let us quote from a "biography" of him by Susy Clemens, then a highly romantic child of thirteen.

"... We are a very happy family; we consist of Papa, Mama, Jean, Clara, and me. It is Papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in knowing what to say about him, as he is a very striking character. Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly; he has beautiful curly gray hair, not any too thick, or any too long, just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes, and a small mustache; he has a wonderfully shaped head and profile; he has a very good figure; in short, he is an extraordinarily

fine-looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn't extraordinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn't ware [*sic*] a beard.

"He is a very good man, and a very funny one; he has got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw, or ever hope to see, and, oh, so absent-minded."

Mark Twain's publishing venture did not maintain its great headway. He was no business man. The great success of the Grant book made it easy enough to get other books, but many of them did not pay. Then there was the Paige typesetting machine, for the manufacture of which he was supplying the inventor several thousand dollars a month. Notwithstanding these distractions, he managed to complete "A



REV. JOSEPH TWICHELL

A near neighbor in Hartford, Connecticut, and one of Mark Twain's closest and dearest friends



From a photograph made in 1906. Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN AND HIS BIOGRAPHER, ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, AT HIS FAVORITE GAME

Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," published by his own firm in 1889.

What with the typesetting machine and a business with growing liabilities, Mark Twain was finding it increasingly difficult to provide for the costly Hartford home. Living abroad would be much cheaper, so he decided upon European residence, and sailed with his family June 6, 1891.

During their European wanderings the Clemens family met many distinguished men and women. In Berlin, the Emperor invited Mark Twain to dinner. This invitation awed little Jean Clemens, who said:

"Why, Papa, if it keeps on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody for you to get acquainted with but God."

At Nauheim, the following summer, Mark Twain worked on "Tom Sawyer Abroad" and "Those Extraordinary Twins," the latter being the original form of "Pudd'nhead Wilson." That winter at Florence, in the Villa Viviani, he began work on the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," for which, consciously or unconsciously, he had been preparing for nearly fifty years. There came interruptions. At home a panic era was beginning. He stopped work on "Joan" and sailed for America to see if he could raise money to help Webster & Co. weather the storm. Accomplishing nothing in a business way, he was back in Florence by the end of May, often spending part of his night walking the floor in anguish of his uncertainties. Finally, in



© Harper & Bros.

MARK TWAIN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY DINNER, NOVEMBER 30, 1905

From left to right the figures are Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mark Twain, Rev. "Joe" Twichell, Bliss Carman, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Henry M. Alden, and H. H. Rogers

the hope of saving at least his book royalties from the wreck, he sailed for the second time that year (1893) for New York.

In this darkest hour Mark Twain met Henry H. Rogers, to whose stronger financial shoulders his crushing burdens were now shifted. Mr. Rogers promised also to look into the typesetter business. He told Mark Twain to "stop walking the floor." But even Mr. Rogers could not prevent the inevitable, and, the following April, advised the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co. to make an assignment for the benefit of the creditors. Mr. Rogers represented Mark Twain in the transaction, and prevailed upon the creditors to let the author retain his copyrights. Settlement was to be made on the basis of fifty cents on the dollar, but both Clemens and his wife declared that sooner or later they would pay in full.

Back with Mrs. Clemens in France, settled in a little cottage at Etretat, he renewed work on the story of "Joan," which he finished that winter, in Paris. Arrangement for both serial and book publication was made with Harper & Brothers, and it began anonymously in the magazine. His authorship, however, was suspected almost from the beginning. Spring found Mark Twain again in America, preparing for one of the greatest platform ventures ever undertaken—nothing less than a lecture tour around the world—to restore his fallen fortunes. With Mrs. Clemens and his daughter Clara they set out on the long journey, July 14, 1895.

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The lectures began at Cleveland. Arriving at Vancouver a month later, Mark Twain had a five-thousand-dollar surplus, to be forwarded to Mr. Rogers, the first instalment on a fund to wipe out the unpaid debts. In September they arrived in Australia, where his success was such that he was able to swell the debt fund at the rate of about a thousand dollars a week. From Australia the lecture party journeyed to New Zealand, Ceylon, India, and South Africa. Their tour was one prolonged ovation, a royal progress. They sailed from South Africa on the fourteenth of July, 1896, a year to the day since they had left Elmira, arriving at Southampton, England, on the thirty-first. Fourteen months earlier they had sailed from Southampton to America. Their circuit of the globe was complete.

Nearing the end of his fight against debt, with happiness once more apparently just ahead, Mark Twain now met one of life's tragedies. A cable announced the death of Susy, left behind in America.

Mrs. Clemens brought Clara and Jean back to London, where Mark Twain that winter wrote "Following the Equator," the story of his travels. Another winter and they were in Vienna, where their apartments at the Hotel Metropole (later at the Kranz) became known as the "Second Embassy." The aristocracy of the Austrian capital took delight in doing honor to Mark Twain.

It was during the first winter in Vienna that Mark Twain discharged his



Photo Brown Brothers

THE MARK TWAIN FUNERAL, APRIL, 1910—SCENE AT BRICK CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



great burden of debt. "Following the Equator," published in November, had been well received. With the accumulation of royalty and the profits from his long lecture tour, he was able to make the final payments to his creditors. Headlines shouted it everywhere; long editorials told the story. The failure of the typesetter, the collapse of the publishing firm, the trip around the world, the tragedy of Susy's death—these things were all reviewed, and his final triumph glorified. Mark Twain, no longer worried about finances, now gave himself up to literary work, lecturing, and social diversions. The articles he wrote in Vienna are included in his collected works; among them "Concerning the Jews," one of the finest

existing essays on Hebrew character. "The Mysterious Stranger," also of Vienna, contains much of his best and most earnest writing.

The Clemens family left Vienna in May, 1899. Following a summer in Sweden, they went to London, living at first in apartments and later at beautiful Dollis Hill, an old house just outside of London, at one time occupied by Gladstone.

And now America once more called him. In October (1900), bidding good-by to foreign travel forever, as Mark Twain hoped, they sailed for New York.

His arrival was a national event. America tried to outdo Europe in paying him honor. Every newspaper was filled with the story of his great fight against debt, and his triumph. He was offered a dollar a word for his writing—he could name his own terms for lectures. Sensational offers like these did not tempt him. He confined his literary work to a few magazines, and presently concluded an arrangement with Harper & Brothers for whatever he



might write, the payment to be twenty (later thirty) cents per word. The same firm also undertook the publication of all his books, by this time collected in a uniform edition.

The Clemens family did not go back to Hartford. They could not bear the sorrow of Susy's absence in the familiar rooms. Instead, they took a house at 14 West Tenth Street, and, when summer came, went to a log cabin on Saranac Lake. Here Mark Twain wrote "A Double-Barreled Detective Story," a burlesque on Sherlock Holmes. That winter

(1901-1902) they lived in the Appleton Mansion, at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson.

In June of the following year Mark Twain went West to receive the degree of LL.D. from the University of Missouri. This return to his native state was in the nature of a last general visit to old associations and friends, to the haunts of his Tom Sawyer days, and to the old home on Hill Street, where he was photographed standing at the front door. On his way to Columbia, a crowd gathered at each station, to cheer and wave as the train pulled in, and to offer him flowers. This was even more than Tom Sawyer dreamed. Also the great river itself joined in according him honors—the harbor boat that had been named the *St. Louis* being now rechristened the *Mark Twain*.

After triumph, sorrow—always, with Mark Twain. In August, 1902, Mrs. Clemens was taken violently ill at York Harbor, Maine. In October they brought her to Riverdale in an invalid car. A winter of deepest anxiety followed. She was sufficiently improved to make the trip to Elmira in June, and during three peaceful months spent her days reclining on the wide veranda, while Mark Twain, in his study, completed "A Dog's Tale," the last writing he would ever do there. Mrs. Clemens had sweet memories of Florence, and in October the family once more left America and took up residence in the Villa Quarto, just outside that city. For a time the invalid





improved, but on the evening of June 5th, a day on which she had appeared especially bright and cheerful, just as her husband was coming to say good night, she that was, as he said, the "life of his life" passed to the peace of death. They brought her to America, and, from the house where she had been made a bride, bore her to her grave beside Susy.

The rest of that sad summer was spent in a cottage at Tyringham, Massachusetts. In the autumn Clemens and his daughters Clara and Jean set up a new home at 21 Fifth Avenue, where was brought the Hartford furniture which they had not seen for thirteen years. During that summer he began "Eve's Diary,"

which, in spite of its humorous aspects, conveys his love and adoration for the one he had laid away. Adam's single comment at the end, "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden," was his own comment, and perhaps the most tenderly beautiful line he ever wrote.

It was at 21 Fifth Avenue that the writer of this article began his association with Mark Twain. As a boy of eight I had listened with the others, around the evening lamp, to the story, read aloud by my mother, of the "Innocents" on their long pilgrimage. From that time forward no one had meant to me quite what Mark Twain had meant.

Thirty-six years later—it was the evening of Wednesday, January 3, 1906, at a dinner given him in the Players Club—I found myself just across the table from the man who had been my literary idol since childhood. Two years before, while I was preparing the "Life of Thomas Nast," we had exchanged some letters, but there was very little in the way of acquaintance between us. Now he was here before me.

That night will always remain to me different from other nights. At

MARK TWAIN—BOY AND MAN

intervals throughout the dinner Charles Harvey Genung, sitting beside me, insisted that I should write a life of Mark Twain. I was not impressed by his arguments. Yet from somewhere, in the instant bidding good-by to our guest, there came an impulse which prompted me to ask if I might some day call to see him. To which something likewise prompted him to answer, "Yes, come soon."

The following Saturday I was at 21 Fifth Avenue, where I found Mark Twain propped up in bed, as was his morning custom, against great snowy pillows. He offered me a cigar, and we talked of many things, including the Thomas Nast biography. Then I found myself saying that his approval of that book had led me to hope that I might one day undertake a book with himself as the subject. I expected this to end the matter, but, after what seemed a long and ominous silence, he said that, although he had at various times been preparing autobiographical chapters, no arrangement had been made for a detailed story of this life. Then turning those piercing, agate-blue eyes directly upon me, he said:

"When would you like to begin?"

It was unbelievable, but I answered, as one in a dream, "Whenever you like. I can begin now."

"Very good," he replied. "The sooner, then, the better. Let's begin while we are in the humor."

We arranged for daily dictations, and thus it was that I became the biographer of the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—the most fortunate biographer in the world, I thought—and the years have not changed my mind.

Through Mark Twain's great love for billiards, our relations, at first chiefly of a literary nature, in time became personal as well. For Christmas he received from Mr. and Mrs. Rogers a handsome combination billiard and pool



Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

FLORIDA, MISSOURI, WHERE MARK TWAIN WAS BORN
At the left may be seen the Mark Twain monument shown on the opposite page

table. Presently the morning dictations became of secondary interest, and, like a boy, he was looking forward to our afternoon of play, which never seemed to arrive quickly enough to suit him. Any number of his friends were willing to come in for his entertainment, but it finally turned out that I was the only one who could afford to devote a number of hours each day to being beaten at billiards—and enjoy the operation. To me the intimacy of association and the personal incident growing out of it were invaluable. That winter I took up residence in his home, so that I might be handier, as he said, for billiards. After that, during most of the days and far into the night, we were together.

On the eighth of June, 1907, exactly forty years from the day he had sailed on the "Quaker City" to win his greater fame, he sailed for England to receive from Oxford University the literary doctor's degree. All of the attentions that had distinguished his former London visits could not equal what now happened to him who, as a boy, had been Tom Sawyer and played with Huckleberry Finn. Home again after an absence of six weeks, he summoned me to "come down and play billiards." With the echoes of his great triumph still ringing in my ears, I was prepared to listen to the tales of this conquering hero. I found him, however, already in the billiard-room, knocking the balls about. As I stepped in the door he said:

"Get your cue. I've been inventing a new game."

That was all. The pageant was over; the curtain was rung down; business was resumed at the old stand.

In June, 1908, Mark Twain took possession of his new home at Redding, which he named "Stormfield," such a villa as he had known in Florence, but adapted to American needs and climate. He was at home there from the moment he had seen the glowing billiard-room. We spent the first evening at boisterous, triumphant games that continued until midnight.

In June of the next year, 1909, Mark Twain developed "breast pains," as he called them, which, as the months passed, came with increasing frequency and severity. His trouble was a heart affection, angina, and at times he suffered terribly, but he never complained. If the attacks came when we were at billiards he would go on playing in his turn. Later in the year we sailed for Bermuda for a month's holiday. Five days following our return—it was the morning of Christmas Eve—his daughter Jean, the head of the house since Clara's marriage to Ossip Gabrilowitsch the previous October, died of heart failure. He bore the shock with that calm with which he met every great disaster. His last finished work, begun immediately, was "The Death of Jean," a tender and lofty tribute, published a year later in *Harper's Magazine*.

In January he returned to Bermuda, where for a time he seemed to improve. By April, however, his condition had become so serious that his doctor advised taking him home to Stormfield, and I arrived there with him on the evening of Thursday, April 14, 1910.

Just a week from that day and hour Mark Twain died. He had been asleep, and as the sun touched the horizon the noble head turned a little to one side, there was a fluttering sigh, and the breath that had been unceasing through seventy-four tumultuous years had stopped forever. The worn-out body had reached its journey's end, but his spirit had never grown old, and to-day, still young, it continues to cheer and comfort a tired world.



MY FATHER

BY MADAME
CLARA CLEMENS
GABRILOWITSCH

It was always impossible for me to regard my father as a private person—to think of him as just my father or my mother's husband. I felt about him as I imagine a traveler feels about the Sphinx, whose very shadow pictures boundless night, and holds its own in immense areas of piled-up masses of sand. One cannot easily say how impressions of greatness creep into the mind of a small child, marking one of its daily companions with an insignia that awes or perplexes. Many an evening my father told my sister and me impromptu stories in-

spired by objects in the room or pictures on the wall; he also played with our kittens, and loved them as much as we did. Often, too, he played charades with us, and private theatricals, or took us on long walks. Yet rarely did I lose the feeling with my father that I was in the presence of royalty. Being very shy and noncommunicative myself as a child, I used to marvel at my father's ability to sit at the table and pour out an uninterrupted flow of words expressing his feelings on matters intimately connected with himself, in the presence often of comparative strangers, who were wide-eyed with interest and surprise. Yet this was but one side of the medal, for he could be forbiddingly reserved and locked away from the most vivacious attempts of visitors to enter his personality ever so tiny a distance. He was a constant surprise in his varied moods, which dropped unheralded upon him, creating day or night for those about him by his twinkling eyes or his clouded brows. How he would be affected by this or that no one could ever foresee.

Not having much knowledge of squirrels, my parents had permitted me to keep two in a small room on the third floor of our home in Hartford. Soon after their arrival these animals began to gnaw the woodwork, until it looked as if the walls would fall in. The maid who was supposed to take care of that room found so little pleasure in doing it that I doubted whether she ever did more than flick her dustcloth at the squirrels and run away. This was a great comfort to me, for I was certain that if it were once discovered how faithfully the squirrels were gnawing away the house I should have to bid them a helpless farewell. My father's billiard-room was on the same floor, but as that was where he worked I felt no danger from that quarter. My



CLARA CLEMENS
GABRILOWITSCH

The daughter of Mark Twain and the wife of the world-famous pianist and orchestra conductor, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, has achieved for herself a place of distinction in the musical world

MY FATHER

mother was not likely to climb so many stairs, and my sister was afraid of squirrels, so I had just begun to feel safe with my secret when one morning I heard with trembling my father's footsteps approaching my room. The door was pulled open, and at that moment one of the squirrels jumped onto my shoulder. My father stood in the doorway, and his keen eyes rapidly took in the scene. The squirrel seemed no protection to me, although his bushy tail covered half my cheek. I would have declared that my father stared at us both for two or three minutes, then he said:

"Aren't you afraid of him?"

"No," I answered; "he only gnaws wood."

This seemed to strike my father as funny, and he laughed heartily.

"Do you like those squirrels?" he asked.

I answered a timid "yes," now fearing their lot was cast.

My father, however, then stamped himself as a man of heart in my small mind, for he said with that crystal twinkle in his eye:

"If I were you then, I would not tell on them."

In many ways he remained a boy to the year of his death. With the keenness of youth his responsive nature bloomed and blossomed with each fresh cause. The contemplation of injustice in the world, whether from individual toward individual or country toward country, gradually modified his capacity to enjoy the bright side of life, and more and more he fell to brooding until his voice came to be "a wail for the world's wrong."

Nothing could make his face light up with greater pleasure than the sight of a kitten, or call out greater tenderness from his loving nature. If I stepped



MARK TWAIN'S FAMILY IN 1884

From left to right the group includes, Susy, Jean, Mrs. Clemens, and Clara. Of these the last named is the only one living



From a private photograph, courtesy of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, New York

THE CLEMENS-GABRILOWITSCH WEDDING AT STORMFIELD, REDDING, CONNECTICUT

The ceremony took place at Mark Twain's home on October 6, 1909. The figure of Mark Twain, dressed, as always, in immaculate white, may be seen standing in the center of the picture

into his study where he was at work, and barely discernible through a cloud of tobacco smoke, he would look up and say in a sweet, half-absent tone:

“What do you wish, dear?”

If I carried a kitten in my arms, the dreamy look would disappear from his eyes, and he would drop any work to nestle the soft ball of fur in his neck. We children were not supposed to disturb him at work, but if for any reason we were forced to I thought it expedient to be accompanied by a kitten.

On a visit to my father's birthplace this year I was much moved in noting the kind of worship the good people of that place give to every thought he expressed. Should his memory be neglected anywhere in the world, it will not be in Florida, Missouri. The simplicity of the town and its surroundings constitutes a world of its own—and one in which I can more easily imagine the birth of a genius than in the rapids of a large city. A very old man in the village played a tune for me on a wood-saw, and a lucid, melodious tune it was, coming from the strange instrument. The concert took place in the one department store of the village, where all the inhabitants had congregated to warm themselves by the large stove, it being freezing weather that day. I could easily imagine my father in this circle of warm-hearted, vivacious country people, and could hear him exchanging anecdotes for tunes on the wood-saw. For, just as he loved to play with his children and their kittens, so would he have spent boyish hours with the friends of his birth-town, merging his personality with theirs, and winning the title of comrade as well as prince among men.



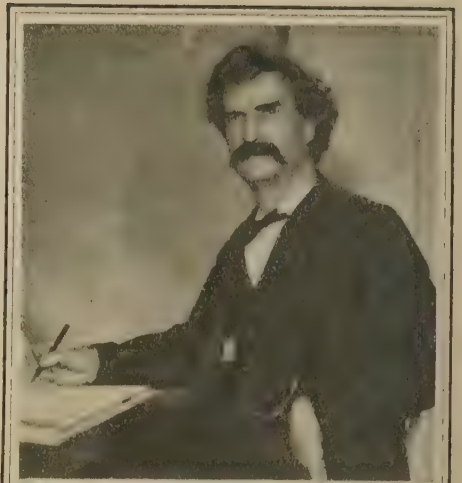
MARK TWAIN AS SPEECH MAKER AND STORY TELLER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Those of Mark Twain's multitudinous admirers who knew him only from the printed page unfortunately failed to have a great treat. He was a born actor, a born speech maker, as he was a born story teller; and when he was at his best his was certain to be "the speech of the evening." He was not always at his best, but his misadventures were very few indeed; and he was acutely conscious of them. He held an after-dinner speaker to a high standard; and he had trained himself in the art of speech making. However spontaneous, unpremeditated, offhand one of his successful speeches might seem, it was the result of skilful preparation. It had been thought out; and it was often written out. It had been rehearsed until every word, every pause, every gesture was exactly right. He left nothing to chance.

In the recent revised collection of his speeches, there is one address in which he set forth his idea of the duty of the speech maker and explained how to achieve artfully an apparent artlessness. He declared that the masters of after-dinner speaking had learnt their art by long observation and by slowly compacted experience, so that they knew at last what they did not know at first— that the most telling speech is not the actual impromptu, but the counterfeit of it. "They knew that the speech is best worth listening to which has been carefully prepared in private, and tried on a plaster cast or an empty chair, or any other appreciative object that will keep quiet until the speaker has got his matter and his delivery limbered up so that they will seem impromptu to an audience."

As Howells, the friend who knew him most intimately, has informed us, Mark "studied every tone and every gesture, and he forecast the result with the real audience from its result with that imagined audience." Howells also recorded that Mark, having studied every word and every syllable, "memorized them by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt-cellars, ink-stands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points and clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant sug-



IN PUBLIC SPEAKING HE LEFT
NOTHING TO CHANCE

Mark Twain's public addresses—even his after-dinner speeches, which seemed so spontaneous—were carefully prepared in advance

MARK TWAIN AS SPEECH MAKER AND STORY TELLER

gestion. Therefore it was beautiful to see him and to hear him; he rejoiced in the pleasure he gave and the blows of surprise which he dealt; and because he had his end in mind he knew when to stop."

"He knew when to stop"—that is even more important than knowing how to begin.

He was as painstaking in telling a story as he was in preparing a speech. He cut his narrative to the bone, heightening the effect of the essentials of his tale by omitting all the nonessentials. To him a story was a little play, with its beginning, its middle, and its end. Sometimes he told a story to elucidate a point he wanted to make in a speech; and sometimes he told it for its own sake, for the fun of it, and for sheer delight in his own artistry.

There is one story of Mark's which I heard him tell twice, in almost exactly the same words. In a letter of 1894 to Mrs. Clemens he described a delightful party, where after supper "the company was compactly grouped before me and I told about Dr. B. E. Martin and the etchings—My, but the Martin is a darling story!" Perhaps he was specially pleased with this tale because in telling it he followed his own advice to Rudyard Kipling: "First get the facts, and then you can distort them as you please!" And he joyed in the fact that the story was on him as much as it was on Martin.

In the summer of 1890 Mark took a cottage at Onteora Park in the Catskills, then a newly founded settlement of artists with pen and pencil. Mark was not always in Onteora, as he was frequently called to New York on business—the business of publishing, which was soon to end in disaster.

During one of his absences we had two visitors, Charles Dudley Warner, whom Mark had invited for a week, and Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, who was the guest of the Huttons.

Dr. Martin had served as a surgeon during the Civil War; and he was later the author of two books, one on the "Footprints of Charles Lamb" and the other on the "Stones of Paris." He was a gentle creature, with a charming personality; and he found favor with Mrs. Clemens and her two young daughters, and also with Warner. But at Onteora he did not have the good fortune to meet either Mark or Mrs. Warner.



MARK TWAIN AND GEORGE W. CABLE

In 1884 these two famous authors joined forces and toured the country, giving readings from their books, with enormous success in money return, but with little satisfaction to Mark Twain, who grew to hate reading his stories on the platform

MARK TWAIN AS SPEECH MAKER AND STORY TELLER

This much by way of necessary exposition: and now I venture to tell the story itself in Mark's own language, with such approach to accuracy of reproduction as my memory may provide. One morning two or three months after the Onteora summer colony had dispersed, Mark was alone in an upper room of his house in Hartford when his servant announced a visitor.

Mark read the caller's card, "Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin. I don't know any Martin. Who is he? A book agent?" Then he rubbed his thumb across the card. "An engraved card, too! The impudence of a book agent having an engraved card! I'll go down and attend to him."

So he went down and stood in the doorway, with no cordiality in his attitude.

Dr. Martin rose from his chair and said, "Mr. Clemens?"

Mark curtly replied: "Yes, I'm Mr. Clemens."

Dr. Martin then asked if Mrs. Clemens was at home.

"No," responded Mark, still standing stiffly in the doorway. "She's out."

"And the young ladies?"

"They are out too," was Mark's chilly reply.

Dr. Martin ventured to hope that Mrs. Clemens was well; and Mark answered, "She's well—well enough."

"And the young ladies?"

"They are well too—well enough."

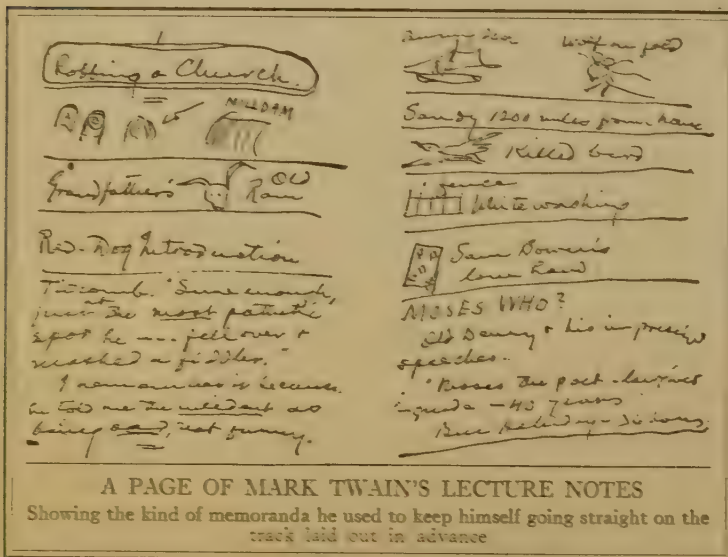
A little puzzled, the visitor sat down on the edge of his chair. Now it happened that Mrs. Clemens had taken down some etchings from the wall, intending to rehang them. Two of them were leaning against the legs of Dr. Martin's chair. To make conversation, he tilted one of them so that he could see it, saying, "This is pretty."

Mark decided that this intrusive stranger was not a book agent but a

peddler of etchings. He looked at the picture Dr. Martin was holding and recognized it at once. "We've got that one," he said curtly.

Then Dr. Martin looked at the other etching and remarked that it was also pretty; and Mark recognized it and gleefully declared, "We've got that one too."

Whereupon Dr.





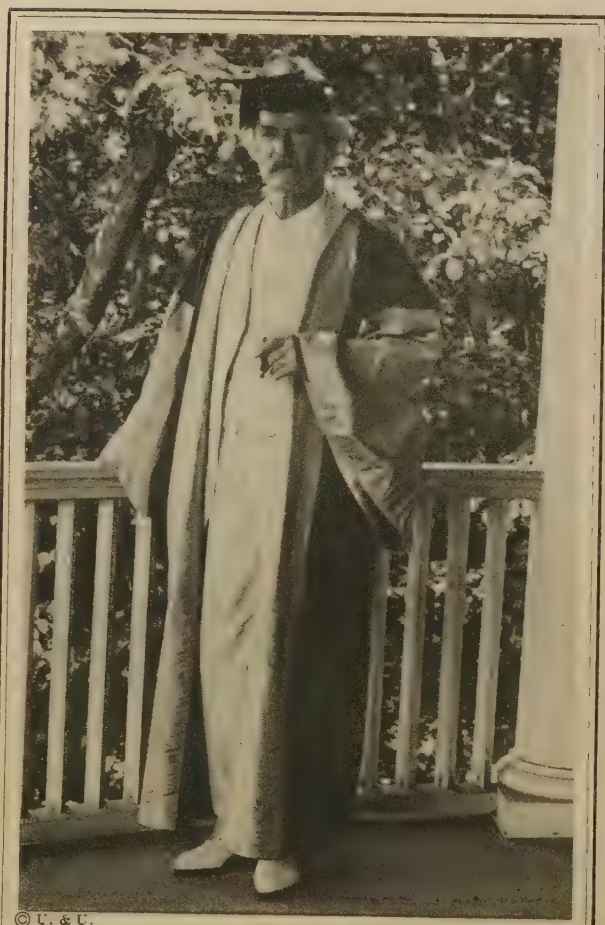
Courtesy Mrs. Robinson Locke

A HISTORIC GROUP: MARK TWAIN, PETROLEUM V. NASBY, AND JOSH BILLINGS
With Artemus Ward and Bret Harte added to this group, American humor of the middle nineteenth century would be well covered. Mrs. Locke, who owns this rare photograph, is a daughter-in-law of Nasby, David R. Locke

Martin rose and inquired if Mr. Charles Dudley Warner did not live in the neighborhood.

"Right across the way!" Mark responded, opening the door wider and swiftly escorting his visitor out of the house.

Then he went up-stairs, his heart glad within him that he had been more than a match for a peddler of etchings. But he had not got up to his own room before he began to have vague misgivings. He seemed to recall that the name on the card was not altogether unfamiliar; he had heard it somewhere.



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THE SUPREME HONOR

Mark Twain in his Oxford robes. In June, 1907, the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on Samuel L. Clemens. It was a brilliant occasion, and it was the crowning honor of a long life of distinguished literary achievement

When his wife and daughters returned a few minutes later, he called over the banisters, "Livy, do we know a man named Martin?"

"Martin?" replied Mrs. Clemens, "Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin?"

"Yes," said Mark, rubbing the card again, "Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin."

"Of course we know him!" cried Mrs. Clemens. "He's the agreeable man we met at Onteora last summer. He was staying with the Huttons. We asked him to call if he ever came to Hartford."

"Well," said Mark sadly; "he has called."

"Youth," said Mrs. Clemens—that was her pet name for her husband—"what have you been up to now?"

"I didn't know him, Livy," Mark explained. "I thought he was a book agent, and I congealed him."

"You did?" Mrs. Clemens exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"He's over at Warner's," Mark explained. "I was delighted to tell him where the house was."

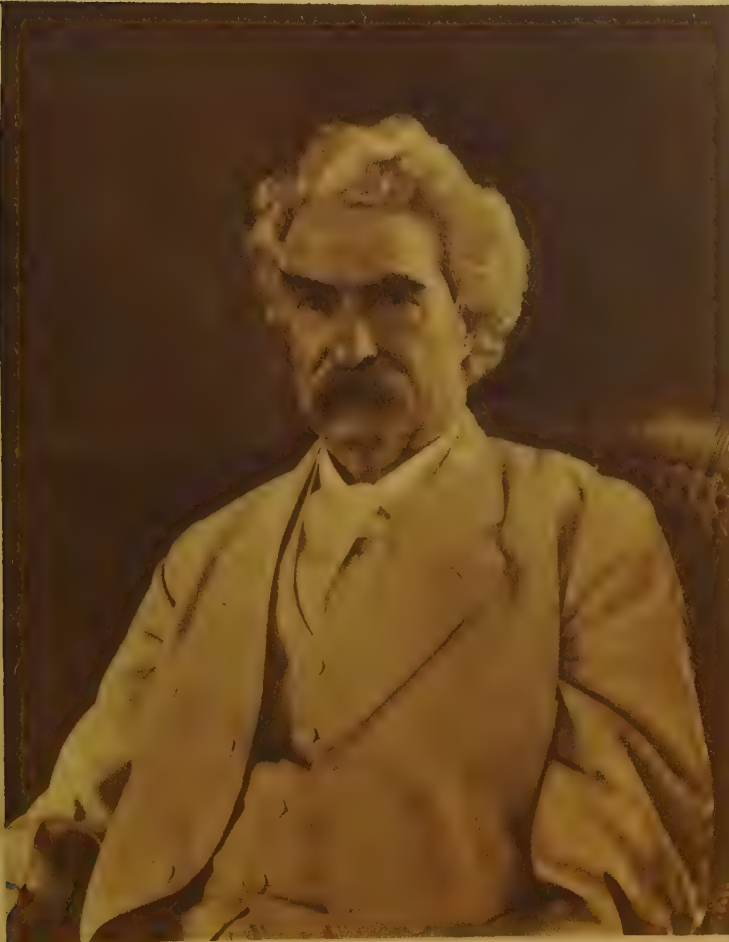
"Then you go right over and bring him back and ask him to stay for luncheon."

Mark always obeyed his wife's behest, so he promptly went across the street, not a little crestfallen.

"And when I got over to Warner's," he said in concluding the story, "there was Martin perched most uncomfortably on the edge of his chair just as he had been in my house, and there was Susie Warner sitting up as straight as the North Pole and almost as frigid. But I broke in breezily; I told Martin that Mrs. Clemens and the girls had just returned, and that they wanted him to come right over to see them and to stay to luncheon. Then Susie Warner relaxed, and said that she herself was just about to invite Dr. Martin to lunch."

THE MANY-SIDED MARK TWAIN

BY CLEVELAND RODGERS



© Paul Thompson

IN THE LATER DAYS

This is the last portrait for which Mark Twain sat, and was taken at Stormfield, the Clemens home at Redding, Connecticut, a few months before the humorist-philosopher's death in 1910

W. D. HOWELLS TO MARK TWAIN (1899): *"You are the greatest man of your sort that ever lived, and there is no use saying anything else. . . . You have pervaded your century almost more than any other man of letters, if not more; and it is astonishing how you keep spreading."*

THE MANY-SIDED MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN was simultaneously the world's greatest entertainer and one of its most poignant figures. He was humorist, philosopher, and evangel. He was one of the severest critics and yet one of the most sympathetic and understanding friends of his fellow men.

There were many Mark Twains, so many that the mere listing of them is bewildering. The original barefoot Mark Twain, who trained with Tom Sawyer's immortal gang, climbed Holli-day's Hill, explored the marvelous cave, swam in the Bear Creek swimmin' hole, and ranged the Missouri countryside with Huck and Nigger Jim, is important. This Mark Twain never grew up. The boyhood of America's Peter Pan was so glorious, so full of joy, that it clung to Mark Twain, even in those days a sensitive, dutiful, mother-loving boy, who dreamed of doing big things, swore he

would become rich, and quickly realized his responsibilities when his father died. It wasn't long before he began to work. This Mark Twain became a printers' devil, and in time a compositor.

His amazing education began at the printers' case. Ambition kept pace with the growth of knowledge, and soon the printer of Hannibal became restless. He went far afield to St. Louis, Philadelphia, and New York, but returned before long to the Mississippi country. There the call of the river became too strong, and the printer became pilot. The first important rôle Mark Twain ever mastered was that of pilot. He was a real pilot. His mastery of the intricate

detail of that calling was complete, and he knew every turn and eddy in the Father of Waters.

The boy had become a man, and the pauper became a prince, for the wages of a pilot were as riches. The healthy ego expanded with confidence. The itinerant compositor turned a dandy, dressed in percales and patent leather. He was somebody and had an audience that stretched the length of the Mississippi. But the pilot soon began to feel the pull of cross-currents. A wave of humanity was sweeping westward, and Mark Twain responded to the natural urge that all his life pushed him forward in the front line of American progress.

The Mark Twain who became a pioneer and miner, a gambler with Fate in the great game that was played in the opening of the continent, was picturesque and virile, but hardly qualified by temperament



Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

THE MARK TWAIN BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MISSOURI

In front stands the owner of the little building. He is known locally as "Dad" Violette, and is a Mark Twain enthusiast. He has given the old house to the Mark Twain Memorial Park

to go to the end of the trail with the pioneers. Instead, he turned reporter. There was little to report in the way of news, but there was more to life than dull routine in the mining towns of Nevada in those days, and the young writer, consumed by curiosity, eager for fun, reveling in the freedom of expressing his rare personality through the medium of a newspaper, quickly made a local name for himself.

America, in the period immediately following the Civil War, was badly in need of what is known in the theater as "comic relief." Mark Twain provided this commodity in abundance. He started a contagion of laughter out beyond the Rockies which in-

creased in volume until the effete East wanted to know what the crude folks out West were laughing at. It wasn't long before the entire country was laughing at Mark Twain's humor, and asking for more.

There was plenty. Mark Twain quickly emerged as a one hundred per cent American humorist. It was inevitable that the public should want to see and hear this funny man, as well as read his stories. And so the humorist was soon a lecturer—the most popular man that ever graced a public platform. In those days humorous lecturers had to supply the diversion that is now provided by the "movies," the radio, musical comedies, the comic strip, and the newspaper funny column. Mark Twain was one of the few who could do this to the hilarious satisfaction of the public.

Mark Twain as a lecturer was more than a humorist. Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Augustin Daly, and others said that Mark Twain could have been one of the world's great actors. He *was* a great actor. In appearance he was striking, commanding. His

head and carriage were superb. He was unctuous and dynamic. He was a born mimic. He blazed with fire. His voice, appealing, persuasive, had a peculiar hypnotic quality that held hearers spellbound. He made people laugh, but he could as easily bring tears.

If there was anything sacred or profane in American life that Mark Twain failed to turn into profitable amusement in those days, it has been missed by his biographers. But he wanted other worlds to conquer with laughter. He made a famous journey across the Atlantic and wrote "The Innocents Abroad," a book that convulsed two continents and is one of the rarest treats in literature.

But there were many more Mark Twains. The humorist and satirist became, in turn, serious novelist, moralist, playwright, and publisher. This last led to the advent of the most curious of all the Mark Twains. As a publisher and a business man he met with dismal failure.

There has seldom been a more engaging



© H. Tomlinson, Hannibal, Mo.

THE WANDERER RETURNS AFTER MANY YEARS

In June, 1902, Mark Twain received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Missouri, at Columbia; so he made that the occasion to visit his boyhood home in Hannibal. It was a busy five days that he spent in Hannibal, visiting old friends, dining, speaking, and being photographed. He is shown here standing in the doorway of his boyhood home

figure than Mark Twain, the brilliant American ambassador-at-large to the courts of Europe. He was known and loved everywhere not only as an entertainer but also as a personage who was every inch a man, and he was respected as a student deeply interested in the more profound international problems. A hater of tyranny, a pronounced anti-imperialist who openly denounced Russian czarism, scathingly attacked King Leopold for the Congo atrocities, and supported the Boers in their fight for freedom, he was nevertheless the recipient of high honors from most of Europe's rulers.

At home there was a Mark Twain who was for years known as the "Belle of New York." The characterization was apt, for no function was complete without the sage and wit who raised after-dinner speaking to a high art. The most sought after of public speakers, this later Mark Twain was not a mere entertainer. His interest in public affairs amounted almost to a passion, and he was a protagonist in many battles over principles. He actively engaged in several campaigns, fought Tammany Hall in New York City, and was a fearless independent in national politics. History shows that Mark Twain was usually

on the right side, although he did not always win. If statesmanship be correctly defined as that which produces the greatest good for the greatest number, then there was a Mark Twain who was a statesman.

Mark Twain the letter writer also ranks high. His letters, in quality, style, scope, and sheer volume, are extraordinary. They reveal Mark Twain the friend; the keen observer of men and things, the earnest worker, as well as the enthusiast, dreamer, whimsical genius, and Titan of applied energy. And what deep emotions are stirred by contemplating Mark Twain the ardent lover, the devoted husband and father, as revealed by his letters to dear ones!

Those who can only know Mark Twain through the printed word may get nearer to the real man through reading his letters than in any other way. There the man is most tender, most loving and lovely. There one comes to know the man who could not enjoy riding in a carriage because he felt sorry for the horses straining at the traces; the man who always looked wistfully after straying, friendless dogs; the Mark Twain who grieved that he should have weakened his wife's faith in her God, and pinned notes



Permission Ann. M. Schnitzlein, Hannibal, Mo.

LOVERS' LEAP—A HIGH HILL TOWERING ABOVE HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

On this hillside Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn played, and on the top the religious Millerites gathered in their ascension robes one day to await the end of the world. In Mark Twain's early days a favorite bit of mischief of the boys was to roll stones over the brow of the hill and watch the results as the fragments bounded down



Permission Anna M. Schniebele, Hannibal, Mo.

THE DRAWBRIDGE AT HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

The points covered in this picture are in the very heart of the Tom Sawyer country

on the trees beneath his wife's sick-room windows, asking the birds not to sing too loudly! This was the Mark Twain who loved the beautiful and craved only the best.

There remains a host of Mark Twains. There was the little-known philanthropist who stealthily bestowed benefactions, sent poor Karl Gerhardt the sculptor to Europe to perfect his art; who helped negro students through college, gave William Gillette his start on the stage, and was the instrumentality in the most marvelous spirit-freeing experiment in history—the educating of Helen Keller.

He was an inventor of games for children. He wrote the first fiction ever composed on a typewriter. He was one of the first users of the fountain pen and the dictaphone. He installed one of the first telharmoniums. In one way or another he was interested in a steam generator, a steam pulley, marine telegraphy, a new process of engraving, in Szczepanik and his teleelectroscope. He spent a good part of his life and lost a fortune backing the Paige typesetting machine, which proved a failure. He was an enthusiastic billiard player, and could find more ways of falling off a bicycle than the man that invented the device.

Mark Twain took up, one after another,

a patented spiral hatpin, a food for invalids known as "Plasmon," an insurance scheme, a watch-manufacturing proposition, the running of a magazine, a system of memory training, an accordion letter-file, and a children's theater. He was always a mystic and was, at different times, absorbed in mesmerism, a system of mind cure, Christian Science, palmistry, and osteopathy. He was an anti-vivisectionist, wanted to reform the alphabet, and fought a long and successful battle for an international copyright law. In his later years he attacked Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, and argued with the fervor of a crusader that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. The study of geology was fascinating to him, and he had an avid interest in astronomy and higher mathematics.

Finally, there was Mark Twain the philosopher.

Above everything else Mark Twain was a philosopher. This is not a contradiction, for philosophy is the humor of the gods and supermen. William James, one of our foremost philosophers, once spoke of what a terrible thing philosophy would be if we couldn't forget it at times and have a little fun. Mark Twain demonstrated this truth. He taught Americans how to laugh at their



Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

OLD SWIMMING HOLE, NEAR FLORIDA, MISSOURI

From his earliest years, young Sam Clemens took readily to water, and, with his boyhood companions, eagerly sought the swimming pool at Florida and later in Bear Creek, Hannibal; and more especially the Mississippi. It was hard to keep him away from the great river. He was brought home once half drowned to his mother, who dosed him, put him to bed, and said: "Guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water"

own serious pretensions. In his personality he represented the submerged parts of all of us that we recognize only when others give them expression. He believed in the hereafter, but he believed more in the heretofore, and still more in the here and now. When Matthew Arnold, after listening to Mark Twain for hours, asked, "Is he never serious?" Dr. Edwin P. Parker replied, "He is the most serious man in the world." With his rich sense of humor Mark Twain combined a profound sense of truth.

He saw life as it should be, as an art, and he realized how far we fall short of making life an art. And he knew that the best we can do is "to endeavor so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry."

The test of every philosophy, as of every philosopher, is simple: Have they added to human happiness? Who can doubt that Mark Twain added greatly to the happiness of his fellow men while he lived, or that his work still lives, and will live on, to make

life better, brighter, and happier for all?

Because of his terrible arraignment of mankind in "What is Man?" and the bitterness to be found in other of his works, Mark Twain has been set down by some as a cynical misanthrope who lost no opportunity to "take it out of his fellow men" in bitter and mordant fashion. It should be borne in mind that Mark Twain was not only a genius with the pen, but also with the buskin. Many of Mark Twain's moods were simply histrionic. He could not resist an opportunity to take the limelight, and any subject that absorbed him raised his temperature immediately to a point where it became necessary for him to walk to the center of the stage and sweep the house before him. All of which means that his pessimism was largely temperamental. Anyone who decides to be cynical can make a logical case out of the misery of existence. When Mark Twain got to riding that steed, he drove it hard. He was not content with anything

short of demolishing everything in sight.

When Mark Twain was seventy he received the following note from Helen Keller, the recipient of his beneficence and one of those who knew him well:

"And you are seventy years old? Or is the report exaggerated, like that of your death? I remember, when I saw you last, you said: 'If a man is a pessimist before he is forty-eight, he knows too much. If he is an op-

timist after he is forty-eight, he knows too little.'

"Now, we *know* you are an optimist, and nobody would dare to accuse one on the 'seven-terraced summit' of knowing little. So probably you are not seventy at all, but only forty-seven!"

Even Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind as she was, could yet see and feel that Mark Twain was not really a pessimist.



Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

THE FIRST HOME OF HIS OWN

Mark Twain married Olivia Langdon on February 2, 1870, in Elmira, New York, and they started housekeeping in this comfortable house in Buffalo, given to them by the bride's father, Mr. Jervis Langdon



Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

THE CLEMENS HOME AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

In 1871 Mark Twain moved to Hartford and built a home that became a pilgrimage place for distinguished visitors from all parts of the world



Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

VIEW FROM MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY WINDOW, HARTFORD

For over twenty years Mark Twain lived, prospered, and was happy in his Hartford home, with a growing family about him and interesting neighbors close at hand: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and Mark's most intimate friend, Rev. Joseph Twichell



© Geo. Grantham Bain

AN OCTOBER MORNING IN TUXEDO, NEW YORK

On returning from a trip to England in the summer of 1907, Mark Twain dodged the crowd of autograph-fiends, reporters, and photographers that followed him closely during his last years, and settled for the autumn in Tuxedo, where he found a place in which he could rest and work quietly



Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

SUMMER DAYS AT DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mark Twain loved this quiet spot and spent warm-weather weeks there in 1905 and 1906. It was there that he dictated much of his reminiscences for Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer



© Paul Thompson

THE HOME OF THE LATER YEARS

In 1905, Mark Twain purchased a property of seventy-five acres at Redding, Connecticut, and built there this beautiful house, which he called at first "Autobiography House" because it was paid for out of income from his autobiography. It was later named "Stormfield," after Capt. Stormfield, a character in one of the writer's well-known stories



© Paul Thompson

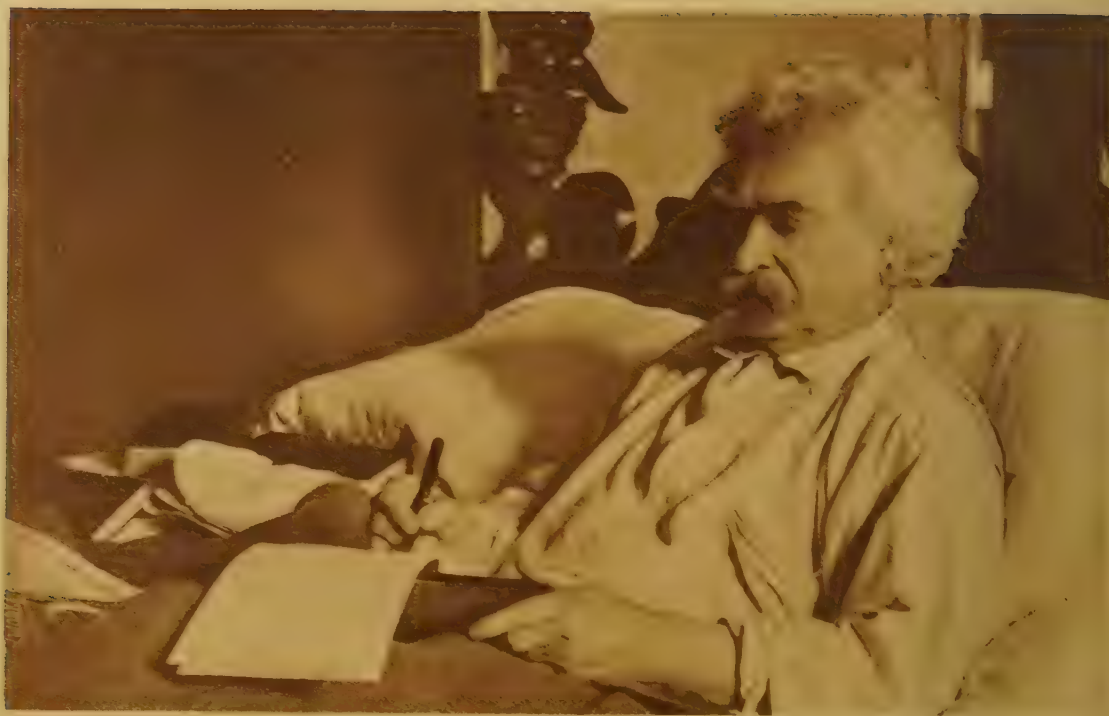
MARK TWAIN'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas morning at Stormfield—and one of the last of his Christmas days. His "tree," fully decorated, stands in the window at the right: A toy elephant presented by Robert Collier, the publisher, stands in the center; the table is covered with boxes of cigars presented by admirers; and holly, all about, gives the room a festive, holiday appearance



© Paul Thompeon

IN THE LIBRARY AT STORMFIELD, REDDING, CONNECTICUT



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A FAVORITE OCCUPATION—READING AND WRITING IN BED

Like Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain was fond of reading in bed. The large bed in his New York home, 21 Fifth Avenue, gave him at times some inconvenience on account of its size. On one occasion he lost his spectacles, and while tearing impatiently at the covers in his search, he exclaimed, "You could lose a dog in this bed!"



Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

HE PLAYED BILLIARDS BY THE HOUR

Mark Twain was passionately fond of billiards and would wear a companion out, playing far into the night, and pleading for "just one more game." In this picture we see him at the beautiful combination billiard and pool table presented to him by Mr. H. H. Rogers



© U. & U

ONE OF HIS FAVORITE COMPANIONS

Mark Twain loved animals, from elephants to kittens—and especially kittens. Nothing delighted him more than to watch kittens at play. His home usually sheltered a brood of them, to each one of which he gave some appropriate name. Two kittens—twins in gray fur—he named "Sackcloth" and "Ashes"



Photograph by Helen Schuyler Allen, Bermuda

THE LAST VISIT TO BERMUDA—AND THE LAST JOURNEY OF ALL

Mark Twain and Albert Bigelow Paine looking out over Devonshire Bay, Bermuda, November, 1909, a few weeks before the author's death. Failing rapidly, and under great pain and heart weakness, Mark Twain was brought home from Bermuda to Stormfield, and finally passed away on April 21, 1910

CONRAD PAYS TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN



On his recent visit to the United States, Joseph Conrad told The Mentor of his admiration for Mark Twain, as a writer and as a man who had earned his bread on the water.

"Mark Twain was a good pilot," said Conrad. "He must have been. No man who had not done the actual work could write of steamboat life as he did."

In the late eighties, when Conrad was a young officer of the British merchant marine, he picked up a book on a London bookstall for a shilling or two.

"That was how I discovered Mark Twain," he said. "There had been talk of him in Europe long before that, of course. 'Innocents Abroad' was all the rage. But his descriptions of life in America—some of the short stories as well as the longer books—those are what count. They have life—American life. They are authentic.

"The book of Twain's that came closest to my own life was 'The Mississippi Pilot.' No; it was not called 'Life on the Mississippi.' That is the title now, certainly. But then—perhaps it was the first edition, an original; I do not know—then it was called 'The Mississippi Pilot.'"

Conrad's memory after thirty-five years is correct. There was an early edition of the book, perhaps pirated, which bore the title as he gives it.

"The book had a beastly glazed cover," says Conrad. "A cardboard cover. But there was life inside it."

This was no chance volume to the young Pole, who, despite his inland birth and his ignorance of English till he was twenty, became a British mariner. Conrad's first book, "Almayer's Folly: a Story of an Eastern River," was begun in 1889, soon after he read "The Mississippi Pilot."

"Often," says Conrad musingly, "I thought of 'The Mississippi Pilot' and of Twain while I was in command of a steamer in the Congo and stood straining in the night looking for snags. Very often I thought of him. He understood all that sort of job."

In "Heart of Darkness" Conrad pictures the Congo: a jungle river without pilots, yet like the stream of which Mark Twain wrote. Listen to Conrad:

"Going up that river was like traveling



JOSEPH CONRAD

back to the earliest beginnings of the world.

The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had once known—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps. . . . I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved by a fluke some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tin-pot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims."

Against that set this passage from "Life on the Mississippi":

"It was plain that I had got to learn the shape of the river in all the different ways that could be thought of—upside down, wrong end first, inside out, fore-and-aft and 'thort-ship'—and then know what to do on gray nights when it hadn't any shape at all."

Vision the two figures in the pilot house—one in mid-America, the other in Africa—and you will see why, with all his admiration for Mark Twain, the writer Joseph Conrad speaks with a very special feeling of fellow craftsmanship when he talks of Sam Clemens the pilot. It was a rôle that both of them had played—a life that both had described.

MARK TWAIN AND GENERAL GRANT

The first meeting of these two men—so unlike and yet destined to be closely associated—was in 1868, when Mark Twain was a newspaper correspondent in Washington. He had arranged for an interview with Grant and had looked forward to it with lively expectations, but when he gazed into the imperturbable, square, smileless face of the soldier he found himself, for once in his life, with nothing particular to say. Grant nodded to him and waited in silence. At length Mark Twain's native resources came to the rescue.

"General," he said, "I seem to be a little embarrassed. Are you?"

That broke the ice, and all went well with them thereafter.

In 1879, eleven years later, they met again. In the meantime Mark Twain had become world famous, while General Grant had been President of the United States twice, and had made a splendid tour of the world, receiving an ovation in every land.

On his return, a magnificent reception was given to him in Chicago by the Army of the Tennessee, and the greatest men of the country were there to pay him tribute—Mark Twain among them.

Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, was host, and when Mark Twain came in he introduced him to Grant. The general greeted him gravely; then, looking Mark calmly in the eye, said, "Mr. Clemens, I am not embarrassed, are you?" So he recalled their first meeting years before.

On that night, when Logan, Hurlbut, Vilas, Woodford, Pope, Robert G. Ingersoll, and other brilliant men spoke, Mark Twain, although he was not called on until 2:30 in



GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS MEMOIRS

From a photograph taken at Mount McGregor during the last months of his life

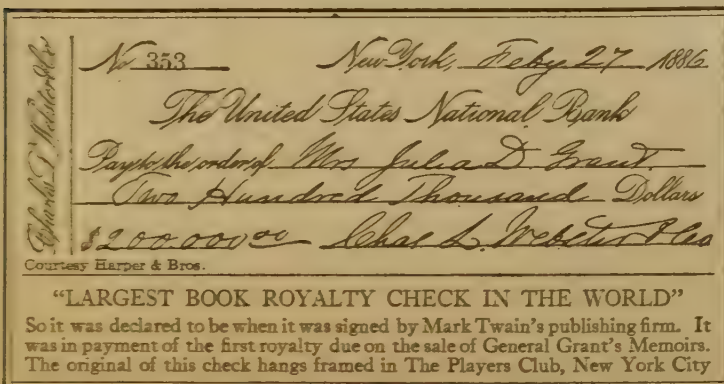
the morning, at the end of a long list of speakers, was the bright particular star. Mark Twain had responded at many public dinners most happily to the toast "The Ladies," but for this occasion he chose, by characteristic whimsical fancy, the subject "The Babies." His opening words were:

"We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies *we stand on common ground.*"

At this the tired audience waked up and, with each sentence, the enthusiasm of the assembly grew visibly and audibly.

When he reached the beginning of his final paragraph, "Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are," the vast audience waited breathless for his conclusion. Then he delivered the opening of his final sentence:

"And now in his cradle,



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somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago."

He paused; and the vast crowd had a chill of fear. After all, he seemed likely to overdo it—to spoil everything with a cheap joke at the end.

No one ever knew better than Mark Twain the value of a pause. He waited long enough to let the silence become absolute, then, wheeling to Grant himself, he said, with the dramatic power of which he was master:

"And if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who *will doubt that he succeeded!*"

The crowd responded with a roar of appreciation. Even Grant's iron serenity broke, and he shook with laughter.

During the years that followed, the soldier-President and the philosopher-humorist became great friends. Then came the great episode that crowned Mark Twain's career as a publisher and closed the career of the general.

Mark Twain had often urged Grant to write his reminiscences, but the general had modestly disavowed all claim to literary attainments. He might make a few notes that his children could shape into memoirs after his death—that was all he would consider. In 1884, however, when Grant's fortunes came to disaster in the financial crash of Grant & Ward, the thought of capitalizing his reminiscences made a strong appeal to him. It was then that Mark Twain came to him and said: "General, if you have actually determined to write your memoirs, they belong to *me*."

Mark Twain had established a publishing business under the name of Charles L. Webster & Company, which had made a brave and successful start with his own books. "General," he said, "if you will place your book with my firm, I will pay you twenty per cent of the list price, or, if you prefer, I will give you seventy per cent of the net returns, and I will pay all office expenses out of my thirty per cent."

Grant finally consented, accepting the plan that provided for seventy per cent of the net profit.

Shortly after, the general developed a serious illness—cancer of the tongue—which finally carried him away. There followed then a few months of superb fortitude and glorious sacrifice during which General Grant fought against death to finish the memoirs that were to provide an income for his family. In the summer of 1885 General Grant, in a dying condition, was taken to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, and there, growing weaker day by day, he completed the last pages of his memoirs; and a few hours later closed the last chapter of his life.



GENERAL GRANT

From a photograph taken at the close of the Civil War

The Grant Memoirs were a tremendous success from the start. Within two months after subscription agents had gone to work—that is to say, by the first of May, 1885—orders for sixty thousand sets had been received.

In the end more than three hundred thousand sets of the two volumes were sold, and between four hundred and twenty and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to Mrs. Grant. The first check of two hundred thousand dollars, drawn February 27, 1886, remains the largest single royalty check in history. Mark Twain's prophecy had been almost exactly verified.

This was the high-water mark of Mark Twain's publishing life. It would have been well for him if all his publishing ventures had been as successful. But that is another story.

MARK TWAIN AS HIS PHYSICIAN KNEW HIM

BY CLARENCE C. RICE, M. D.

EDITORIAL NOTE: It was Dr. Rice who introduced Mark Twain to Mr. H. H. Rogers in 1894, when the fortunes of the writer had failed—a valuable friendly service, for through Mr. Rogers' aid Mark Twain's affairs were straightened out. Dr. Rice contemplates writing his reminiscences of a long-time friendship with Mark Twain, of which the following is a foretaste.

He was marvelous in his versatility. At one time simple as a child in his actions and speech, and again the wisest of philosophers, who could join swords with and vanquish the most astute in debating scientific and economic subjects.

He was very fond of arguing, and on one of our yachting trips Mr. Thomas B. Reed, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, undertook to belittle Mr. Clemens' opinion on some political happening in Washington. The debate became very spirited, and Mr. Clemens easily came out ahead. After this we noticed that Mr. Reed was extremely careful in engaging Mr. Clemens in verbal controversy.

Mark Twain's knowledge of topics, seemingly entirely out of his usual thought, was always a source of amazement to his intimate friends.

He is usually styled the greatest of American humorists, and he was easily that, not only because of his witticisms, but because his soft drawling and partially nasal voice provoked laughter even when he was engaging in ordinary conversation. He spoke a different language from the ordinary man, coining words which were exclusively his own.

He was most humorous when, without effort, he was talking to a few friends, and, conversely, he was least funny on some few occasions when he was on dress parade and was expected to make an audience laugh.

I remember on one such occasion, when he felt he had not scored heavily with his speech, and was very depressed in consequence, he said: "Oh, Rice, that was poor stuff; why didn't I give them one of your yarns and admit I was licked! I knew when I got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning that my talk to-night would be a failure."

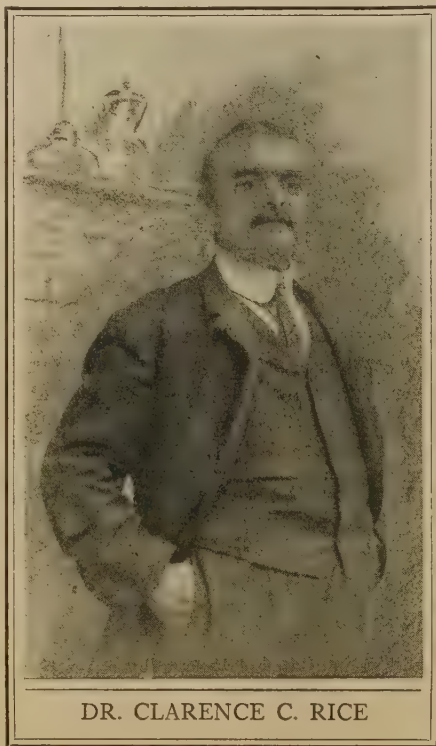
He had two voices, two styles of speech and delivery: the humorous, slow-spoken drawl, and, on rare occasions, the loud and sonorous voice of the eloquent orator.

I knew him first as a patient, and later, I am proud to say, as an intimate friend. He never was a tractable patient, because, no mat-

ter what was his ailment, he persisted in smoking all day and most of the night. When he slept at my house, I used to go into his bedroom to see that, if he was asleep, his cigar was not setting fire to himself or the bed. His pockets were filled with cigars, which he offered liberally to his friends. These cigars were so inexpensive and so unattractive in appearance, and his intimates made such fun of them, that he, in self-defense, named them the "Prize Jewels." I remember asking him, "Aside from their merit, Mr. Clemens, why are they called 'Prize Jewels'?" He said, "Because they were made by Pliny Jewel of Hartford." "Is he still making these cigars, and where is

Jewel located?" I asked. "He is dead, but I don't know which place he selected. Both places have their attractions—Heaven for Climate, and Hell for Society—but I think his punishment for making these cigars must be a sentence to the latter place."

We were playing old-style carom billiards that night, down at 21 Fifth Avenue; he was tremendously fond of the game—usually pocket billiards. He played well and disliked very much to be beaten. He was always in a serious mood when playing, and if he failed to make his shot he used language which has since been adopted in golf. This particular night, after I had made a run, I



DR. CLARENCE C. RICE

THE MENTOR

said, "Mr. Clemens, I made twenty." He said, "I don't think you did; you made about three, and God made seventeen" (a new name for a "scratch").

One evening, up in my library, I was hearing my son's spelling lesson for the following day. Mark Twain was smoking and reading alongside of us. The boy's knowledge of his lesson was on the minus side, and so I corrected him with some impatience. When the lesson was over and the boy had gladly left the room, Mr. Clemens said: "Doctor, you are a fine teacher, a God-given instructor, but may I tell you one thing: do you know I hate those fools who spell correctly? I once won a plated watch chain in a spelling contest, and I have never amounted to anything since."

One day he said to me: "I must buy some shirts. I had thirty but find by actual count that twenty of them are in Hartford and ten in Elmira. Now where shall we get a new supply? I should like some gaudy ones." (Gaudy was a word he loved.) "Leave it to me," I said, "and I will find the place and the shirts." I told some of his friends of his need, and they jumped at the chance to send styles of their own choosing. The next few days the frequent ringing of the bell meant shirts and more shirts—dozens of them, varying from modest tones to colors that would have delighted a negro minstrel. He certainly wore some rare specimens for a time, until he commenced to live with more civilized people. He said: "How shall I show my appreciation to my kind friends who perhaps have robbed themselves to furnish me with these garments? I don't sleep nights thinking they themselves may be in want. How can I repay them?" At last he said, "I have the remedy," and he selected one of the most flamboyant patterns for each of the donors and wrote with indelible

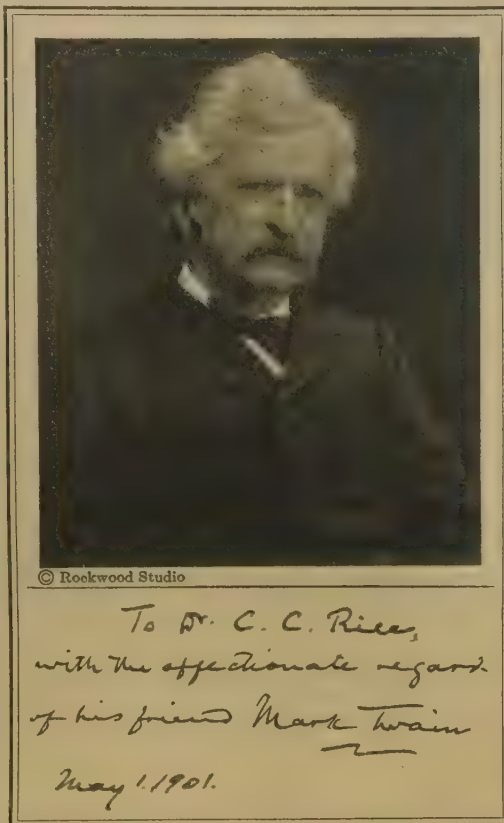
ink on the shirt front a few appropriate words of thanks, over his signature. I had my "copy" for a long time.

I am writing of only a few months of the many years of my acquaintance with Mark Twain. The Mentor asked me to "write about Mark Twain as a physician speaks of his patient." I cannot do that very well, because he was never ill—just colds. Sometimes he stayed in bed all day because he enjoyed reading and writing lying down. He was always reading, and seemed to enjoy any kind of printed page, from a child's school book to an almanac. I would take

his temperature occasionally, but he generally insisted that it was only a bluff and that the thermometer was put in his mouth to keep him from talking. He told me the old yarn of the patient who obtained a prescription from a physician, and, after looking at the paper anxiously, asked how much the medicine would cost. "About two dollars," said the medicine man. "Well, Doctor, will you lend me the two?" The doctor was indignant because of the waste of his time, loss of fee, etc., but finally said: "Here are the two dollars—you need the remedy; but give me the prescription; I want to make an alteration." The patient watched the doctor as he used his

pencil on the pad and asked, "What did you do to that prescription?" "I scratched out the nerve tonic," said the doctor, "you won't need that." Mr. Clemens observed: "I have always admired that man. That was a noble piece of graft—an easy way of getting two dollars. I have thought of trying the game on you, but have never seen the time when I thought you had two dollars."

There are scores of most interesting incidents in my mind relating to Mark Twain, for his actions and conversation were a constant surprise. It was a great honor to have been counted one of his friends.





MARK TWAIN AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE, 1870



ONE LOVE OF A LIFETIME



OLIVIA LANGDON AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE

companions on the "Quaker City" when the "Innocents" sailed "Abroad."

During that trip, Charley showed Mark Twain a dainty miniature picture of his sister. It caught the young writer's fancy.

Some time after the return of the "Innocents" Mark Twain was invited to meet the Langdon family, and then he saw the lovely face of the miniature. Olivia Langdon was twenty-two years old at the time. She was at first dazed and fascinated by the rising young genius, then, as his devotion to her became apparent, she conceded, first, admiration, then affection, and finally love. Jervis Langdon, her father, a well-to-do merchant of Elmira, accepted Mark Twain as a suitor from the start and remained his staunch admirer and friend.

There were some doubts at first, as usual, but the continued success of Mark Twain soon brought the Langdon household to a realization of the true value of the man who had asked to join their family.

The wedding took place on February 2, 1870, and the plan of the young people was to go to Buffalo, where Mark Twain was engaged in newspaper work, and take up a modest residence in a boarding house. At least that was Mark Twain's understanding of the matter. When,

however, the day after the wedding, the bride and groom arrived in Buffalo, they found a luxurious sleigh at the station waiting to convey them to the "boarding house" the groom had picked out. They drove and drove, and finally turned into fashionable Delaware Avenue and stopped before an attractive house. The doors were open and inside was a fairyland of lights. There stood all their friends. They were led through beautiful rooms newly appointed and furnished. The bridegroom was dazed and unable to understand the meaning of it all, until his young wife, with her hand on his arm, said, "Don't you understand, Youth, it is all *ours*—everything—a gift from Father." Still he could not understand it until Mr. Langdon brought them a little box and, opening it, handed them the deeds.

Then came the true Mark Twain touch. "Mr. Langdon," he said slowly, "whenever you are in Buffalo, if it is twice a year, come right here. Bring your bag and stay overnight if you want to. It won't cost you a cent."

Thirty-four years of ideal companionship, followed, the happiness of which is beautifully attested by these lines, written on one of Mrs. Clemens' birthdays:

LIVY DARLING: Every day we live together adds to the security of my confidence that we can

never any more wish to be separated than we can imagine a regret that we were ever joined. You are dearer to me today, my child, than you were upon the last anniversary of this birthday; you have grown more and more dear from the first of those anniversaries, and I do not doubt that this precious progression will continue on to the end.



AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS

Mark Twain and his wife at Quarry Farm during the last year of her life



THE OLD HOME TOWN

BY EDGAR WHITE

Hannibal, Missouri, a bustling, wide-awake American city of over twenty thousand, would never be recognized to-day as "the poor little shabby village of St. Petersburg" of Tom Sawyer's day. Indeed, in later years when Mark Twain visited the town of his boyhood he expressed surprise and admiration for its improved appearance and progressiveness.

The mile-wide Mississippi is magnificent there, with "Pirate's Island" just across from the railroad yards, and Lovers' Leap, and Holliday's Hill to the north, blocking the further progress of Main Street, for Hannibal was a "Main Street town in the reign of 'Tom' and 'Huck' and 'Injun Joe.'"

Nature made Hannibal a playground for youth at the cost of not one cent to the municipality. The hand of man could not improve upon it.

It provided a towering hill down which



Photo by E. H. Fraser, Hannibal, Mo.

OFFICE OF JOHN M. CLEMENS

The father of Mark Twain was justice of the peace, and occupied this little old office in Bird Street, Hannibal, Missouri, about 1840



Photo by E. H. Fraser, Hannibal, Mo.

WHERE MARK TWAIN BEGAN TO WORK

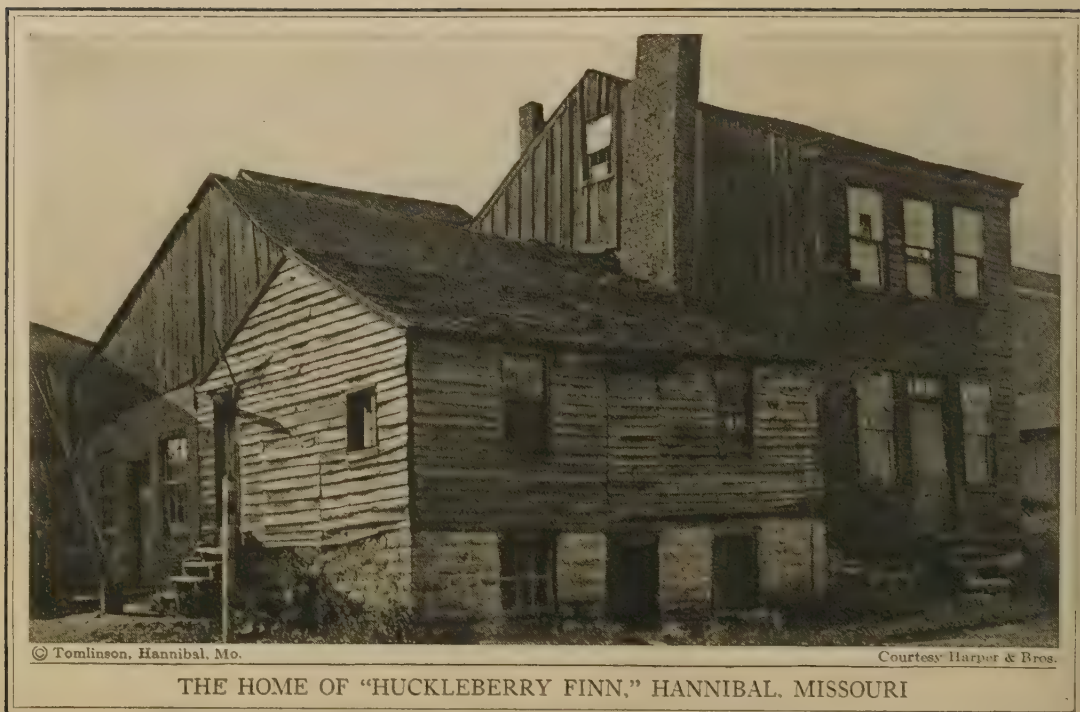
It was in a printing office on the second floor of this building on North Main Street, Hannibal, Missouri, that Mark Twain started to earn money. The four second-story windows show the office

great boulders could be started, to land on the street far below with a delicious crash. It created bays and islands, fishing holes and swimming pools, far-reaching stretches of gloomy woodland, crevices and hollows, and capped it all with a mysterious cave that had no end! "It was said that one might wander days and nights together through its intricate tangle of rifts and chasms, and never find the end of the cave."

Some years ago the writer sauntered through the town one day in quest of some comrades of Clemens' boyhood. He was directed to a certain official, Mr. Blank, who pleasantly said: "Sure, I knew Sam, but he was much older than I was, and I didn't run with his crowd. I'll tell you what: you see Colonel —. He'll tell you all about the sort of boy Sam was."

The colonel was found in his law office. He was not enthusiastic.

"Why do you fellows keep pestering me about Sam Clemens?" he demanded. "Of course I knew him, but not intimately, because he was a good deal older than I was. I tell you what: you see Mr. So-and-So; he's about the right age and can tell you what you want to know."



© Tomlinson, Hannibal, Mo.

Courtesy Harper & Bros.

THE HOME OF "HUCKLEBERRY FINN," HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

The hunt was narrowed down to Doc Buck Brown, who cheerfully admitted he knew Sam well, and that he was a few years older than Sam. Quite an interesting talk followed, the visitor frequently referring to the "distinguished humorist" and "famous world character," as novices do. Finally Doc Brown revolted.

"Oh, I don't know as Sam was such great punkins," he said; "I beat him spelling once at the Friday-night match."

"How was he as a schoolboy, Doc?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Pretty smart?"

"I don't know. The bright boy in our school was Sam Raymond. When there were visitors the teacher would always call on Raymond to set off the fireworks."

"How did Raymond come out in after life?"

"Fine! When he grew up he became a typesetter."

Squire Clemens' little justice office near the river remains as a landmark for one of Mark Twain's most gruesome stories told in "Innocents Abroad." One night, when out late, he didn't care to risk trying to run the blockade at home, so he slipped into his father's office and laid down on the sofa, intending to pass the night there. The moonlight entering the eastern window revealed the presence of another occupant of the office—a dead man who had been brought

in to await an inquest by Squire Clemens in the morning!

"In going out I took most of the sash with me," said Mark Twain, candidly admitting the effect the sight had on his youthful mind.

Some few years before the death of Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan of Hannibal purchased the Clemens house, and presented it to the city as a permanent memorial. It is kept in as near as possible the same shape as when the family occupied it. The little back yard is there, almost exactly as when Jim Wolf, the printer boy, undertaking to shoo away the cats, fell through the grape trellis and landed on the hot candy Parmela and her girl friends put out there to cool. Mrs. Mary Wirtz, the matron, is asked so often by tourists about the "cats" that she has one as a regular attaché of the house to satisfy their curiosity.

The McDaniel store, on the corner of Rock and Main Streets, figured importantly in the life of the Tom Sawyer gang. Mr. Mahan tells the story of the ancient store.

"I got it from Mark Twain himself on one of his visits back here," stated Mr. Mahan. "You will notice something distinctive about the building—the peculiar style of architecture, peculiar even for the early days. Mr. Clemens said it was built or put up along in the forties, the various sections being made in Cincinnati all ready to assemble on arriving.

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Each piece was marked on a diagram so the builder would know how to put it together. The material came by boat, as there were no railways in these parts then. You notice on the front and side are some vertical sections that look like they may have been intended to represent pillars. When Clemens was here he said the boys could understand in a vague way why a man might want to put up phony pillars to set his house off, but they couldn't see why he'd go to the expense of having 'em fluted.

"Then something seemed to strike him, for he solemnly motioned me to stand where I was. He walked briskly across the street, and entered the old store. Presently he returned with a sack in his hand, which he held out to me. He remarked, as if stating an important historical fact, that he'd been *buying candy at that store for sixty years.*"

The Hannibal *Journal*, edited by Orion Clemens, was published on the second floor of the three-story brick building on Main Street. So well is Hannibal up on the story of how young Clemens "spoiled" a watermelon one day by dropping it on the head of a friend below that they can point to you the exact window from which the melon started on the downward flight, which they say was the extreme south window.

Perhaps the most relentless character ever created by Mark Twain was "Injun Joe," the savage half-breed of Hannibal. Readers of Tom Sawyer will remember him well.

But Doc Brown—referred to previously—declared he knew "Injun Joe" well, and that he was not a bad man at all. He said he ran with the boys and helped them in hunting rabbits and 'possums, and showing them good places to fish. "Injun Joe" finally became a deck hand on the ferryboat, he said, and died of pneumonia.

When the Mark Twain statue was erected in River View Park at Hannibal, a question arose about the word "humorist" in the inscription. The monument committee favored it, but Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine opposed it on the ground that Mark Twain's career was far greater than that of a "humorist."

While the matter was being discussed, the writer asked Mr. Mahan how he would classify Missouri's noted son.

"A citizen of the world," replied Mr. Mahan. "That is big enough to cover the matter, for all the world loved Mark Twain." Then he added:

"Take him as a whole, I would say Mark Twain was a man who invested lavishly in humanity's stock, and made the dividends payable to the world."



Photo by E. H. Frazer, Hannibal, Mo.

WHERE MARK *
TWIN BOUGHT *
HIS CANDY *

The McDaniel store, on the corner of Rock and Main Streets, Hannibal, Missouri, near Mark Twain's boyhood home. It figured importantly in his early life and in the story of Tom Sawyer. It still stands in about the same condition as it was when built in the forties



ARK TWAIN MEMORIAL PARK ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

During the year 1923 a Mark Twain Memorial Park was created, consisting of one hundred and six acres of land adjoining the village of Florida, Missouri, where Mark Twain was born and where he played and hunted when a boy. An organization has the matter in charge, and the schools, newspapers, and Mark Twain societies in all the towns of the state are raising the fund required to establish the park and maintain it in a style worthy of the man whose memory it will keep green.

A twelve-year-old camp-fire girl, Ruth Lamson of Moberly, suggested the idea of a park. Ruth and her comrades had enjoyed their vacation amidst the fascinating scenery along the little river for several years, the guests of M. A. Violette, owner of the Mark Twain birthplace at Florida. Mr. Violette had put up several rustic camping houses for the girls, and of course they called him "Dad," which he accepts as a mark of affection—as it is.

"Dad" Violette's camp-fire girls were not the pioneers, however, in discovery that the Salt River country was the prettiest and most

rugged in northern Missouri. Sam Clemens made it the playground of his youth, when he would spend his summers at Florida as the well-loved guest of his remarkable uncle Judge John A. Quarles. The Clemens family lived in Hannibal then.

Judge Quarles ran a store at Florida, and owned a farm near the place. In his autobiography Mark Twain gave a pretty fair inventory of that store from memory, and the prices at which articles were sold. He recalled that, "if a boy bought five or ten cents' worth of anything, he was entitled to half a handful of sugar from the barrel." If the customer were a woman, she was entitled to a spool of thread with her purchase. If a man bought some goods—no matter how trivial—his "prize" was a drink of whisky. Whisky sold then (from 1830 to 1840) at ten cents a gallon!

The author of "Innocents Abroad" returned in his last years to the old Missouri playground, the woodlands they are going to transform into a beautiful park in his honor. In one of his most famous addresses—on the celebration of his attaining three-score years and ten—he voiced his vision of the old playground.

"I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks' purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumacs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle

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of the fallen leaves as we plowed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging amongst the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted; and the papaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain of hickory nuts and of walnuts upon my head when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them when the gusts of wind loosened and sent them down."

"Dad" Violette saved the Clemens home some ten years ago when the owner was about to wreck it for firewood. He bought and repaired it, all but a lean-to, which had rotted too badly to restore. When Mark Twain saw the house on one of his later visits to Florida he commented upon the absence of the lean-to. He remarked that the little house was in better shape than when he saw it after he moved to Hannibal.

Miss Ruth Lamson spoke of the park idea to "Dad" Violette, who immediately became interested. The girl's father, Frank B. Lamson, is secretary of the Moberly Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Lamson decided that, as Mark Twain had been a printer and newspaper man, the men of those crafts should take hold of the matter. The result was the

organization of the Mark Twain Memorial Association.

Mr. Violette has agreed to give the Mark Twain home for the park, together with its valuable contents of pioneer relics. There are two Seth Thomas clocks, one said to be one hundred and thirty-five years old and the other one hundred years. There is an old spinning wheel, also Indian axes, arrow heads, ancient guns and swords, and so on.

In a prominent place in the park it is proposed to erect a statue to represent "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn." The entrance by way of Florida will be through an imposing gateway, the arch overhead bearing the inscription, "Mark Twain Memorial Park."

The Mark Twain Park Association was granted a decree of incorporation in February. The development scheme, as worked out by Horace Major, the University of Missouri landscape artist, includes roads, buildings, landscaping, electric lights, waterworks, and other interesting features.

Newspapers, schools, and interested individuals in Missouri are working enthusiastically over this beautiful memorial to the man who laughed through life, and who made so many millions of his fellow men laugh—and think.



Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

A BEAUTIFUL VISTA IN THE PARK, SHOWING CAMPING HOUSES.



LEAMS OF MARK TWAIN HUMOR

*Selected Incidents and Anecdotes Reflecting
the Unique Character and Whimsical Quality
of the Humorist*

Even as a child Mark Twain gave glimpses of the first outcroppings of the original genius that would one day amaze and entertain the nations. At bedtime he would sit up in bed and tell astonishing tales of the day's adventures, tales that caused his listeners to wonder why the lightning was restrained so long. Friends of his mother asked her if she believed anything the child said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent. The rest is pure gold. Sammy is a well of truth, but you can't bring it all up in one bucket."



One Sunday morning, during his early married life in Buffalo, Clemens noticed smoke pouring from the upper window of the house across the street. The owner and his wife, comparatively newcomers, were seated upon the veranda, evidently not aware of impending danger. The Clemens household thus far had not called on them, but Clemens himself now stepped briskly across the street. Bowing with leisurely politeness, he said:

"My name is Clemens; we ought to have called on you before, and I beg your pardon for intruding now in this informal way, but your house is on fire."



The Clemens home at Hartford was next door to that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mark Twain and the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were the best of neighbors.

Mrs. Stowe was leaving for Florida one

morning, and Clemens ran over early to say goodbye. On his return Mrs. Clemens regarded him disapprovingly:

"Why, Youth," she said, "you haven't on any collar and tie."

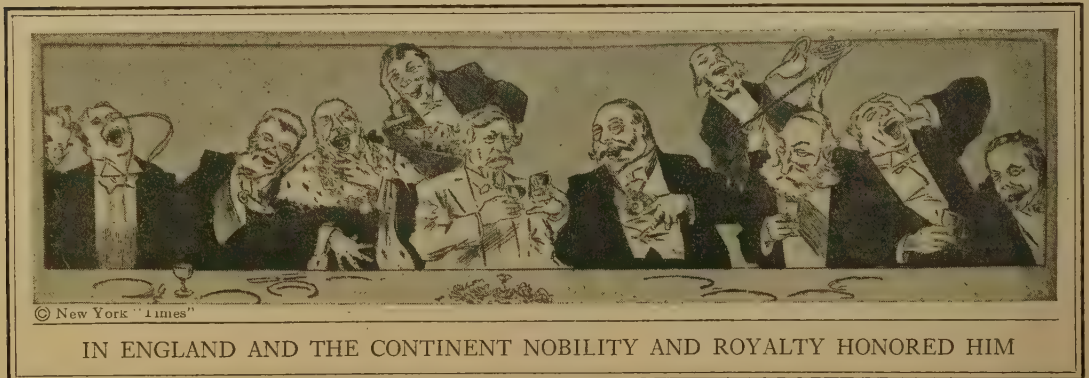
He said nothing, but went up to his room, did up these items in a neat package, and sent it to Mrs. Stowe by a servant, with a line: "Herewith receive a call from the rest of me."



Mark Twain was often subjected to the importunities of young and aspiring authors who sought his advice and, in some cases, asked him to read their manuscripts. One of these had accompanied his request with an inquiry as to the right diet for an author, asking Mark Twain if it was true, as Professor Agassiz had said, that fish was good brain food. Mark Twain replied as follows: "Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brain. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a *couple of whales* would be all you would want for the present. Not



In England he was asked why he always carried a cheap cotton umbrella. He answered: "Because that's the only kind of umbrella that an Englishman won't steal"



© New York Times

IN ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT NOBILITY AND ROYALTY HONORED HIM



“IN ENGLAND EVEN THE HORSES LAUGHED, AND THE BRONZE LIONS OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE SIMPLY ROARED”

According to the caricaturist, everybody and everything in England enjoyed Mark Twain hugely until he really cracked a joke—and then, according to the artist, they were puzzled

the largest kind, but simply good, middling-sized whales.”

✦ ✦ ✦

In the summer of 1889, Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling first met. Kipling, who had just begun to make his name known, was touring the world, and during his trip through the United States he went to Elmira especially to see Mark Twain. The account of the little visit and interview is described by Mark Twain as follows:

“Kipling spent a couple of hours with me, and at the end of that time I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me—and the honors were easy. I believe that he knew more than any person I had met be-

fore, and I knew that he knew that I knew less than any person he had met before—though he did not say it, and I was not expecting that he would. . . . He is a most remarkable man—and I am the other one. Between us we cover all knowledge: he knows all that can be known, and I know the rest.”

✦ ✦ ✦

A habit of which he was specially fond was that of reading and writing in bed. One day a reporter who had permission to interview him called while he was in bed. At the doorway the reporter paused, and Mrs. Clemens asked her husband through the half-opened door, “Youth, don’t you think it would be a

little embarrassing for him—your being in bed?”

Mark Twain's easy, deliberate voice replied, "Why, Livy, if you think so, we might have the other bed made up for him."

✱ ✱ ✱

During the last few years of his life, while living in the beautiful home that he had built at Redding, Connecticut, Mark Twain was visited by burglars. Their enterprise was a failure, for they were caught red-handed and turned over to the law. Mark Twain then tacked on the front door: "NOTICE to the Next Burglar: There is nothing but plated ware in this house now and henceforth. You will find it in that brass thing in the dining-room over in the corner by the basket of kittens. If you want the basket, put the kittens in the brass thing. Do not make a noise; it disturbs the family. You will find rubbers in the front hall by that thing which has the umbrellas in it; chiffonier, I think they call it, or pergola, or something like that. Please close the door when you go!"

✱ ✱

Mark Twain had a curious fondness for calculations, and for diversion often turned to mathematics. At such times he would cover pages with his ciphering, usually arriving at the wrong results. One night in his home at Riverdale he figured the relative proportion of his expenditures to his income. The result showed that he was headed straight for financial disaster. He put in the rest of the night fearfully rolling and tossing, and reconstructing figures that grew always worse, and next morning summoned his daughters, Jean and Clara, and petrified them with a forecast of approaching ruin.

Figuring it all over again carefully, he then announced with a sigh of relief: "It was a

mistake. When I came down in the morning, a gray and aged wreck, I found that in some unaccountable way (unaccountable to a business man, but not to me) I had multiplied the totals by two. I dropped seventy-five years on the floor where I stood!"

✱ ✱ ✱

The humor that was an essential flavor of Mark Twain's character throughout the rich seventy-four years of his life dominated him even in his last suffering hours. In April, 1910, he came home from Bermuda in a dying condition, attended by his faithful Claude and Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, his friend and biographer. In the face of suffering, and while drowsy with opiates and propped up with pillows to give him breathing space in his cabin on the ship, his sense of humor did not desert him. Once when the ship rolled, his hat fell from the hook and made a circuit of the cabin floor. Though his eyes were dim with pain, the essential whimsy in him seized on that trifling incident.

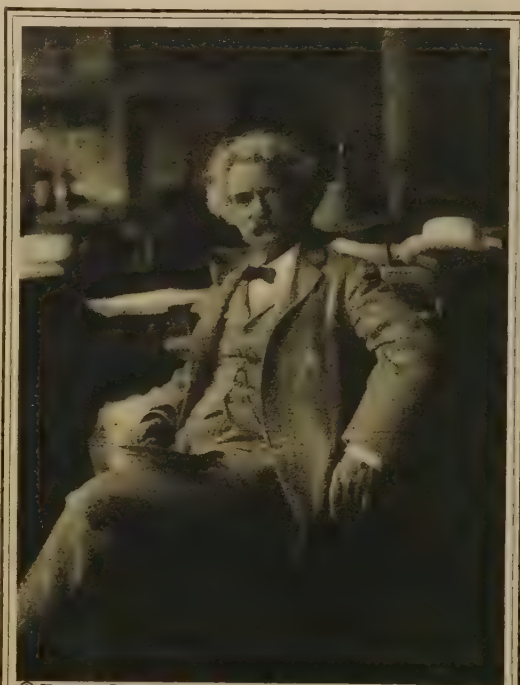
"Look," he said, "the ship is passing round the hat."

✱ ✱

A year before his death, while delivering one of his talks on astronomy, he had said:

"I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet. The Almighty said, no doubt: 'Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.' Oh! I am looking forward to that."

He was not to be disappointed. On Wednesday night, April 20, 1910, the mysterious messenger of his birth-year shone clear in the sky, in its perihelion, and on the following evening he died.



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IN THE OFFICE OF HIS PUBLISHERS

A photograph taken in his last years as he sat in the old Harper & Brothers publishing house in Franklin Square, New York

THE ELEPHANT

IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

BY

DR. W. T. HORNADAY, CARL E. AKELEY, AND CHARLES MAYER



MOUNTED GROUP OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS

Prepared by Carl E. Akeley and his assistants at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, for the great African Hall, which is to serve as a state memorial to Theodore Roosevelt. The bull elephant of the group was shot in Africa by Mr. Akeley, the female by Col. Roosevelt

IN RUDYARD KIPLING'S story, "My Lord, the Elephant," the East Indian mahout exclaims: "God knows who made elephants. He would not kill me, except he were 'musth' (mad). Then would he kill me before any one in the world, because he loves me. Such is the custom of elephants." The story of the elephant, wild and tame, mad and gentle, the foe of man and the friend of man, is told in the following pages.



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SHOWING OFF THE BABY

A Ceylon elephant mother, seemingly very proud of her newly arrived offspring. A baby elephant is one of the few animals born in full possession of all its faculties. At birth, it weighs about two hundred pounds and is about a yard high. Like a puppy or kitten, it is frolicsome and playful and always willing to start a game



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HE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

By

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

DIRECTOR NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK



Courtesy Frederick Roth
and Metropolitan Museum

The supreme thrill of civilized children is broadcast in one shrill and piercing cry: "The Elephants Are Coming!"

And oh, man! Never while life endures can we forget that grand and glorious feeling when we boys from the farm piled into Eddyville, Iowa, in 1861 and were electrified by that moving mountain of wrinkled gray hide, flapping ears, unbelievable trunk, and enormous white tusks known as "Old Tippoo Sahib," of the Van Amberg show. Those tusks almost touched the ground; and by that well-remembered token we know that Tippoo really was a whaling big elephant. I am sure that his equal among Indian elephants does not now live anywhere this side of India and the Far East.

Even the largest traveling shows of to-day have no such splendid old



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THE AWKWARD SQUAD



Half a dozen youngsters being taught a few fancy steps in the circus' winter quarters. These two-year-olds seem willing enough to learn, but appear to have trouble coordinating their paws and trunks to the commands

THE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

"he-ones" as Tippoo was. The showmen are afraid to carry on with them. They are too prone to go on rampages, raise Cain, and even kill visitors. People are now much more expensive than they used to be. Damage suits are easy, and, in awarding personal damages, many juries are absolutely merciless. The traveling showmen are wise, and commendable for their caution. To-day the standardized herd of show elephants, big or small, consists chiefly of modest and inoffensive spinsters, mostly immature, who earn their bread and hay by honest labor and make no fuss about The Life.

Although the Americans now have no free wild elephants of their own, they have not always been thus bereft. The time was, and that not one day more than thirty thousand years ago, that magnificent hairy mammoths from *twelve to thirteen feet high*, wandered over western Alaska, clear up to Charlie Brower's place at Point Barrow, and were trailed by the somewhat smaller mastodons. I can prove this by a fine mammoth tusk of fossil ivory that was presented to me by Alaska's delegate to Congress, Dan A. Sutherland, and by some huge molar teeth of both mammoth and mastodon coinage, from Charlie Brower.

From Alaska the great hairy mammoth marched down the west coast of North America to Oregon, California, and central Mexico. In the United States it split off two or three new star-spangled species that ranged eastward across the United States to Indiana, Kentucky, and elsewhere. The



© K. V.

CORRALLING A ✧
HERD OF ✧
WILD ELEPHANTS ✧

One of the two methods used in capturing wild Indian elephants consists in using tamed elephants as decoys. The decoys lead the unsuspecting neophytes into a stockade, where the latter are hobbled



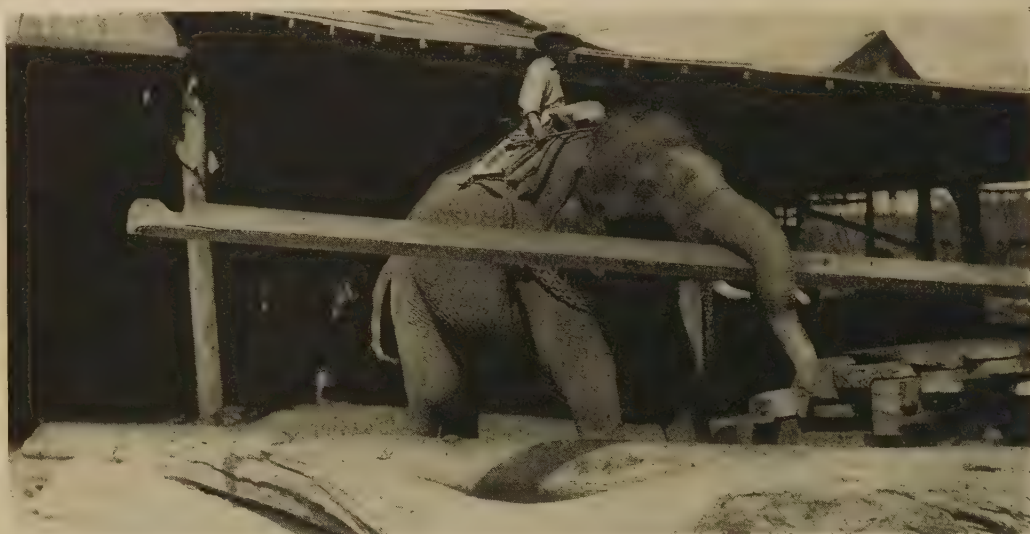
A BATH AND THEN
A REFRESHING SWIM

Elephants are excellent swimmers and can stay in the water five or six hours without touching bottom. The animals shown in the picture have just had their faces and bodies cleaned of paint used to decorate them for the durbar procession in honor of the King of England's coronation

great American mastodon also traveled south and east and finally fetched up in eastern New York, where it sank down in various bogs and safely buried skeletons of itself for the benefit of the natural history museums of 1924. The "Cohoes Mastodon" is in Albany, the "Warren" skeleton is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The living wild elephants of to-day consist chiefly of fragments and remnants inhabiting shreds and patches of the interior and most remote jungles of southern, eastern, and equatorial Africa, southern India, Ceylon, Assam, Burma, Siam, French Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and British North Borneo. They have been divided by nature into two groups, Indian and African. All the elephants of Asia and Malayana are of one species only, the Indian (*Elephas indicus*), marked by small triangular ears, two huge dome-like bumps on the two halves of the forehead, five toes on each front foot and four on the hind. The body is huge and bulky, and the legs are short and thick. The tusks average much shorter and smaller than those of the large African species. The very longest Indian tusk on record is eight feet nine inches long, seventeen and one-fourth inches in circumference, and weighs eighty-one pounds. There are only four tusks on record that exceed eight feet, and in Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game" the recorded tusks go down as low as four feet four and one-half inches.

The height of the largest male Indian elephants is involved in doubt.



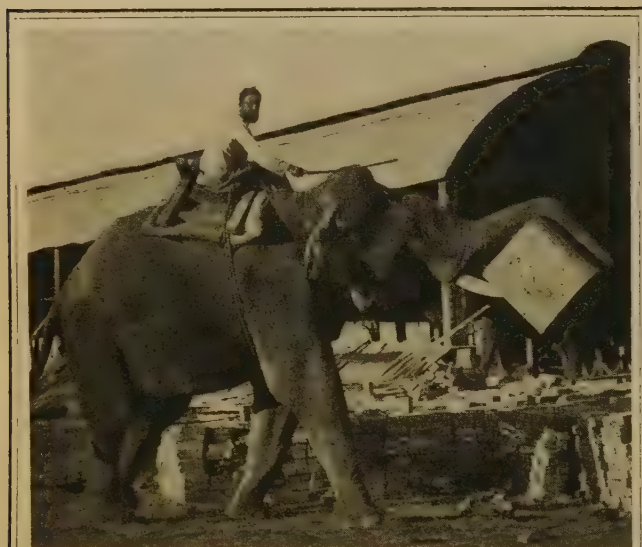
A MOVABLE HIGH-POWERED DERRICK

In Asia, elephants are used for all sorts of work—pushing down trees, pulling stumps, drawing carts, and lifting and carrying heavy loads

Presumably the finest examples of the species are those that have matured in a wild state, and therefore are not measurable on the hoof. When a big elephant is dead, probably no man on earth could measure its shoulder height as it lies and hit upon the figure representing its standing height when alive. Nor is it likely that any two men could measure a dead elephant and find their figures for height in agreement. The position of the dead fore leg is a puzzle. As that member lies prone and relaxed in death, it would be

almost impossible to know how much to push it up into the shoulder in order to place it just as in life.

We know that among captive Indian elephants a male standing nine feet eight inches at the shoulder is a mighty big one. We read of dead ones that measured ten feet eight inches, and one of eleven feet, but we doubt the accuracy of the operation. As for myself, I am perfectly certain that no Indian elephant ever measured ten feet nine inches on the hoof, because that was the



EXPERT JUGGLING

An elephant never uses its trunk for rough or heavy work, but only to balance objects that he carries on his tusks



height of Jumbo, a very big African. The late G. P. Sanderson, a man of many elephants, never measured an Indian bull that exceeded nine feet eight inches.

The lozenge-shaped ridges of enamel on the otherwise flat grinding surface of the molar teeth, and also other characteristics, have caused zoölogists to erect the African elephants into an independent group known as the *genus* *Loxodonta*. The precise number of species that exist in this group is involved in some doubt, according to the accepted author in the case, and we will not here embark on the stormy sea of classification. It is quite sufficient for the purposes of the general reader to know that in all Africa there really are at least four or five perfectly good species of elephants. Of these at least three are huge, one is just medium, and the last one is a genuine pygmy.

The whaling big African elephants, like dead Jumbo and our living Kartoum, are dotted through the Egyptian Sudan and Uganda Territory, Kenia Province (formerly British East Africa), Tanganyika Territory (*né* German East), and south-





Courtesy W. T. Hornaday

KARTOUM, ❖ ❖
THE FENCE-BREAKER

One of the troublesome inmates who has given the keepers of the New York Zoö-logical Park an increasing amount of anxiety

ward to Rhodesia, the Transvaal, and Natal. You must go far and hunt long to find any.

The elephants of the now famous Addo Bush represent a small species (eight feet high), and it is safe to say that no one hundred and twenty elephants on earth ever perplexed and worried a good government as much as did that particular bunch. The Addo Bush is a very small, isolated forest, quite surrounded by new farms, including numerous irrigation ditches. Pressed by shortage of food in their preserve, the elephants naturally raided the farms, seeking what they might devour. They ate much and spoiled more; and the unhappy farmers appealed to the government for relief from too much elephant in their cosmos. The government thought of relief measures. A fence all around the Bush was utterly impossible, for several reasons. Again, the elephants could not be moved without catching and crating and hauling them, which was impossible. And no one wanted elephants to work, so there were no "*keddah* operations."

The one last and most lamentable resort was to destroy all but a few of the elephants who had no place to go, and trust that a preserved remnant would not become another unbearable infliction upon the farmers. Major Pretorius was engaged to do the shooting; and, because it is everywhere a painful subject, the less said about it the better.

The big African elephants, measured from the White Nile and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan clear down southward to Natal and the Orange River, are

THE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

the largest of all living elephants. The longest, and the most beautiful, tusks in existence came from an elephant that was shot by an American, about twenty-five years ago, a short distance south of the Abyssinian border, and presently landed in the possession of King Menelik. By various channels they finally found their way into the ivory market of London, where they were purchased by Rowland Ward.

A very brief time thereafter they were offered to the New York Zoölogical Society, snapped up by cable, and, by the late Charles T. Barney, presented to the National Collection of Heads and Horns, in Bronx Park. The longest tusk measures eleven feet five and one-half inches, its greatest circumference is eighteen inches, and the weight of the pair is two hundred and ninety-two pounds. They are from the Sudan elephant species (named in Latin *Loxodonta oxyotis*), the colossal big-eared animal, two specimens of which have been measured (dead) in British East Africa by the two very competent American taxidermist-naturalists, Carl E. Akeley and Herbert Lang, as



A WEST AFRICAN PYGMY

These miniatures of their larger cousins are celebrated for what scientists do not know about them. They belong to a distinct species of the elephant family



GUNDA, WHO BROKE HIS TUSK ATTACKING HIS KEEPER

Gunda was an Indian elephant who was born bad. As a youngster he was ridden in Bronx Park, but on reaching maturity he became dangerous. After numerous attacks on his keeper he was condemned to death and shot by Carl E. Akeley

being eleven feet four inches standing height at the shoulders. This measurement I accept without question as being reliable.

Jumbo, of the London Zoo, and lastly of the Barnum show, was carefully measured (surreptitiously) in 1883 in the show at Madison Square Garden by George Elder, a pole jumper, and Robert Gilfort, an acrobat, and found to be precisely ten feet nine



CIRCUS DAY AT
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. ❖

Each spring, when the circus comes to New York City, a sawdust ring is set up in the court of Bellevue Hospital and a free show given for all the patients. Here an elephant is shown doing what trainers say is his most difficult trick—lying down flat on his side

inches. The heaviest African elephant tusk of authentic record is one in the British Museum of Natural History, which is ten feet two and one-half inches long and weighs two hundred and twenty-six and one-half pounds.

In what is now Tanganyika Territory, Africa, there is found a species of elephant with much smaller and more regularly triangular ears than those of the Sudan species, which is known as *Loxodonta kochenhaueri*—a barbarous name to bestow upon an elephant that is too far away to put up a fight. Down in Cape Colony the Cape elephant is *Loxodonta capensis*. Over on the west coast of equatorial Africa is a third species of little-known character, but I never have been able to get a good line upon it.

Now, however, we reach the foot of the list of African elephants, and find there a species in which I feel a thoroughgoing proprietary interest. It is the now-celebrated pygmy West African elephant, the most sharply differentiated of all the African elephants. Day or night, as far as you can see one, you can recognize it by its little semicircular ears, its miniature tusks, and its five front and four rear toes. Its body is short, thick, and heavy, and it totally lacks the long-legged and rangy appearance of other African elephants.

Its tusks alone are sufficient to fix this species firmly on the rock of perpetuity. Our first pygmy accession, actually the "type specimen" on which the new species was founded, was Congo, who arrived in our midst in 1905. When he appeared to be fully grown, his height was six feet one inch and his weight was twenty-seven hundred pounds. His tusks were twenty-three inches long outside the lip, and in thickness they were about the size of a lady's wrist. Now, look at the tusks of any East African elephant of the



age that Congo was then (about seventeen years), and you will find them of a totally different pattern. The equation will stand precisely as follows: East African tusks are to pygmy tusks as brogans are to satin slippers.

The pygmy elephant is celebrated for what the world doesn't know about it. We have had Congo from the late lamented German Cameroon country. The last one, Tiny, still a frolicsome, winsome little girl, came twenty months ago from near Fernan Vaz, French West Africa. We know of two others that came from the lower Kassai River country, and there the trail ends. The ivory market of the Cameroon country once handled hundreds of pygmy elephant tusks, "none of them over three feet long," so said my informant; but the independence of the pygmy species was not discovered and declared until in 1905!

It seems to me that the world's elephant population of our days and times was at its maximum about 1850, or seventy-five years ago. It was then that ivory hunting was a thriving industry at "the Cape," in Natal, the hinterland opposite Zanzibar, and in all the Upper Nile countries. Those were the days of big-bore guns, two-ounce round balls of pure lead, and enormous expenditures of black powder.

On the plains of South Africa, Gordon-Cumming, a famous elephant slayer, used to shoot elephants in the shoulder, then gallop alongside them, loading and firing as he rode, until the animals either succumbed or escaped. He related how he once had to fire *forty* two-ounce balls into a single elephant before bringing it down.

The list of Englishmen who have figured in the books of African adventure as professional tusk hunters is a long one. A few of the outstanding figures of

THE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

our time are Anderson, Gordon-Cumming, Sir Samuel Baker, F. C. Selous, Neumann, and James Sutherland. There are scores of others who might be named.

In his day and time Arthur H. Neumann was a great slaughterer of elephants. In his book he relates with pride and satisfaction, as his greatest triumph, the killing of fourteen elephants in one day! Just pause for a moment and think of it. A whole herd of great but slow-growing animals, wonderful almost beyond compare, and the patriarchs of a fast-vanishing genus, wiped out of existence in one brief day, by one sordid hunter, confessedly cruel by nature—and who a little later blew out his own brains in London, and went to meet his reward.

The slaughter of African elephants for their ivory is not by any means a dead industry. It is a going enterprise to-day. Only last year (1922) the government of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan advertised in the newspaper published at Khartoum, the capital, ivory-hunting licenses for sale in assorted sizes from ten-head permits up to one hundred! This is being done to reduce the elephant risks and damages to pioneer settlers and farmers.

Similar permits are issued for certain districts in Tanganyika Territory, wherein elephants were, and still are, unmitigated pests to the unhappy natives having *shambas* (cultivated fields) in their spheres of influence. When a herd of hungry elephants proceeds to raid a native village and eat up the whole year's crop of food, it is a mighty serious thing for the natives. Mr. Don A. Baxter, an observing American traveler and sportsman who but re-



ROYAL TIGER
HUNT ❖

In India, hunting tigers from the backs of elephants is one of the principal sports of the native rulers and their guests

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cently returned from East Africa, states that in the Kaski District of Tanganyika there are probably about five thousand elephants, and the lot of the native inhabitants of that district is anything but a happy one. It is the cow and calf elephants that are the most industrious and persistent in clearing up native plantations.

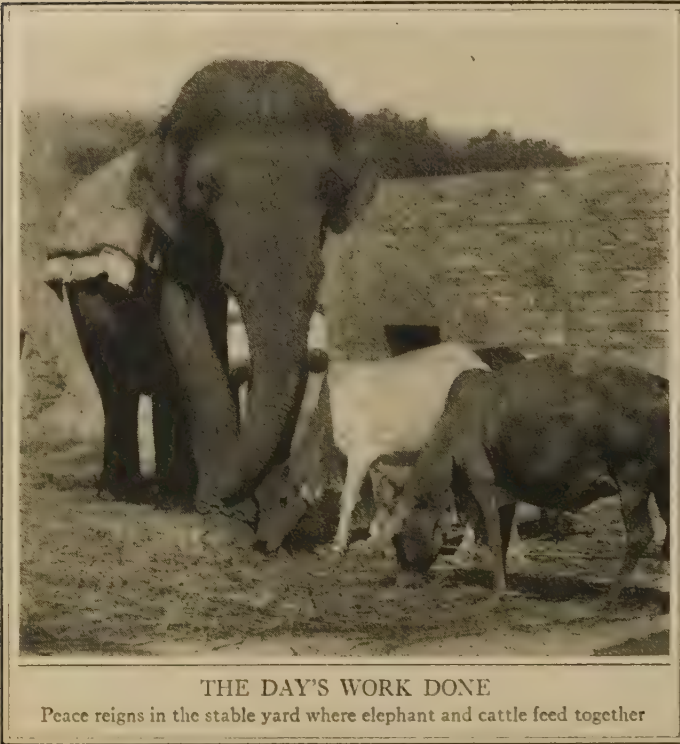
For hunting in the elephant-ridden district, there is the "governor's license," which can be issued to kill any number of pest elephants from ten up to one hundred. In Kenia Province and Tanganyika Territory, the ordinary hunters' license is for one, two, or three elephants only, as the sportsman may elect; and the fees are in proportion. Mr. Baxter says: "The governments of these two provinces, both of which I visited, have the elephant situation thoroughly in hand. No elephants can be killed, and not a tusk of ivory can be exported, without the knowledge of the government concerned; and no tusk or elephant trophy or specimen can be shipped out unless it bears the government stamp. If a tusk weighs less than thirty pounds, it cannot be exported." To me there is less of real sportsmanship and less of keen enjoyment of the chase in killing an elephant than in any other big-game hunting in Africa known to me. When I killed a big old bull elephant, I felt as if I had cut down a giant oak tree a hundred years old that no effort of mine ever could replace.

In speaking of permits and fatalities to elephant hunters, by way of illustration, Mr. Baxter related a harrowing bit of recent jungle history. While en route to Mombasa he was offered by a Mr. Allen Black one half of a



BEFORE
THE HUNT

Forty-five elephants lined up for inspection before starting out to hunt tigers in the jungles of India



one-hundred-elephant permit good for use on "pest" elephants in Tanganyika, where the natives of the ravaged districts wanted him. Mr. Baxter elected to go on an old-fashioned collecting trip in Kenia Province, on a two-of-a-kind basis. Eventually Mr. Black's permit was divided, one half being given to a Captain Townley and the other to a Mr. Hearst. When about two weeks out, Captain Townley lost his life through the accidental discharge of

the rifle carried by his gun bearer. A few weeks later Mr. Hearst was caught and killed by a big bull elephant that he was attempting to bring down.

Mr. Baxter says that "if governor's permits are not given out too freely, the wild elephants of East Africa will not be wiped out in the next hundred years." Truly, this is good news.

In South Africa, only the remnants of former elephant abundance now remain. In the Belgian Congo Territory and in French West Africa, there seems to be no surplus elephant population, and no such elephant ravages as there are to cope with in the Sudan and in Tanganyika Territory. The officers and members of the admirable and active London Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the British Empire have for years been pressing the British Government, and all other governments owning colonial real estate in Africa, to stop all systematic slaughter for ivory alone, to stop the killing and marketing of elephant tusks of small size, to make government game preserves (there are already about a dozen such), and, in short, to do everything that ought to be done to preserve properly and sensibly the greatest game of the greatest game continent of the world.

At present the excellently managed protected elephants of India—in Mysore, the Wynaad Forest, Cochin and the Animallai Hills, Ceylon, Burma, and Siam—seem to be in a good state of conservation. They are regarded as valuable state assets, and are treated accordingly. The day of the work elephant, in the timber forest and on the rough jungle road, has by no means passed. The annual elephant fair and auction that regularly is held

THE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

a short distance north of Calcutta still attracts about two thousand salable elephants each year, and makes an important event in Indian elephant history.

The training and working of elephants is one of the most fascinating chapters in the lore of wild-animal intelligence and training. Without loss of time I hasten to assure the reader that the officers of the Belgian Government, diligently working in the far interior of the Congo Territory for the past twenty years, have conclusively proved that the African elephant *can* be successfully caught and trained to service, along lines substantially parallel with those pursued with the Indian species. Unfortunately, however, the African blacks have not the slightest foundation of tame-elephant tradition and inherited elephant knowledge on which to build, and the Belgian officers found the Upper Congo negro as difficult to tame and train as the wild elephants of the jungle.

In India, the elephant-loving natives have for countless generations been catching wild elephants by wholesale trapping operations, breaking them, training them, and working them as regularly as horses and oxen. Elephant breeding is not pursued, for the very good reason that the process of rearing elephants from birth to adolescence is too slow and too expensive. It is a



EAR MUFFS, ✦
OVERCOAT, AND ✦
OVERSHOES ✦

In Canada, Horatius finds himself far from the tropical heat of his native India. He doesn't object to a morning stroll through the icy streets provided he can wear the comfortable winter outfit which his owners have furnished



hundred times more expeditious and economical to build a *keddah*, catch a whole herd of adult elephants in a few days, and in six weeks or so train them and put them to work earning an honest living. The shameless manner in which members of the Elephant Alumnæ Association cajole and bamboozle the newly caught wild elephants in the *keddah* (capture pen) while the noosers get their ropes around the feet of the wild ones without being killed is rather shocking to the high judicial mind. Without the use of tame elephants as decoys the capture and breaking of the wild ones would indeed be a tough job.

It is at this point that the most marvelous feature of the elephant mind comes to view. Here it is:

Without any exceptions, *every* wild Indian elephant quickly learns that mind is superior to brute force, that it is wisest to accept the inevitable, and to become a cheerful and dependable civilized worker. This is

not equally true of any other adult wild animal with which we are acquainted. Of chimpanzees, orangs, baboons, monkeys, lions, tigers, leopards, and bears, the individuals captured when fully adult are practically impossible for training. Of those species it is only the most intelligent individuals, reared from childhood in captivity, who respond to training, and are worth the effort to train them. In all those species, and also including horses and dogs, stupid individuals are common, and all such have to be discarded. Now, is it not remarkable that *every* elephant can become a trained performer?

The normal elephant has a sanguine and serene temperament, his nerves are not jumpy, his perceptive faculties and his memory are keen and precise, and his patience is infinite.

The number of things that an Indian elephant can be taught to do, and do correctly, is limited only by the mental capacity and industry of his trainer. Some of the elephant "acts" this day on the American vaudeville stage are simply marvelous. And the end is not yet. When some particularly ambitious and intelligent trainer by and by appears before the public with an

THE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

elephant who can take a piece of chalk and write words upon a blackboard, we will not be at all surprised. I am sure that it can be done, and in the near future.

The most fascinating wild-animal sight of all India is a group of elephants at work on a busy day. Once upon a time (the time of my life!) it was my good luck to see, week after week, a lot of work elephants performing their daily tasks. Not only did I see them in the timber forest and on the trail, but once I lived for about two weeks in a bamboo hut in a big camp of working elephants. The old white-bearded "elephant doctor" was my best friend. Each morning the whole detachment (about thirty head) fell into line in front of the cook's hut to receive, each one, a huge ball of boiled rice and a small lump of horrid brown sugar. Then they were marched down to the little mountain stream and permitted to drink. After that, they broke up into detachments, and each one briskly marched away into the jungle to where teak logs had been cut, hewn, and made ready for dragging.

The business of the elephants was to drag those big square logs, each with a "drag hole" cut at one end, over the moist and slippery floor of the forest to the top of a two-thousand-foot slide. There the workmen start the logs down the granite mountain side to the edge of the level plain below. I have seen some logging operations, but never anywhere else have I seen another trick turned like that.

In getting those logs in position at the top of the chute, the elephants knew as much about the business as the men. On account of the primitive manner of dragging, the elephants came into far closer touch with their mahouts than do elephants who drag by means of comfortable collars and traces. A big rope of soft bark was tied into the drag hole of a log, the elephant took the frayed-out other end between his molar teeth—crosswise, to bring all eight molars into action—and thus gripping the rope, with the head turned partly to one side, he heaved his great bulk forward, and the log had to follow or smash. But I never O.K.'d that method. It was unbusinesslike and unfair. It



WHAT A "FULL DINNER PAIL" MEANS TO AN ELEPHANT

This fellow is bringing home his own supper. His diet consists chiefly of grasses, succulent stalks of bamboo, cocoanut, and the bark of some trees. A hearty meal for an elephant weighs about a quarter of a ton

put a very improper strain on the neck vertebræ and muscles; and, besides, the elephant in the case could by no means exert all his potential strength.

In the East Indies the work elephant and his mahout are just

partners in the day's work. The wise animal kneels to receive his pad and his load; and he rarely kicks about the classification of the freight. It may be crates of live chickens, field artillery, and ammunition; food, liquors, live sahibs and memsahibs, or dead tigers: it is all the same to him. He will even take on a howdah with a green sportsman in it, and go out to hunt tigers in grass seven feet high, at the imminent risk of being shot by his own bronco sportsman or some other one.

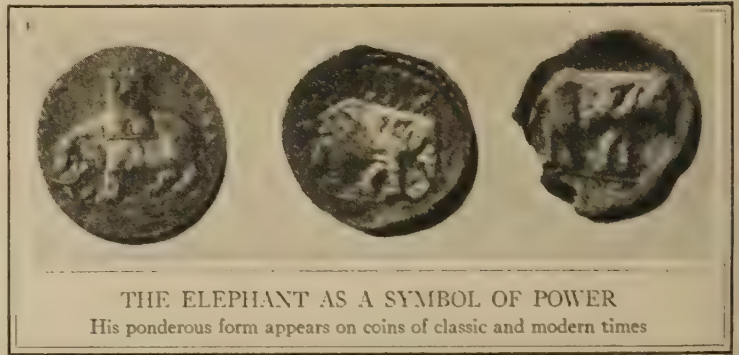
If it is your elephant's first tiger hunt, and the first tiger put up is only wounded, and starts to climb up your elephant's trunk to reach both mahout and sportsman, your elephant may lose his nerve and bolt for the rear; in which case that section of the hunt may terminate against a stout overhanging branch of an unlucky tree. The seasoned elephant, however, who has good courage and has hunted tigers before, is not stampeded by a furious tiger climbing up his head, and the hunter in the howdah then has a fair chance to shoot the tiger off its perch.

The achievements of actor elephants on the stage and in the show ring are well known. Some of them are marvelous exhibitions of keen and correct understanding, accurate memory, perfect obedience, and mechanical skill.

In our eighteen years of elephant maintenance and display in the New York Zoölogical Park, we have had few difficult cases. Gunda, a male Indian elephant who was born bad, grew up worse, and ended the worst of all elephants, is well known individually and by reputation to millions of people. For a time, while in his teens, he was amenable to reason, was ridden all about the park, and carried thousands of visitors on his back. But on reaching full maturity he became dangerous, and the last five years of his checkered life were devoted to efforts to kill certain marked victims.

When finally I sounded the depth of Gunda's unhappiness, and measured the length and breadth of his determination to "get" his keepers, Walter Thuman and I went out for a quiet walk in the park while Mr. Carl E. Akeley, the elephant collector and sculptor-taxidermist, neatly and skilfully put poor old Gunda out of the way.

Our female Indian elephant, Alice, is erratic and hysterical whenever she is taken outside of her private park, and her specialty is wildly bolting into



THE ELEPHANT AS A SYMBOL OF POWER
His ponderous form appears on coins of classic and modern times

THE ELEPHANT IN JUNGLE, ZOO, AND CIRCUS

buildings that were not built for her. For an elephant this is in bad form; and once, when she bolted into the Reptile House, it jarred our nerves. Since that stirring event, wherein about eleven small snake cases were smashed, Alice has been officially under arrest and confined to her quarters. But she bears no malice, and seemingly has no thought of attacking anyone.

A word in conclusion about the chance of the elephants of Africa to survive the present mad craze for the slaughter of big game.

Into the high, open, and healthful plateau regions of eastern Africa white settlers are going, intent upon making farms and homes. The colonial governments of Africa will not countenance interference with or injury to those pioneers by destructive wild elephants. As between elephants and settlers, the wild beasts will have to give way. But there should be no wild hysteria of elephant killing because in a few places there is some excuse for it.

We hold that, in order to provide mounted specimens of elephants for museums the killing of a few elephants is justified. A sportsman when furnished with a permit to kill an elephant should be required to pledge himself to save its skin, skeleton, skull, or head to be mounted and placed on exhibition in a public museum.

We are assured that the Belgian Government is now considering the measures that should be taken to conserve and protect the valuable wild animals of its Congo Territory.

There is one danger of which all elephant-owning countries in Africa must beware. That is the owning and use of modern high-power rifles and fixed ammunition by natives. I speak of it here because of the new modern rifles recently obtained by the Arctic coast Eskimos, who, with them, *already* have exterminated the muskox of the Canadian Barren Grounds, save an estimated one hundred or less.

A hundred years from now Africa will be swarming with white people, gridironed by railroads, crowded with automobiles, and dotted all over with cities and towns. Then there will be five million rifles and pump-guns in use, and one or two of the Africanders who have no commercial interests at stake will be regretfully writing about "Our Vanished Game."



REMBRANDT'S CONCEPTION OF A YOUNG ELEPHANT

From an etching made in 1637



Courtesy Carl E. Akeley

AN UNEXPECTED
VISITOR ❖ ❖

An elephant cow of the Uganda which came within excellent photographing distance, but a little too near for the photographer's peace of mind



ARL E. AKELEY AND HIS WORK

NATURALIST, BIG-GAME HUNTER, TAXIDERMIST.
SCULPTOR, AND INVENTOR



"The African elephant is a hard fellow to know. Civilization may tame him, but it will never thoroughly understand him."

So Carl E. Akeley recently expressed himself. The artist-naturalist has made four trips to Africa—once as the companion of Theodore Roosevelt. Probably no other man has studied the African elephant so closely. He goes to Africa primarily to observe and only secondarily to hunt, and his reason for hunting is that scientific collections may have specimens of the animals that are becoming extinct.

"Only the elephant, the Cape buffalo, the rhinoceros, and sometimes the lion will attack unprovoked." When Carl Akeley tells you that, he tells something he did not learn in a book. He has been all but crushed by an elephant that went for him like a terrier after a rat. He has choked a leopard to death, with one hand at its neck and the other, mangled, down its throat. He has shot four of a band of five gorillas led by a three-hundred-and-sixty-pound patriarch. He has had extraordinary experiences with other wild animals, and each one has contributed to his fund of knowledge.



Courtesy Martin Johnson

THE THRILL OF
A LIFETIME ✦

On the plains of British East Africa, two huge elephants making a preliminary survey of the situation. Shortly after this photograph was snapped one of these two tuskers threatened to charge Mrs. Johnson, who is standing with her rifle at the ready

CARL E. AKELEY AND HIS WORK

Of all the beasts of Africa, however, the elephant is his favorite. That the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the Field Museum of Chicago have huge mounted groups which will stand as monuments of jungle life when there is no longer jungle or elephant is due not only to Carl Akeley's study of animals in their home but also to his creation of a new method of taxidermy. It was for this that he studied sculpture, and as a sculptor, too, he has won celebrity with bronzes that show the elephant charging or at play—moments in the beast's life observed at close range. From his studio in a wing of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, he directs a corps of sculptors, castmen, and taxidermists employed in the Department of Preparation.

The African elephant, larger and wilder than the Indian, has more character. He is as susceptible of training, Mr. Akeley believes, but conditions have not been the same in Africa as in India. "Elephants are costly as work animals; training them as mounts is a prince's game. There is one farm in the Congo where sixty elephants have been at school for ten years or more, but that is an experiment. Only a few African elephants have been brought to America alive. (There is a big one in New York, and one in Washington.) There is no good in studying the elephant in captivity; he deteriorates mentally and even physically. In the wild his trunk may measure seven



"AFRICAN ELEPHANT RUNNING," By the celebrated French sculptor, Antoine Louis Barye



"INDIAN ELEPHANT RUNNING," By Barye

Note the difference in the skull formation, the ears, and the shape of the tusks

feet round at the base between the tusks; in captivity it shrinks to possibly half that.

"The elephant at home never lies down: that, at least, is true of all the races of elephants with which I have worked. Even when he is standing he shifts his feet constantly. I have seen only one bit of flattened grass where an elephant had lain, and that one we traced: he lay down to rub his back, which was inflamed from an arrow. His leg and foot are constructed to be tireless. The foot is cushioned, heavily corrugated. I brought home one foot which measured sixty-seven and one-half inches round the sole. The heel of this one had been worn smooth. The ear of this elephant measured seven feet five inches by four feet six inches: I made a table top of it.

"And consider the trunk—next to the human hand, the most wonderful of all anatomical mechanism. It is a network of muscles; you could not count them. The tip is as sensitive as a surgeon's fingers, but the elephant can pick up a ton as easily as a pin. If he lost four inches off the tip he would be a goner; he could not adapt himself to browsing in time to save his life, and it is unlikely that his friends would help him."

Elephants do aid one another, however. "The Wounded Comrade," one of Mr. Akeley's bronzes, shows a tottering bull being led from the field, supported by another of the herd on each side: it is based on an incident related to Mr. Akeley by another hunter. He himself has seen the cows of a herd



JUNGLE SPORTS

Two young elephants, three-quarters grown, at play in the African forest

trying to lift with their tusks a bull that had fallen under a shot. It was in 1911—during a hunt of a year and a half for a big bull for the Museum of Natural History's groups—that squeals and trumpeting told Mr. Akeley's party that a big herd was drifting by in the forest.

"Twenty or thirty stalked from a gully; their bodies shone with fresh coats of mud and water. We followed. The trails crisscrossed. Then a band of a dozen or so got our wind and passed at close range. They were in a clearing of, say, two hundred to five hundred yards, with a bit of the forest jutting into it. All told there were probably twenty-five there, in close formation.

It was there, before I fell back to an ant hill fifty yards in the rear, that I shot the bull. Some of the cows closed around him, trying to get him up with their tusks, while others skirmished in a circle, rushing with their trunks extended, trying to get my wind. That bull, when we measured him, stood eleven feet at the shoulders."

It was on that same trip that Mr. Akeley was knocked down and all but gored: that was the time his ribs were crushed.

"Sooner or later," he says, "every elephant hunter 'gets his.' I have never known two men to be killed the same way. One man I knew was tossed into the brush from a cow's tusks; another was speared with the tusk and lived to get home. Some are crushed by being sat upon. When an elephant is wounded he always returns to the attack, and if he knows he is being hunted he lies in wait like a rock: he is no more conspicuous in his own country than a rabbit in its own. He is the color of forest shadow. And he is not only intelligent, but vindictive.

"The one that nearly got me was a bull. I had cut him out of the herd and followed his spoor. He got my wind and waited: I was almost within trunk-length of him when he bellowed and charged. I saw his trunk and his eyes as he knocked me down. But I had the luck to grasp one of his tusks. He tried to impale me: I swung between the tusks as he lunged, and the tusks

drove into the ground. His nose touched me—and more. It was like being used for an elephant's prayer rug. The whole thing, from his charge till I went unconscious, was over in four or five seconds. What was it like? Well, I suppose like being hit by a motor truck."

Akeley's guide, who had the elephant gun, had fled: the main camp was twenty miles away. Four hours later Akeley came to. He had not been touched by his boys: he heard them, a few feet off, mourning his death. They jumped when he called. He was laid up for weeks—and the Mount Kenia country lacks hospitals. Akeley's chief concern was whether he had lost his nerve. His first venture on recovery proved that he had not. A wounded bull charged him four times but finally fell.

"The elephant," Mr. Akeley continues, "does not charge in blind rage, like a lion. He has a mental reserve. When hit, he pauses not only because of the impact of the bullet, but to consider. No other animal attacks the elephant: when tigers attack elephants in India, there are men riding them. Lions may attack baby elephants, but the herd does not tolerate lions in its own territory: it drives them out.

"Once the elephant, I am convinced, was as much a plains animal as a forest animal, but it has kept to the forest more since man came. Except for the elephant paths, travel in the forest would be impossible. The herds go everywhere except in the tree-fern patches. They change their paths



Courtesy Martin Johnson

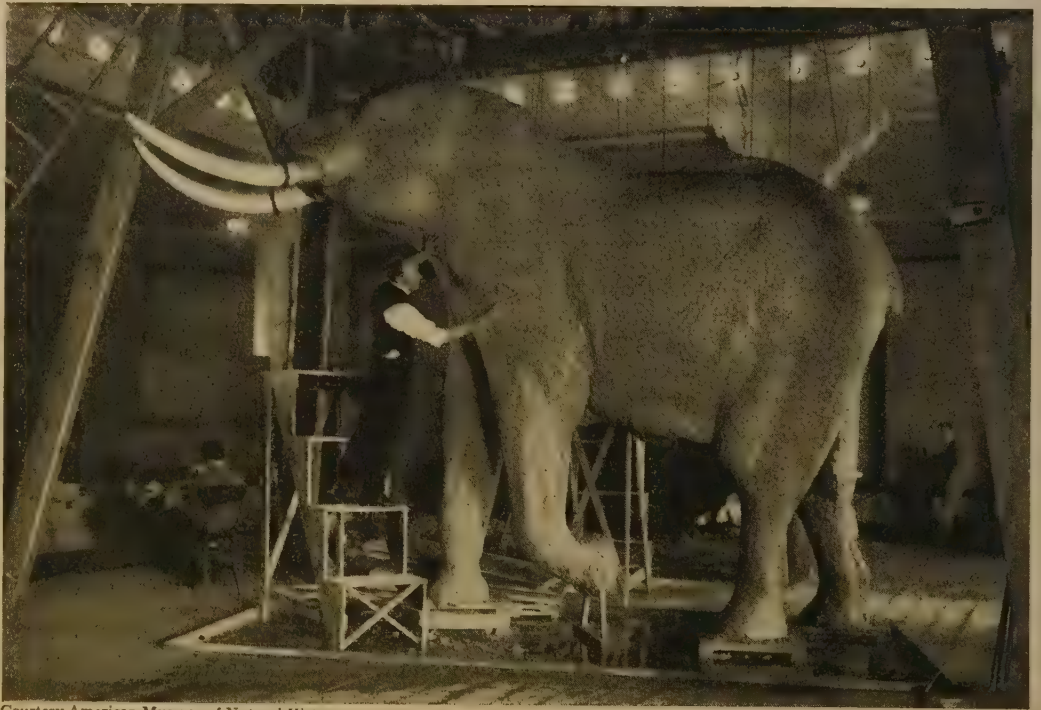
SURPRISED AT
THE WATER HOLE

A solitary elephant enjoying the refreshing coolness of his favorite water hole, little suspecting the close proximity of the deadly "fire stick" of the hunter

perhaps because the natives put traps in pits: wickerwork with a rawhide cable noose and the end hitched to a short log. The animal steps into the pit and is hobbled by the log; he runs slowly and is followed till he is tired. There are paths which cannot be changed, however, because of the lay of the land, and in the mountains I have seen such trails worn six inches deep in the rock. They have probably been used for centuries. Sometimes, at a ford, you will see elephant paths converging from all directions; and in the forest, when for one reason or another the trail is not altered, big trees are rubbed half through by the beast's flanks.

"I have been in the middle of a herd of seven hundred—that is large, though men have told me of having seen herds of two thousand on the Nile—and have heard them all day, but saw them only for a few moments. And I have listened to the wind of a running herd: it was dry weather, but there was only this rustle, which followed an instant of dead silence when one of the elephants got my wind and screamed. Till then there had been a riot of noise: monkeys, birds, everything. Then not a sound. Then the swish of the herd, but no footfall. It was like a great wind. If it had been damp, even from dew, and with no dry twigs and leaves, there would have been no noise at all."

His fifteen minutes of observation before they took alarm was worth a



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

MODELING A
LIFE-SIZE
ELEPHANT

Carl Akeley's studio is located in a wing of the American Museum of Natural History. Here he supervises the work of the sculptors and taxidermists of the Department of Preparation in mounting groups that will exist long after the last beast has disappeared from the jungle

lifetime, says Carl Akeley.

Scent gave the alarm then. No animal is more sensitive to scent. Elephants are reputed to have bad eyesight, although they have charged Mr. Akeley at two hundred and fifty yards without the wind.

He has stood on an ant hill awaiting the attack of eleven of these beasts which hunt only man, and he has spent a day following a bull which took twenty-five shots to end. He brought to America the biggest elephant hide ever to arrive here: a dozen men could stand inside it. He came through many a close shave with elephants and lived to write in his book, "In Brightest Africa":

"I have watched them in herds and singly, studied their paths, their feeding grounds, everything about them I could, and I have come to the conclusion that of all the wild animals on this earth now the African elephant is the most fascinating, and that man, for all the thousands of years he has known of elephants, knows mighty little about him."

When an elephant is killed in Africa the chiefs from round about come to ask for the meat. That is one reason a native's living expenses are—or were before the war—only fifteen cents a month. Most of the killing, of course, is for the tusks, which sometimes weigh over two hundred pounds, though half that is large. It is a job to skin a seven-ton elephant: it takes as many as a hundred men, including those who build the drying huts. Camp is made where the game falls. The hide is taken off in three sections. It weighs two thousand five hundred pounds. Fifty or a hundred natives are needed to turn the carcass over in the stripping process. The hide, two inches thick, is shaved to a quarter of an inch, salted, and dried under trees or in the huts—never in the sun. Then it is rolled and wrapped against chafing and shipped in zinc-lined boxes. When the time comes to mount it, it is made flexible by soaking in salt water.



CARL E. AKELEY IN HIS STUDIO

Surrounded by others of his wild animal studies, he is working on a piece of sculpture for the proposed African Hall. One of the groups to be represented is the lion hunt

The elephants, like all of Africa's animals, are becoming fewer. The lion, says Mr. Akeley, will be the last to be exterminated: it may first become a pest. The gorilla is to be given some degree of immunity: the Belgian Government has asked Mr. Akeley to map out a sanctuary for these apes in the Congo.

Mr. Akeley's position is unique in the fields of science and art. He is a student, a hunter, an expert taxidermist who has revolutionized that art, and a sculptor of fame.

At the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 he and a friend, a doctor, looked at a piece of sculpture showing a man and a bear fighting to the death. Akeley, who was then working out his realistic method of taxidermy, discussed with the doctor the feelings of the man in the bear fight. Did he feel pain? Years later, Akeley fired at a leopard and wounded her. He shifted his position beside the "tug" (a dry watercourse on an African desert). He had one cartridge left: while he tried to load, the leopard sprang. They grappled: Akeley got the beast beneath him and with his arms spread her scratching forelegs. He dug his knees into her diaphragm. One hand grasped her throat; the other she held in her jaws. As she chewed he heard the muscles of his arm rend, but he felt no pain, save at the base of the thumb. "Well," he thought, while he tried to tighten his hold, "I know how that fellow felt in the bear fight. Now I know all about it, but it won't do any good, because I'm done for, and I can never tell the doctor." Then he gripped tighter, inside the throat and outside, and when it seemed he could not hold out another fraction of a second the leopard relaxed. His boy came running up. The eighty-pound cat moved as if to revive, but the native found the knife he had thrown away in fright, and Akeley finished the beast.

It is knowledge gained from hardy adventure and grim experience that he puts into his mountings of animals and into his bronzes. Young elephants skylarking and playing with a football of clay; elephants charging in a mass, those in front with curled trunks and those behind with trunks straight out, still trying to get the wind—these groups are not romantic inventions but the finished notes of a naturalist who hunted for his own material at risk of life and limb, and then mastered an art for the sake of his science.

"JUNGLE FOOTBALL"

An unfinished study by Carl Akeley picturing a game which he has often witnessed in the wilds of Africa. The elephants make the ball out of earth from an ant hill and play their game with the enthusiasm of school boys



WILD ANIMALS IN MODERN ART

DENIZENS OF JUNGLE, FOREST, AND PLAIN
PICTURED IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS



"THE OLD MONARCH," By Rosa Bonheur

One of the artist's favorite paintings, and one that satisfactorily represents the popular ideal of "the king of beasts." The demand for this picture has never diminished since its first reproduction half a century ago

WILD ANIMALS IN MODERN ART

"I RAN after animals in the wood and often lost myself," Rosa Bonheur once said to a friend, in speaking of her childhood. "I refused to learn my alphabet, but already had a great passion for drawing before I was four years old."

Rosa Bonheur was the daughter of a struggling artist. Some of her happiest hours were spent in her father's studio. As long as she held in her hands a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a lump of clay she was content. Her father sent her to the Louvre in Paris to copy the works of the old masters. Art, at seventeen, became the aim and occupation of her life. One day she happened to make a study of a goat. She was so enchanted with the result that from then on she devoted herself to the painting of dumb creatures. She even had the courage to go daily for many months to the slaughterhouses and the horse fairs, where, in the midst of butchers and horse dealers, she studied her models. Seated on a bundle of hay, she would sketch from morning till dusk. As a protection from vulgar curiosity, she dressed in male attire, a habit which, when at work, she kept up for the rest of her life.

It was in the Salon of 1841 that the young Frenchwoman attracted the attention of the critical tribunal of Paris by two little groups: one of rabbits, the other of sheep and goats. From this time she appeared in all the Paris exhibitions. The government commissioned her to paint "Plowing in the Nivernais" for the Luxembourg museum. For this now

widely known study of oxen she received three thousand francs. The money went to pay her father's funeral expenses. Five years later, the exhibition of "The Horse Fair" in the Salon brought her universal renown. The adulation of the multitude became so oppressive that she sought retirement in a château on the border of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Here there

was room for her to keep and care for all kinds of animals. Her collection included gazelles, deer, horses, bulls, cows, wild boars, lions, monkeys, various kinds of dogs, squirrels, ferrets, and an eagle.

"To be loved by wild animals, you must love them," said the greatest of women animal painters. "I believe in the good God and in his paradise for the just. I find it monstrous that animals should be said to have no soul." Of her lions she once wrote to a friend: "The bringing up of two lions takes much of our time. We find them more frank, more grateful—these wild beasts—than are most human beings."

Léon Gérôme, who dwelt chiefly on Oriental scenes, gave his imagination free play in treating his wild-

animal subjects. "The Grief of the Pasha" is one of his most effective story pictures. The eminent French artist covered a wide range of jungle beasts, but had a particular liking for those belonging to the feline family.

The Dutch etcher E. van Muyden handles his tools vigorously and with evident affection for animals. Their natures, their habits,



Courtesy Rudolf Leesch

"GIRAFFES," From a wood-block by Daaman Goldberg



In the Art Institute, Chicago

"THE GRIEF OF THE PASHA," By Jean Léon Gérôme

and their individual characters are the object of keen study and appreciation. There is sharp satire in a group of monkeys that he depicts making ridiculous caricatures of a painter's work. A proof of his versatility is "Two Lion Cubs," a beautiful bronze which

shows his ability in the plastic art as well as in the graphic.

Richard Friese, most celebrated of modern German animal painters, became interested in the denizens of plain and jungle through hunting them in their native haunts. He put



In the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia

"AT THE SUNRISE HOUR," By J. M. Swan

on canvas truthful and convincing records of his observation of wild life. His "Lion and Gazelle" is a masterpiece in composition and execution. "Brigands of the Desert" is typical of the freedom of his interpretation and the vigor of his brush. His death in 1918 closed a long career devoted to the study and portrayal of creatures of the wild.

Vigorous realism characterizes the work of Walter Kuhnert, "the Frans Hals of animal portraiture." He began as a painter of human portraits, but could not withstand his inclination to make likenesses of animals. Richard Friese was his master. Kuhnert first found his subjects by the roadside and in menageries and zoölogical gardens, and finally sought them farther afield in Africa and southern Asia, where he worked assiduously in forest and jungle. Kuhnert "has got inside the very skin of African life and draws one insensibly within the charmed circle." With fine fidelity to nature he shows the polar bear on Arctic floes, hairy tigers moving rhythmically along the snowy mountain lake, dancing flamingos at nightfall, a red fox on a moonlit hillside.

Briton Rivière, long known as one of Eng-

land's most prolific painters of popular themes, combines with classic knowledge a deep love of animals. He is never satisfied with anatomical excellence alone, he penetrates into the inner consciousness of dumb brutes. His lions are proud, spirited creatures; even his swine, in their enthusiastic grubbing, have an integrity of their own.

John Swan, a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, London, has made a very exact study of animals in pictures, drawings, and statues. Mr. Swan heads a rebellion against a harmful tradition—that of making animals attitudinize and assume an air of exaggerated sentiment. In his portrayals, he seizes upon the main characteristics, and makes a few lines suffice. His anatomical structures are flawless. He depicts with great skill the complexities of the animal body. The massive forms of the bones, the interlacing of the elastic muscles, the folds and creases of the skin are all understood and accounted for.

Arthur Wardle, born and bred in London, has been no farther afoot in his researches than the zoölogical gardens of his native city, but he has observed animals morning, noon, and night, at mealtime and in the quiet hours

of the afternoon siesta. His pictures show intuitive understanding of the thoughts and movements of wild beasts. Mr. Wardle has at his disposal the sure and rapid medium of pastel. The pastel chalks enable both drawing and painting to be done at one operation, and give simultaneously the color

and tone required. The animal painter has to work at the fullest possible speed. His sitters will not obligingly pose for him. They are restless models, with sudden changes of attitude and unexpected movements. Mr. Wardle approaches his work with the inquiring spirit of the naturalist, coupled with



the vision of the painter. His grasp of animal character is shown in "Leopard on the Alert," "Rhodesian Lion," "Polar Bear," "The Puma," "Himalayan Tiger," and many other well-studied pictures.

Will Simmons, son of the veteran American artist Edward Simmons, is a student of wild-animal life in many and varied phases. He works chiefly in etching, dry point, and water color. Whimsical humor is apparent in the drawing of two monkey friends with tails affectionately entwined, looking with wistful amaze toward a mammoth butterfly. There is fine interpretation in his plate "The Long Trail," a study of North American bison, gazing mournfully upon a comrade's bleaching skull, and in "Crossed Trails," a beautifully composed study of a puma.

Herbert Dicksee, English etcher, also comes of a well-known family of artists. He has spent nearly the whole of his career interpreting the minds and manners of creatures of the jungle. His output is as impressive in numbers as in subjective interest.

Charles R. Knight, well-known American painter of animals, made his first sketches

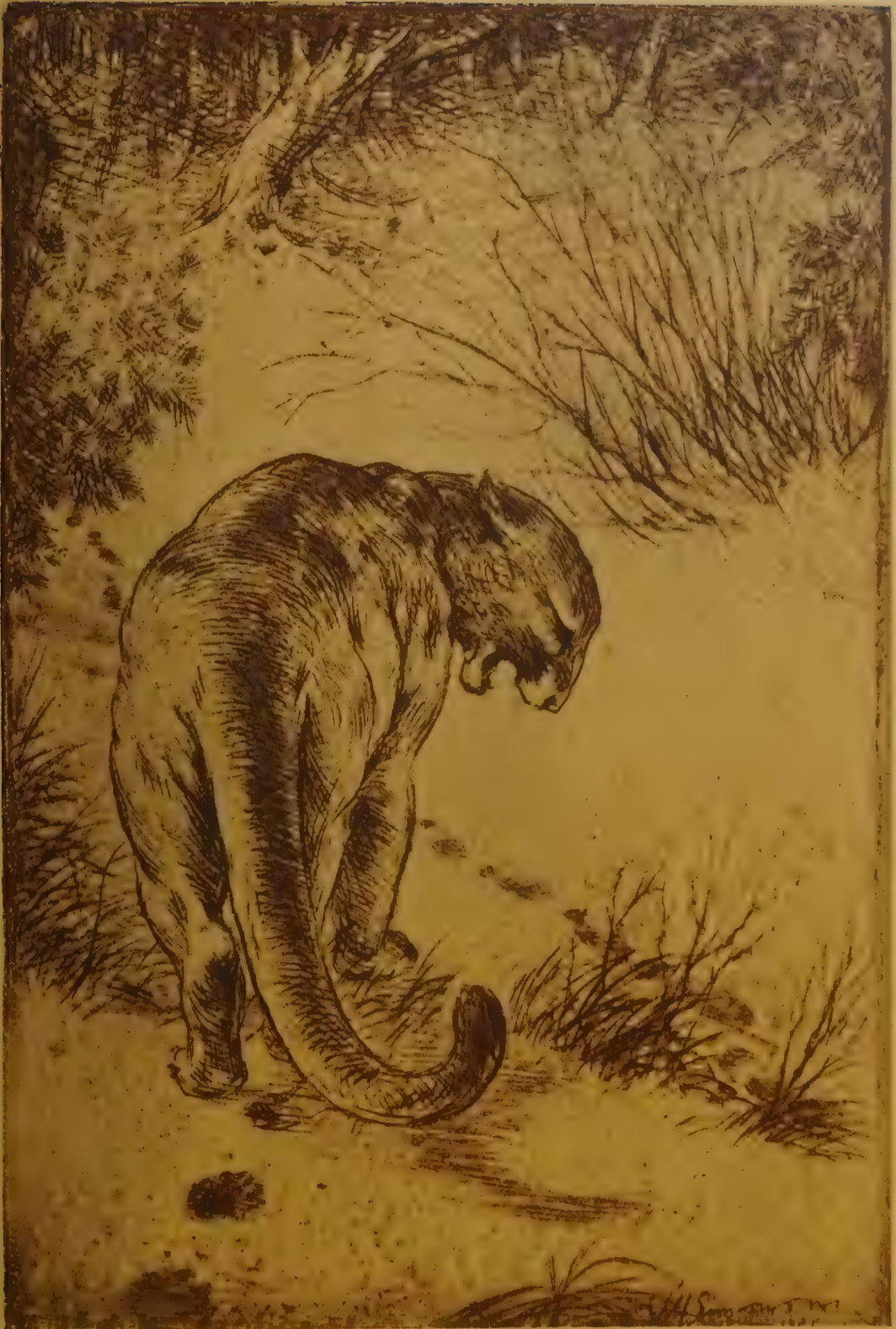
when he was a child of five. He is a sculptor as well as a painter. His studio near Central Park breathes a life of devotion to our four-footed brothers. On the walls are beautiful paintings, large and small, of birds and animals. "Animals are a difficult study because one must deal with many types of psychology," says Mr. Knight. "No one painter understands all animals equally well. The true animal painter always comes at his work from the side of psychology. If you don't understand an animal's habit of mind, you can make all the anatomy right, but you will not truthfully represent his expressions, actions, poses."

For many years Mr. Knight has been associated with the work of the American Museum of Natural History, representing in their natural state animals of prehistoric times—dinosaurs, mastodons, saber-toothed tigers. He also finds time in his busy life to give lectures on animal painting to the students of the New York Art League. His recording of wild animals and their moods, whether in bronze or on canvas, are honest, vigorous interpretations, of impressiveness and beauty.



Courtesy Rudolf Leech

"THE JUNGLE POOL," By Daaman Goldberg



"CROSSED TRAILS," Study of a puma by Will Simmons



"PERSEPOLIS," By Briton Rivière



Courtesy the artist

"LEOPARD ON THE ALERT," Pastel drawing by Arthur Wardle



'DANGER,' From an etching by Herbert Dicksee

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"TIGERS DRINKING," From an etching by E. van Muyden



"THE LONE WOLF," By Alfred Kowalski



"WINTER," By G. von Maffei



"POLAR BEAR AND CUBS," By Richard Friese



© Frederick Warne

"A MOONLIGHT FORAY," By Walter Kuhnert



"THE UNATTAINABLE," From an etching by Will Simmons



THE WHITE ELEPHANT

BY E. M. DOLE

Queen Victoria probably never received a more sincere tribute than one paid her by a Siamese ambassador at the English court. "It is plain to see that the Queen is of pure descent," he declared, "because her bearing is as majestic as a white elephant's."

To the Siamese an elephant of abnormal coloring is the symbol of all that is wise and beautiful. They believe he embodies the divine spirit of a king or hero, and insures peace and prosperity to his owner. Kings crown him, priests worship at his feet, the people adore him and go to him for help in time of trouble. By right of priority all elephants of extraordinary marking belong to the king. Let a neighboring prince withhold one and he discovers that "having a white elephant on his hands" is a vexatious and burdensome business.

The word *phoouk*, as applied to the petted occupants of the royal stables, means "not dark," or varying from the regulation gray. Rarely has one been seen that is actually white. Flesh-colored elephants and elephants of reddish brown have been found. About fifty years ago the capture of a fine salmon-skinned specimen was heralded from the wilds. Preparations were under way for his spectacular advent into Bangkok when word came that the beast had died on the way, overfed by his enthusiastic captors. The king wept and refused to be comforted, for the dead elephant, so report said, had "blue eyes, soft white hair, pearly tusks, ears like silver shields, a tread like the sound of thunder, an expression meditative and tender."

Once, out of kindness of heart, two dwellers in the jungle washed a young elephant that had been mired and was coated with mud. And lo, his skin when cleaned was tan color, and they realized that the most desired of all good luck was theirs. They were ennobled, loaded with gifts, allotted grants of land, and exempted from taxation. The new-found treasure, doubtless much bewildered at the change in his fortunes, was floated down the river to Bangkok on a barge hung with crimson, he was fed on



AN ELEPHANT PROCESSION IN STONE

In one of the public gardens of Bangkok a white elephant and his retinue of priests are memorialized by a Siamese sculptor

choice herbs and sweets, and he drank perfumed water. Flags and music marked his progress toward the capital, and the king and his court received him with bands and huzzas. The title of "Count" was bestowed upon him as he mounted his dais in the king's stables.

At present but three sacred elephants occupy the palace stalls. The most extraordinary one is brown-red with pink spots. Nowadays, if an off-color animal is secured he is shipped to Bangkok in a prosaic freight car, and his captor gets a moderate reward. The bulky figure of the holy elephant no longer appears on the national flag. Educated Siamese neglect to worship at the elephant pavilion. A university graduate rules Siam—old customs are giving way to new.

Some day a circus promoter may venture to repeat Barnum's historic offer. Barnum proposed to rent one of the freak elephants for a year and transport him across the water. He would have paid \$250,000 for the privilege. Blocked in his effort to exhibit to the American people an authentic white elephant, he applied paint to the hide of a dark gray one and showed it throughout the United States to credulous crowds.



THE NORTH AMERICAN ELEPHANT

BY WILL SIMMONS

To-day we must import our elephants for circus and menagerie, but there was a time when we raised our own. Christopher Columbus found America too late for us to know them face to face, but one of them is named after him, "*Elephas Columbi*."

These ancient American elephants are popularly known as mammoths and mastodons: they lived here long before the white man came, when a large part of North America was subject to the invasion of fields of sheet ice, making the climate cold, and changing the face of the land as it passed.

Before the Glacial Epoch lived the ancestors of these North American elephants, but they were more primitive types, and too little is known of them for an accurate description. On the real elephants, however, we have much reliable data. Several drawings and carvings of mammoths exist that were made by our prehistoric ancestors; for

example, a portrait of a mammoth scratched on a piece of ivory, which, if not a perfect likeness, is a valuable clue to what these big beasts really looked like. Thomas Jefferson hoped that living mammoths might be discovered in the middle of the continent, and until recently it was thought that they might still be roaming in the interior of Alaska. But to-day it is safe to say that the last mammoth died many centuries ago.

Mammoths probably existed in great numbers, for their bones are common not only in America but over Siberia and Europe, as far south as the Great Ice reached, even to the Mediterranean. Mammoth tusks, or fossil ivory, have been found in such quantity as to be an article of commerce. In Alaska remains were found in a river bank of a monster whose fat was still fresh.

The northern mammoth, called "*Elephas primigenius*" (or "Firstborn"), was rather smaller than the present African elephant, but had very long incurving tusks. He was covered by a warm undercoat of wool, and over this wore a coat of long and shaggy brown hair. He seems to have resembled modern elephants much as the bison resembles modern cattle, with a similar shaggy



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

From a painting by Charles R. Knight

THE AMERICAN MASTODON

He lived in the wooded plains and marshes left by receding glaciers. Sometimes his great bulk was fatal. Skeletons have been found where the immense brutes sank in bogs. Many bones have been discovered in Ulster and Orange counties, New York



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

From a painting by Charles R. Knight

THE NORTHERN MAMMOTH ❖

The word "mammoth" has a curious origin. The Tatars of Siberia found huge fossils, but could not account for them. So, around them, they built a legend of a giant animal that lived underground and died when it saw the sunlight. This animal they called "earth-mouse," and their Tatar word has been Anglicized into our word "mammoth"

robe and a great mass of hair upon his forehead. Like the bison, he roamed in bands across the tundra, following the edge of the glacial ice, until in its retreat it reached the Arctic Ocean.

The great imperial elephant (or mammoth) lived earlier and farther south than the Columbian and "Firstborn." This, the largest of the prehistoric elephants, measured up to fourteen feet at the shoulders. Tusks have been found reaching thirteen feet in length, ten inches in diameter, and weighing two hundred and forty pounds apiece.

Compared with modern elephants, the American mastodons (another branch of the family tree) were short and stocky. Their tusks were heavy, their foreheads sloping, and, like the northern mammoths, they were covered with woolly hair, showing that they, too, lived in a cool climate.

A real giant was discovered in a dried-up swamp northwest of Newburg, New York, in 1845. The find caused a great sensation in its day. The mounted skeleton was taken on a tour of several cities, and then for many years was in the Warren Museum of Boston. The "Warren mastodon" is now in the

Museum of Natural History in New York. Our illustration, made by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne, shows the great shaggy beast of yore just about to adventure onto a fatal slough.

Just how the species came and went, to be replaced by other types more suited to conditions, is still unknown. It is easy to attribute the extinction of whole races, like the elephants, to an epidemic, or to some cataclysm of nature. But sudden events, on a large scale, are not in the rule of things, and it is better to consider extinction as a slow dwindling in numbers, becoming faster as the species grew more rare, until only in secluded spots a few individuals survive. Such is the case with the African elephant to-day, for he is of an earlier type than either the Indian elephant or the northern mammoth, and owes his survival to isolation in a remote territory. And to-day he is becoming rare. May he long withstand the high-powered rifle and the distance-defying automobile, else we shall soon be obliged to class him with the mammoths of yesterday!



APTURING AND TRAINING WILD ELEPHANTS

BY CHARLES MAYER

In the Malay Peninsula I am called "Sir Elephant." For twenty-five years I have been engaged in catching and taming wild elephants and other beasts of the Malay jungle. The Mentor has asked me to tell how I captured sixty Asiatic elephants in a single drive without the aid of trained elephants, and how I broke them for domestic service. There are two methods of capturing Asiatic elephants: driving into a stockade with the help of trained elephants, and driving on foot unassisted by elephant aides.

There is no comparison between the two methods; the former is a simple drive with men, who, at the proper moment, drop off the backs of the trained animals, slip a noose about a wild elephant's hind leg and fasten it to a tree. Driving on foot, at night, without the aid of trained elephants, is a dangerous and tedious job requiring an immense

amount of patience and jungle craft. When once in the *keddah*, or trap, the captives must be taken out one by one to be broken.

As elephants always travel in cycles—that is, every four or five years returning to the same district—it is easy to calculate where to build the trap, and when a herd is located men are told off to keep them moving in a circle within a certain area until the trap is completed. In the dense jungles of Malay, vines and creepers bind trees and undergrowth together, completely shutting out the sun; everywhere is twilight. Progress is slow and difficult.

The work of building a *keddah* for so large a herd was prodigious. Trees about twenty-five feet in length and a foot and a half in diameter were cut down and dragged through the jungle for a quarter of a mile to the place I had selected. There they were planted five feet in the ground and braced with smaller trees so they could stand the pressure of the elephants when trying to lunge through. The posts were then bound with heavy twisted rattan ropes, and covered with vines and leaves. I took great care not to have the jungle disturbed in the vicinity, for, like all jungle animals, elephants can see very well at night, and there is always the danger of a stampede if they become suspicious. The whole thing, trap and wings, could scarcely be distinguished from the dense growth that surrounded it.

By the time the trap was ready, the herd I was after was about four miles away. I gathered the natives around me and explained all the details of the drive and assigned men to the various tasks. We split into two groups, to meet behind the herd. A man was stationed every few hundred yards in a tree to guide us. In a drive like this, the men who are directly behind have the easiest time, for they can follow the trails broken by the elephants. No lights can be used, and care must be taken to avoid the small elephants, which run about investigating the noise. If they see a man and give the danger signal, the entire herd stampedes. And then look out!

The drive I am writing of began with the men in a "U" formation. On my giving the signal, we in the rear started forward with the tom-toms banging. Soon we heard the elephants trying to get away from the noise, putting their huge bulk against the jungle growth. We stumbled on, guided by the calls of the men posted in the trees. At dawn we had advanced only a mile and a half. Men were posted, and we slept until late in the afternoon. What I feared happened late



HIS BUSINESS IS COLLECTING WILD ANIMALS

Charles Mayer, a New Yorker born and bred, has spent the greater part of his life as an animal merchant in the jungles of the Malay Peninsula. The outstanding feat of his career was the corralling of sixty elephants in a single herd. These animals were sold for exhibition purposes, or for service in lumber camps

that night: a stampede. A little elephant, straying from the herd, saw one of the men and ran back trumpeting danger. Then the bellowing herd came down on us. I jumped behind a tree, shouting to the men. One stumbled and fell, and, before I could shoot, a big bull elephant stepped on him and tore him in two, throwing the upper part of his body over his head and spattering me with blood.

Elephants, bellowing furiously, rushed past us, men screamed and scrambled for safety. The immense animals loomed up in the darkness for a second and then disappeared. In their excitement, they ran into large trees and were thrown back, only to charge blindly on again. When elephants stampede, their idea is to escape, not to charge, as many people imagine.

At last it was over. I called my men together, torches were lighted, and we looked for the injured. Three men had been killed and twelve hurt. We buried the dead, and sent the hurt back to camp. After a few hours' rest, we started off again in search of the herd. It was not difficult to find them, for they cut a swath in the jungle to the point where they stopped, five miles from the scene of the stampede.

Again I posted guides in the trees. Every man was alert, and this time I decided that there should be no rest until the last beast was in the trap. Scouts had reported that the herd was slightly depleted, but, even so, it was the largest group of elephants that any of us had ever seen, much less driven. About midnight we approached the *keddah*, and suddenly the men went wild with delight, for above the uproar we could hear the calls of guides in the trees telling us that the head of the herd was in the runway.

The big beasts jammed in between the wings, heaving, struggling, and forcing those ahead of them into the trap. The walls of the wings groaned but held as the great bodies pressed against the posts. The shouts of the natives and the bellowing of the captive animals created a terrific uproar, but the sounds were music in my ears. I climbed up on the platform and looked down, and



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THE FIRST STAGE OF SUBJUGATION

A herd of wild elephants driven into a stockade in the jungle. Here they are put on reduced rations and allowed to go hungry. A few days of this treatment weakens them and makes them less vicious and more amenable to domestication.

I could see nothing but a tossing flood of black that poured slowly from the runway into the trap. When the last elephant was inside, the ropes that held the gate were cut. The gate crashed down; bars were run through the sockets—the elephants were trapped.

On my platform, I shouted as loudly as any of my Malays. Torches were lighted and the men began dancing. I slipped to the ground and warned them against climbing up on the walls of the stockade, for I was fearful that the sight of the men and torches might enrage the elephants, and if they suddenly took it into their heads to charge the walls in a body, some of the posts might give way. I could hear the great beasts milling around inside the trap, bellowing and tearing up the jungle in an effort to find a way out. At dawn, I counted our catch. There were sixty elephants!



CLEARING A ✚
BAMBOO FOREST

Elephants are well suited to the work of clearing the thick jungles of India and Ceylon. Their huge bulk makes light work of pushing down trees and uprooting the underbrush. The keepers ride on the elephants' necks, guiding them with prods

The men, armed with long spiked poles, mounted to the running platform on the top of the posts, and the celebration was renewed. I stood there breathless, wondering how many of them in their excitement would fall off the platform into the trap, but none did fall, and they fended off the elephants with their poles.

We cut holes in the rattan webbing between the posts and enticed the small elephants to come out. There were several, and they soon became playful and affectionate. At birth they are just three feet high and weigh two hundred pounds.

The breaking of elephants, especially so large a herd, is a long, tiresome job. The hunter who kills and skins his catch has a simple task compared with that of the trapper who must not only take the animals alive and uninjured, but convey them through miles of jungle country to a port. Months of hard labor were before me; the success of the expedition was by no means assured, even though we had our elephants safe in the stockade. I knew it was also to be a great test in managing the native helpers. One elephant can create havoc in a few seconds if the keepers lose control.

The first task in the breaking was the building of stocks where the elephants were to be held while they became accustomed to being near to man. Two rows of heavy stakes leading from the trap to the stocks were driven into the ground. At the end of the passage, and next to the trap, there was an enclosure, five by fifteen feet in size. The piles of the trap were removed from the entrance to this enclosure and bars substituted.

The elephants were put on short rations while in the trap, and by the time breaking-in began, though still vicious, they were much less dangerous to handle. As soon as all the equipment for breaking was ready, I instructed the natives in their work. With a select crew of men, I rehearsed all the details of what we were going to do and how we were going to do it. Finally, I ordered food placed in the enclosure and the bars drawn. The nearest elephant saw the food, sniffed, flapped his ears, and walked in. As soon as the elephant entered the small enclosure, the bars behind him were slipped to keep the others out. He ate the food so eagerly that he did not realize quite what was happening when the men put the knee and foot hobbles on him. These allowed him about one-quar-

THE MENTOR

ter of his normal step. Rattan ropes were fastened to his feet and drawn out through the bars. His trunk was secured so that he could do no damage with it.

When the elephant was secured by hobbles, foot ropes, and trunk ropes, the bars leading from the enclosure were removed. The foot ropes, fastened to the stakes, were loosened, and the elephant walked out. The men holding the ropes attached to the fore feet wound them around the two stakes ahead, and those holding the ropes attached to the hind feet wound them about the first stakes. In this way the animal was drawn forward, step by step, toward the stocks, while natives prodded him with poles. If he tried to bolt, he simply fell over.

The stocks were built in covered stalls. Each elephant was separate from the others, and was secured in a position that made it impossible for him to lie down or to move about. He could wiggle his legs and use and wave his trunk, but that was all. Here he stayed about ten days, during which time he was fed and petted by a man assigned to that particular job. The keeper would crawl over his back, rub him behind his ears, and give him food and drink. Soon the animal learned not to be afraid of the man or try to strike him with his trunk. Gradually he became more docile. Before long, ropes

were again attached to his feet, and he was led out of the stocks. Eight or ten men held each rope attached to his legs, and his keeper was on his neck. Another crew of four men held the ropes that were fastened around his trunk at the mouth. Three men followed on each side with long rattans.

At first, in the excitement, he did not mind being beaten. The men on the trunk ropes led him about from right to left, while those holding the foot ropes stood ready to trip him if he tried to bolt. When he bellowed the whipping stopped. One bellow marked a surprising change in the animal. After this outcry, he was ready to acknowledge man as his master and do as he was told.

The fact that each elephant after he was tamed was instantly fed and petted helped him to forget about the old wild ways of the jungle. His schooling was brief, and he learned readily to turn, kneel, back, and pull. In recompense he was tied to a tree instead of being put back in stocks.

It took me eight months to finish breaking my biggest herd, and then, riding on the neck of the largest elephant, I led my catch through the jungle to port. A few months later I went to Singapore, and there I found that the feat of capturing, without the aid of trained elephants, the largest single herd ever taken had become the talk of the town.



THEIR "HAPPY HUNTING GROUND" TRANSFORMED INTO A WORK-YARD ❖

When once he submits to man the elephant becomes a gentle and willing worker. Here is a gang in the Siamese jungle rolling a teak log. Elephants push with the base of the trunk, about one foot below the eyes, and never with their foreheads, as commonly supposed



IVORY: MAN'S TROPHY FROM CAVE DAYS TO THE PRESENT

BY M. B. LEVICK

In the furthestmost age of which we have record, man enters history bearing an elephant tusk as his trophy. The modern city dweller intent on showing his prowess goes off to hunt big game—and the “tusker” is the biggest prize of all. The luxury of our life to-day is rich in ivory, cunningly worked. So it was in the beginning: on ivory was scratched the first picture of the origin of which we know nothing. It is a vivid sketch of a mammoth, found in a stone cave in France. From that sketch to the paper cutters of commerce stretch centuries of development of a traffic of slaughter, with its trade routes and markets, its artists and artisans, giving to the successive capitals of the world great ivory statues, thrones of kings, and lacy bangles. The elephant, rated second to man himself among all the animals, is perishing to give man knife handles and billiard balls.

Ivory is a material to fascinate the artist who works in it. But it is more: it is the tooth of a giant, and man finds self-flattery in shaping this trophy of strength and power to his own uses or amusements. Primitive man believed that he drew vital force from the elephant he killed. The belief still lurks in the mind of modern man.

Ivory, carved and treated as a precious substance, is found among the earliest treasures that archæology has brought to light—in Assyria and the East, in England, France, and Switzerland. Go back in Egypt as far as

✧ Tutankhamen, and then twice as far again, even to 7000 B.C., and you find ivory carvings. ✧ As Solomon had his ivory throne, so potentates lost to ancient history had their ivory palaces and chariots. ✧ Old chronicles tell enough to indicate that the supply of ivory in those days was vaster than that of modern times.

To-day, utility as well as art hunts down the elephant: his tusks have made myriad things—from chessmen for Charlemagne, to keys for pianos and tiles for mah-jong sets.

The tusk bearer is still comparatively plentiful in the mountain forests of central

Africa, but even there he is dwindling fast.

Stanley found an abundance of ivory in the Congo in 1877, but not long ago an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History made its long and difficult way, by streams and trails known only to the native, into the green depths of the high Uele district, and found no ivory. Okondo, king of Mangbetu in Uele, received them courteously and was willing to sell his royal treasure of primitive carvings, and to put at the service of the scientists his artists, inheritors of an immemorial skill. These native artists, a selected group attached to the royal retinue, were idling in the sun or dozing in the



IVORY CHESSMAN

Presented to Charlemagne by Haroun-al-Raschid. It is now in the Bibliothèque National, Paris. The signature of the Arab craftsman who carved it is engraved under the base

shadow. Apparently there was nothing to do.

“Why?” the white visitor asked.

“There is no ivory,” said the chief.

The museum expedition went on into regions deeper in the forest to purchase ivory so that the friendly chief’s artists, in the elephant’s own country, might show their skill.

African ivory is the finest. Not only are the tusks commonly larger than those of Asia, but they are stronger and smoother. His tusks are the elephant’s upper incisor teeth, which nature has enabled him to extend and strengthen so that he may use

them for defense and to uproot vegetarian food. Although the tusks grow throughout the elephant's lifetime, their size and quality depend not on the size of the animal, but on his species, and on climatic conditions. A pair of tusks in the British Museum, which measures eleven feet five and one-half inches and weighs two hundred and thirty-six pounds, is from Africa; the largest Asiatic tusks weigh half as much, and the female elephant of Asia has, in general, no tusks at all. The proportion is about the same in the ivory coming into the market to-day; an African tusk of a hundred pounds is a good specimen.

Freshly cut African ivory has a warm mellow tint and a moist transparent appearance, with the characteristic grain delicately indicated. In time, it bleaches slightly and becomes more opaque. Asiatic ivory is whiter when new, but turns yellow and is coarser in texture. For two centuries, most of our ivory has come from Africa; probably this is true for the whole historical trade period of six thousand years. Indian ivory was much reputed in ancient times, but this ivory may merely have passed through India in shipping from Africa.

Although fossil ivory has been found all over the world, including large specimens in England, Russia is the chief source of supply.

A supply apparently as inexhaustible as coal exists throughout the tundra of the Siberian region. Some was so interred that it has been preserved in its fresh state and is like the live ivory from fresh killings, but much is rotten and discolored and unfit according to present standards. Workers in ivory prefer not to use it. However, they may in time become less particular, since live ivory, which reached its height of production in the middle of the last century, is becoming scarcer every year.

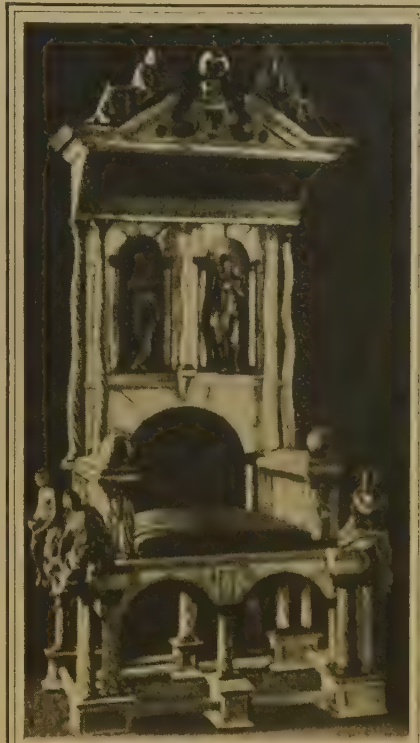
Unlike bone, ivory requires no preparation for working; its marvelously finished

surface is ready for the tool of the artist or artisan. It has a natural elasticity despite its hardness. Riding whips have been made from delicate spiral cuttings. Among the lost arts is the ancient Greeks' method of softening it for easier carving and then hardening again the finished piece. The African native knows how to straighten tusks that are too curved or twisted to permit of economical use: he steams them over open fires, encasing them in the green trunk of a banana tree. This is commoner in some regions than in others. From the western section of Africa comes a harder variety of ivory than from the eastern section. Each has its uses. The hard is best for some commercial purposes; the artist prefers the softer. The native who has set out to make a great trumpet chooses hard tusks that have a large central cavity.

The term ivory is also applied commercially to the tooth substance of smaller animals—the hippopotamus, walrus, narwhal, sperm whale, and some wild boars. These serve to furnish small articles, though they may never have been within thousands of miles of Africa. There is also a vegetable ivory, a nut from South America; and chemical imitations of the genuine substance are manufactured for many uses.

Until the opening of the Congo trade, when Antwerp began to assume importance as an ivory center, London handled the bulk of the ivory import trade, and all the great centers of the ivory industry for ordinary objects of domestic use were in England. To-day, America, France, and Germany produce piano keys, cutlery, brush handles, and toilet ware, as well as the many toys, ornaments, and curiosities, in whose fashioning India, China, and Japan also compete.

The very finest ivory is reserved for the making of billiard balls, which must be of a hard and even density. Three or four of them are cut from the center of a fair-sized piece.



IVORY CORONATION THRONE

This chair made of natural tusks measures over eight feet in height and three feet in width. It was first used at the coronation of King Christian V of Denmark, in 1671

The heads and tails of these pieces are used in making piano keys, and the sections from which the spheres have been cut are sent back to India to become women's bangles. No particle of ivory is wasted; even the dust is used for polishing or in the manufacture of India ink and ivory-black pigment.

In the world of art, ivory carving has a distinctive record. It is the only art which has an unbroken sequence of production throughout history. From the Stone Age it traces down through the early Eastern civilizations. Of the things that men may have cherished in the Dark Ages their ivories remain to bear witness. From the decline of the Roman Empire in the fifth century up to the Gothic revival in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the chief remaining art relics are the ivory carvings. Byzantine and early Christian art furnished splendid examples, now in our museums. The period following the Renaissance marks the beginning of a more commercial period in the craft of ivory carving in Western civilization, and from that time there has been gradual degeneration.

At the time of the opening of the Congo, Belgium, by means of exhibitions and prizes, sought to encourage her artists to take up the use of ivory as a medium for their efforts. Sufficient interest was created to set the ball rolling, and to-day beautiful and interesting work is beginning to appear at all European exhibitions. Four hundred

Mangbetu ivories brought to this country from the Congo in 1915 are now on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Mr. Herbert Lang, one of the party responsible for gathering these amazing examples of the art of one-time cannibals, declares, "The carvings of the Mangbetu show such technical perfection that the use of a lathe and other modern instruments suggests itself. After much consideration, they work without tracing a plan or indicating divisions, although apparently they have a fair idea of the final form. The tusk is trimmed with a hatchet exactly as if it were hard wood. With an adz they shape the ruder outlines. An indented blade serves as a saw to cut the deeper moldings. The finer, ornamental features are carefully carved by variously shaped tools; and, finally, the whole is smoothed with the sharp edge of a knife. Foliage from various trees, containing fine crystals of silica, is used like sandpaper: thus with a moistened leaf they produce the polish which so heightens the beauty of these ivories."

"At the death of a ruler, barbarian custom demanded immediate destruction of all of his property. So it happens that only recent objects are found at the royal headquarters, and the Museum party was fortunate that, because of some superstition, the famous Okondo, last of these kings, was willing to part with the best he had, ordering other objects to be made by his most skilled artists."



IVORY TUSKS
READY FOR
SHIPMENT ❖

The restrictions on the exportation of ivory from Africa are becoming more stringent. First, no elephant can be killed except by a hunter having a government license; then, no tusk can be exported unless it bears the government stamp



Courtesy Herbert Lang and the American Museum of Natural History

THROUGH THIS CARVED IVORY TRUMPET THE KING OF MANGBETU SUMMONS
HIS SUBJECTS TO FESTIVALS AND DANCES



NEGRO CRAFTSMEN OF MANGBETULAND, IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

The ivory tusk is roughed out with an ax, and the design is then carved with other hand-made tools. The finished work is polished with leaves having a grain like fine sandpaper



HE ZOO

NURSERY

BY DR. W. REID BLAIR

Chief Veterinarian New York Zoölogical Park

Photographs by Elwin L. Sanborn, supplied by
New York Zoological Society

When it's Maytime it's stork-time in the New York Zoölogical Park. To Keeper Quinn, who has charge of the herds of elk, European red deer, fallow, axis, and Asiatic deer, May is the month of mingled joy and anxiety, with congratulations always welcome and in order. This keeper's success with deer babies has been such that, with but one or two exceptions, the numerous animals comprising these herds have been born in the Zoölogical Park, and, in addition to those now here, many have been sold to other collections throughout the United States.

It was formerly believed that bears would not breed in captivity, but that was before the establishment of our great New York Zoölogical Park, where modern methods of confinement and care have disproved this notion—as well as other erroneous impressions concerning wild animals.

Cache, a female Russian brown bear, has

presented the park with many litters of cubs, usually in perfect form. She was an ideal mother in all respects, and maintained discipline by occasional vigorous cuffing with her strong right paw.

Czarina, a Syrian bear, is another good mother, and one from whom much of our knowledge concerning the ways and manners of cubs has been gained. The bear cub at birth is a helpless little creature, only eight to nine inches long from the tip of its nose to the end of its much abbreviated tail. It weighs only about fourteen ounces, and the body is covered with short gray hair of exceedingly soft texture. The ears and eyes are tightly closed. Bearing in mind that an adult of the species weighs from four hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds, it can readily be seen how ridiculously small is a bear cub. Its size is much less in proportion than that of the young of any other mammal, with the possible exception of the kangaroo or some other marsupial. The cub represents about one five-hundredths of the mother's weight, as compared with a fawn representing about one thirtieth, a young puppy one twenty-fifth, or a human baby one twentieth of the mother's weight. But in these tiny creatures we see a wise plan of Nature. The cubs are born during the winter, usually in January, while the mother bear is dened up and in a hibernating state, and the cubs are suckled for about three months before they make their appearance outside the cramped quarters of the den.

Of all our wild animal babies, there are none quite so popular as the little bear cubs when they emerge from their den in the first warm spring days, during the latter part of March or the first of April. From this time on the cubs' life is given over to play and the general enjoyment of life. It is doubtful if any other wild animals have the same fascinating power to amuse our millions of visitors, both young and old.

Our Syrian bear, Czarina, once gave birth to two cubs in an exposed corner of her den. For some unaccountable reason, she had for years avoided her sleeping compartment. The arrival of her babies during the very cold January days presented to us an unusual problem. It seemed that the helpless little creatures would surely perish. Since we could not induce Czarina to go into the sleeping compartment, which was nicely fitted up with clean straw, the next best thing to do was to build a shelter over the mother and cubs. Boards were fastened against the bars at the corner of the cage, and then we proceeded to house Czarina in



THE ZOO'S FAMILY DOCTOR

Dr. W. Reid Blair, veterinarian and pathologist of the New York Zoölogical Park for the last twenty-two years. Dr. Blair has assisted at the birth of innumerable wild babies, and performed every sort of professional service, from treating monkeys for colic to lancing the infected gum of a 3,500-pound rhinoceros. During the World War he served on the staff of General Pershing as chief veterinarian of the A. E. F.



**DINNER TIME ❖
IN THE BEAR PITS**

Bear cubs are the most popular wild animal babies in the zoo. At birth they are helpless bundles of fur weighing only about fourteen ounces. At the age of three months they begin to look on the gay side of life, and from that time on devote most of their days to play

by building a roof over her, and boarding up the front of the triangle. A waterproof covering was afterward added, and Czarina appeared well satisfied with these arrangements. She remained thus confined until early in April, when the young emerged from the house. The front of her house was then removed, and late in April the entire structure was taken down.

One of the handsomest babies of any zoo is a six- to eight-pound baby tapir. Its color is entirely different from the sober gray hue of the mother tapir, nature having decorated this tiny little creature with a bewildering number of light stripes and dots upon a dark chestnut background. At the age of six or seven months these markings gradually disappear. The mother tapir is a proud but docile parent, and never takes offense at the keeper, who loves to "show off" the baby to admiring visitors.

Of all the exasperating mothers in the zoo family, I believe the handsome lioness Judy is entitled to be "crowned." Last year she presented the collection with three fine babies, to the delight of the keepers and others. Judy, however, considered this a huge joke on everybody, including herself. Even on the first day of her babies' arrival she proceeded to amuse herself with them, instead of doing as a dutiful mother should—stay in her maternal bed and nurse them. She insisted on carrying them out to the front of her cage to exhibit them to visitors.

When they cried she would lift one of them up by the scruff of the neck, or even by the tail, swing it about, deposit it on the floor, and bat it about with her paws, and otherwise mistreat it. A keeper was placed on guard, but in spite of everything that could be done the cubs could not be saved, and they finally died from sheer exhaustion and neglect. Judy exhibited not the slightest degree of concern or remorse.

In sharp contrast to Judy, our lioness Cleopatra, who lived for many years in the park, was an ideal mother in every respect, and she successfully raised a number of litters of cubs. In some cases large dogs or goats are engaged in anticipation of the necessity of providing foster mothers for neglected or orphaned lion cubs. At first the dog may be uneasy at the somewhat rough foster children, but they gradually grow fond of each other.

Someone has said that the hippopotamus was "plain-looking," but surely such an observer was referring to an adult hippo, and had never had the opportunity of studying the features and conformation of a few-hours-old baby pygmy hippo.

Of all the hundreds of wild animal babies I have seen ushered into the Zoölogical Park, I cannot recall a single one that to me, or to the mother, appeared really homely; but, of course, some are better looking than others, while some babies, like the axis deer fawns and South American tapir, are positively



CONGRATULATIONS
ARE IN ORDER ❖

A zebra mother proudly examining her two-hour-old offspring. Apparently she is well pleased with him, though the new arrival seems a bit unsteady on his stilt-like legs. The mother zebra's recovery from giving birth is astonishingly quick

handsome. I will modify that statement, and except the Tasmanian Devil baby, which recently was on exhibition in the Small Mammal House. I feel sure that the mother Devil, while she herself could hardly qualify in a beauty contest, must have been greatly disappointed when she first saw her offspring, and must have exercised a considerable degree of charity in deciding to keep it.

Some of our wild animal babies, like many of the deer, sheep, and goats, are able to follow at the side of their mothers half an hour after coming into the world, while others, like the camel, need assistance, and must be lifted to the mother, in order that they may nurse. However, after two or three meals, the baby camel is capable of navigating in its uncertain and ungainly way.

Occasionally we are obliged to foster some helpless wild animal baby when the mother has abandoned it because of illness, or as the result of some physiological change in the function of the milk-secreting glands. This the keeper must adopt and bring up by hand, if there is no mother of the same species to adopt it. Armed with a nursing bottle filled with modified milk or a patent baby food, properly diluted to the peculiar needs of his charge, the keeper becomes a nurse in earnest, and often a most successful one. In fact, many of the wild animals exhibited in the Zoological Park were born there, and are bottle-fed babies now grown to maturity through the intelligent efforts of their keepers.

The keeper must not only take care of the deserted foundling, but he must also take care of the orphans acquired by purchase, often young animals only a few weeks old. These frequently grow up strong and vigorous.

Among the rare wild babies born in the Zoological Park are the chimpanzee, giraffe, eland, camel, zebra, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, and Siberian tiger. In the kangaroo colony more than fifty kangaroos and wallabies have been bred, until to-day the park has the finest collection of these interesting marsupials or pouched mammals to be found in captivity. As a result of Keeper Riley's close observation we have learned much concerning these remarkable animals, and particularly concerning the matter of the kangaroo's birth, which has remained somewhat of a puzzle to zoologists until recent years. The young are born in a comparatively rudimentary condition, and are sheltered during their later development in a pouch, called the "marsupium," which is a fold of skin on the abdomen of the mother. A kangaroo at birth weighs about twenty grains, is only a trifle more than an inch long, and not much thicker around than a lead pencil. It is a tiny, pinkish, naked mass, and, with the exception of the perfectly formed front legs, bears but slight resemblance to the adult kangaroo. It is by means of these front legs that it finally succeeds in propelling itself to the pouch, where it undergoes its more mature development, and

where it remains attached by its mouth to the mother's udder for several months. It is completely developed and ready to leave the pouch after six months, when it is permitted to shift for itself. It continues, however, to use its mother's pouch for a longer period as a safe haven in case of fright.

All the babies of the elk and deer family are more or less covered with white spots at birth, but, with the exception of the axis deer, these spots fade out within a few months. The axis deer carry their brilliant white markings throughout life. As soon as the fawn is born and gets upon its feet, it is guided by its mother to a clump of bushes, leaves, tall grass, or even to a crevice in a rock, where the mother forces it to lie down, and there it remains concealed for the first twenty-four hours. The fawn lies like a dog, with its nose to its tail, and will not stir or lift its head the whole of the day. It might be supposed that such a brightly colored animal would be very conspicuous, but this is far from being the case; save when it moves, few animals are more difficult to see in a forest. The color of the skin harmonizes with the dead leaves and grass, while the white spots are indistinguishable from the little flecks of light caused by the sunshine

filtering through the leafy branches. The mother, however, although she separates herself from the young fawn, does not lose sight of its welfare, and is ready to go to its aid in case of need. The elk mother is particularly brave in the defense of her offspring.

Mountain Sheep Hill, with its thriving families composed of African aoudads, Sardinian mouflon, and Himalayan tahr, is well worth a visit just to sit on a bench and watch the happy antics of the tiny young kids as they run and jump about the rocks. These wild babies are prime favorites with the thousands of school children who visit Bronx Zoological Park during the spring months.

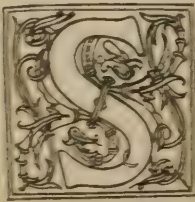
One of the most interesting babies born in the park was that of a Japanese red-faced monkey.

Once five baby lemurs were born in the Monkey House within a period of two days—an unprecedented event, which naturally crowded the facilities of the nursery. On the morning of the second day the keeper found that one of the mothers had deserted her baby, and that another had adopted it, caring for it with her own, carrying one in her arms in the usual way, and the other on her back, without a shadow of partiality.



BOTH DOING NICELY,
THANK YOU! ❖ ❖

A South American tapir mother keeping a watchful eye on her eight-pound baby and trying very hard not to appear too enthusiastic over the great event. The mother's coat is a somber gray, but the young is born wearing a brown coat covered with white stripes and dots. This christening dress disappears after six or seven months



TRANGE BEASTS OF BURDEN



Solving the Transportation Problem in Far-away Lands

Ungainly as these methods of locomotion appear to Western eyes, they are well adapted to conditions in the countries where they are employed. The withers of a Siberian reindeer can scarcely be called as comfortable as a seat in a limousine, but reindeer feet can go like the wind over snows that would stall a high-power engine.

Burma ladies take their afternoon drive behind a pair of leisurely oxen. The turbaned cartman guides his team with a long thin pole, poking the right flank or the left, according to the direction in which he wishes the animals to go.

The camel was one of the earliest animals trained as a burden bearer. He can carry five hundred to one thousand pounds on his back, and go twen-



ty-five miles daily for several days. In the desert stretches of India camel carriages are the most popular method of rapid conveyance. Teams of small Indian bullocks are as common as horses in country districts.

The Asiatic elephant when domesticated will draw any load willingly, though he prefers to push with the base of his trunk rather than to pull with his

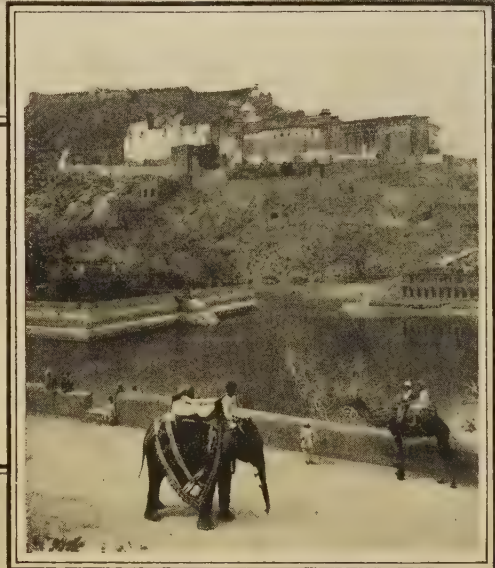




shoulders. In Siam he substitutes for the motor truck.

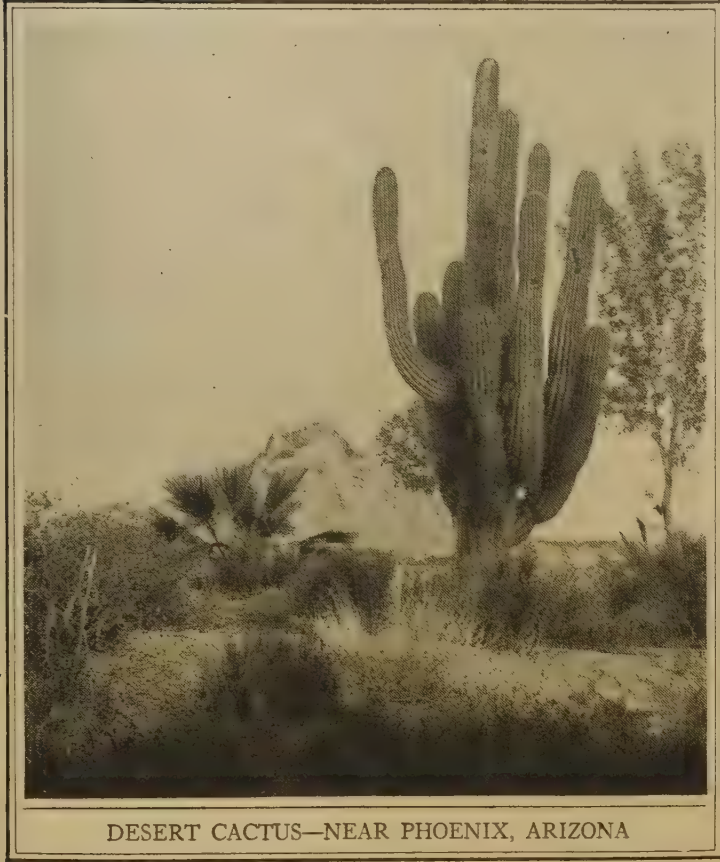
In the Philippines, plows and carts are hitched to the water buffalo, or carabao. This clumsy domestic pet likes swampy ground and does his work well so long as he is allowed to take a mud bath every two hours or so.

The water buffalo is highly valued in the Asiatic rice fields.



THE AMERICAN DESERT

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE



DURING two and a half years, off and on, John C. Van Dyke wandered, with horse and dog, over the deserts of the Southwest; and came to know, as few do, the ever-changing character of those vast wastes—their plateaus and mesas, gorges and canyons, grim mountains and expanding canopy of sky. In his story we not only see the beauty and austere splendor of the desert, but also feel the very spirit of it.



"THROUGH THE
GREASEWOOD"

A painting by E. Martin Hennings of a changeful scene familiar to desert travelers. Mr. Hennings is a member of the New Mexico group of artists who have perpetuated the life, the vegetation, the radiant atmosphere of the Southwest. Patches of prickly greasewood bushes growing from four to ten feet high send deep into the ground thick roots that store up moisture in the wet season and feed it slowly to the plant when no rain falls and the ground is parched for water

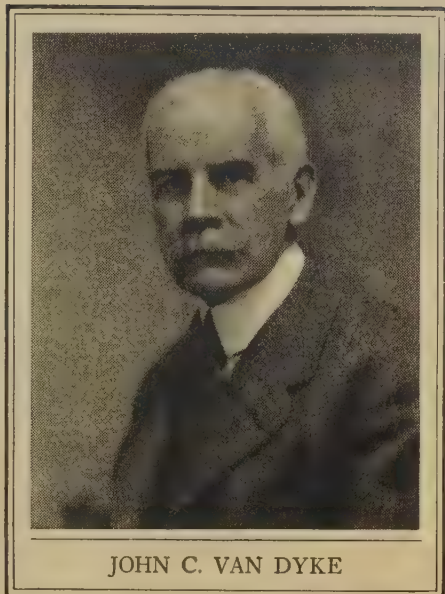
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JOHN C. VAN DYKE



THE AMERICAN DESERT

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERT,"
"THE MOUNTAIN," "THE
CANYON," "THE OPAL SEA"

I went alone into the desert with only a fox terrier and a buckskin pony for company. There was no one on the edge who knew about the interior, and those that talked as though they knew did not care to go with me. I was promised plenty of trouble. Predecessors had been "caught up with" again and again. Their bodies, dried like Egyptian mummies, had been found in the sands long after by Indians. The heat and the drought were unbearable, there were sand storms, sulphureous whirlwinds, poisonous springs, white gypsum wastes, bewildering mirages, desert wolves, rattlesnakes, tarantulas, hydrophobia skunks. I would never come out alive. But I went in, tempted Providence, off and on, for two and a half years, and still live to tell the tale.

After all, the dangers were not great. I had had, as a boy, considerable experience in Indian life and was not afraid of the open. And I had no fear of being alone or getting lost. My sense of direction was as keen as that of a homing pigeon, and when I was equipped with food and had located a water hole it really made no difference to me whether I was lost or found. I always knew my general direction, and with the ever-constant sun and stars I could not lose the points of the compass.

There are two ways of outfitting for a trip into the unknown. The one usually followed is to pack every article of plunder that might be thought desirable. That generally results in wearing out the most enduring pack train. I preferred the other way, the Indian way, of carrying very little, going light-shod, and retaining ease of movement. So, for myself, I wore nothing but a cotton shirt and trousers, a flat straw hat, and, on my feet, moccasins. I made my own moccasins, Sioux style, with a pointed toe, of strong mule-deer hide. A pair of blankets, a small hatchet, a short-handled shovel, some rawhide picket ropes, several tin cups, a small frying pan, a rifle for large game, and a .22-caliber single-barrel pistol for birds—

THE AMERICAN DESERT

these made up the bulk of my pack. My food supply was not heavy, and the vital part of it was condensed. Its sustaining power was so great that a small sack of it would last me for weeks. It required no more preparation than mixing with a little water and eating as one would oatmeal. Besides this mixture I carried tablets of chocolate, dried figs, a little bacon, some flour, salt, tea, and a small bottle of saccharine. I relied on desert rabbits, quail, and doves for meat, and that source also supplied the dog. Food for the horse had to be picked up by the way, and was often a perplexing problem.

I started out with a desert-bred horse, as tough as an antelope and, where food was concerned, as cunning as a coyote. He picked a living where it might be thought a jack rabbit would starve to death. Always in the early spring in the desert there were patches of alfalfa and bunch grass that sprang up quickly but soon withered and died. The desert winds broke the dry stalks, and they were dragged and blown against the roots of the creosote bush, or heaped about ant hills. This dried grass was the sole sustenance of the desert jack rabbit, and it served my horse as a main article of diet. But often we were in hot valleys or dry lake beds or gypsum wastes where little besides the creosote and salt bush grew, and there the horse found the cupboard quite bare.

We crossed such places very rapidly, and if we did not find feed in the valleys beyond we climbed into the desert mountains three or four thousand feet in search of the bunch grass or perhaps some twigs or barks in the



A RIVER
OF LAVA

The surface of the sandy Mohave Desert is streaked with cracked and disintegrating streams of reddish-black lava, the remains of scorching torrents of prehistoric ages



DECEPTION OF
THE DESERT

What seems to be a wide expanse of cool, refreshing water cupped in a valley close to the mountain is in reality the dry, parched bed of an evaporated lake

chaparral. The horse was not particular. He would often spend hours gnawing the bark from a sycamore or gleaning choke-cherries or manzanitas from the chaparral. And he lost no flesh on such feeding. As for water, he could go without it for a couple of days and would then be satisfied if I slashed into a *sahuaro* or *bisnaga* and let him eat the watery pulp of it; but he drank water like a camel when he got the opportunity. I quickly trained myself to go without any moisture for twelve hours, but when we struck a large water hole, horse, dog, and man drank to the saturation point.

Of course water was the scarcest article of all in the desert. I was never able to move from one supply until I had located and tested another. But after a few weeks I became very shrewd about finding water in unexpected places.

I found, for example, that some of the winter rainfall was pocketed high up in the mountain stream beds—pocketed in rock basins under dry waterfalls. The rock basin would be ten or a dozen feet in diameter, filled with sand and gravel, and offering to the casual glance not the slightest sign of water; but by digging into that sand and gravel four or five feet I would find water held there in the rocky bowl.

When I began digging in one of these gravel-filled basins the interest of the horse and dog seemed greater than my own. The dog watched the hole as though he expected rabbits to jump out of it, and the horse pushed forward with cocked ears and forefeet in the sand until I had to make the dog drive him off. They knew perfectly well I was digging for water. Frequently

THE AMERICAN DESERT

at the bottom of the bowl I dragged out of little hollows and cracks small grains and flakes of gold. Under a small magnifying glass they showed quite plainly, but the total bulk of them was not great. I dreamed no dreams about them. I was not seeking gold. But it was there.

Sometimes the winter rainfall on the mountain tops would follow the ledges of rotten granite and drip or ooze out of a crack at the mountain base for perhaps months afterward. This water was usually clear and cool, and the temptation to camp beside it was too great to be resisted. I sometimes found these drips from the mountain bases by following the flight of the desert doves. The mourning dove, wherever he is, loves to drink. So whenever I was moving or hunting for water I kept watch for passing doves. If I found two or three pair in the course of an hour flying in the same direction, I took that direction, keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of green vegetation or bunched bushes or unusual mesquite.

Besides these water reservoirs I would occasionally find a deep pothole or cistern bored in the rock of the foothills by a revolving stone in early geologic days, and in this pothole would often be held a catch of greenish, unwholesome-

looking water. Several times in emergencies I used this by cutting cactus lobes and putting them into it. That would clear the water, and, after boiling, I found it drinkable but not pleasant. Then, too, I occasionally found (by the grass growing about it) a spring that proved serviceable rising from somewhere under the desert floor. But I always accepted it with caution. I let the horse smell it over and drink it if he would. If he would not touch it, I let it alone. It was often brackish or blue with alkali or copper-tintured; and the Indians declared it poisonous. But the horse knew more about it than the Indians. If there is one place more than another



SCARRED SURVIVORS OF THE STRUGGLE

Desert vegetation must not only adapt itself to the scarcity of moisture but must also protect itself from the hungry jaws of ravenous animals. Many desert plants have bitter saps and are armed with spines



COLOR— ❖
THE DESERT'S
WEALTH ❖

"Every color in the scale is attuned to the key of flame, every air wave comes with the breath of flame, every sunbeam falls as a shaft of flame. It is the kingdom of sun fire"

where animals are keen-witted and alive to danger, it is in the desert.

And abstemious. Everything native to the desert gets along with an irreducible minimum. In the matter of water, the horse, dog, and I, with the desert doves, were about the only life that drank at all. I never knew or saw any of the desert animals or birds (except the doves) drink water at any time. Sometimes I would camp by a desert drip for ten days and keep every animal away from it, but nothing ever seemed to suffer. The thermometer at ten o'clock would be one hundred and twenty in the shade, but coyotes, jack rabbits, ground squirrels, rock rats, horned larks, and desert quail would move about as usual. I am certain that the rabbits and ground squirrels and snakes and lizards never took water at any time and could live indefinitely without it. I have watched the lynx and the coyote circle water holes, looking for birds, but they would not drink. And I frequently found mule deer, mountain sheep, and antelope fifty miles from any known water hole.

I never came anywhere near dying of thirst, though most of my desert traveling was done in the heat of summer. I kept a gallon of water in a canvas water bottle as a reserve supply. In case of disaster, with horse and dog dead, and left afoot and alone, I could, with that water, walk a hundred miles or more to the edge of the desert. Nothing but accident or illness could stop me. No illness came to me, and the horse and dog kept fit. In mountain climbing the horse was as nimble as a goat, and scarcely an escarpment that the terrier and I could take but the horse would follow after. He never grumbled, bucked, or strayed and had no notion of being left behind. We all three held together and pulled together. Almost always we made our night camp up in the mountains. It was cooler there, water and feed could be found, and the dry chaparral made excellent firewood. For the first ten

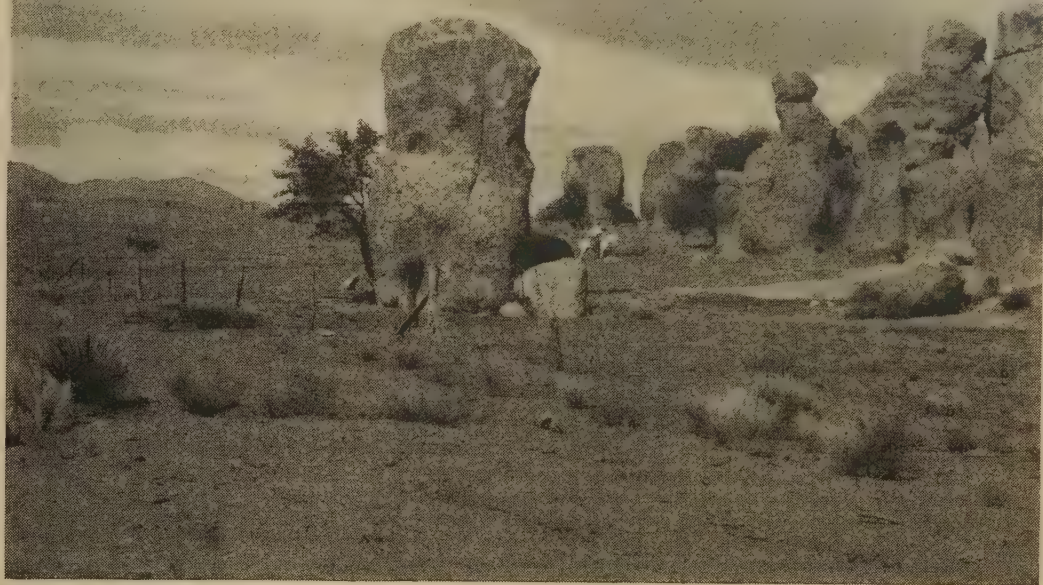


AS BARREN AS ❖ ❖
THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

The shifting sand dunes in the Colorado Valley greatly resemble the sandy wastes of the Sahara. The floor of the southwestern American desert is not entirely of sand; parts of it are covered with gravel, while other sections are covered with soil that can be made productive only by irrigation.

days I picketed and hopped the horse for fear he would take his back track in the night and leave me; but he soon forgot about the ranch from which I took him. I then allowed him to run free, trailing a rope, and eventually took off even the rope. He showed no disposition to leave. In fact, he would often come into camp in the night to see that we were not giving him the slip. He would blunder in, nosing and smelling the dog and myself, much to the dog's disgust, who growled and grumbled about it.

Some nights the horse was nervous and apprehensive and could not be driven from the camp. He would stand with head up and ears cocked, snuffing the air and snorting. I well knew the keenness of scent in these half-wild horses and understood on such occasions that some grizzly bear or pack of wolves had been through there twenty-four hours before and left a taint upon the air. Both horse and dog kept watch such nights, and I slept without fear. Nothing in the desert would attack me, though a bear might make short work of horse or dog. Indeed, the only night affair we ever had was an attack by wolves upon the horse. He had strayed away, half a mile or more, in picking up bunch grass. It was a summer of great drought and scarcity of food, and I suppose the wolves were made desperate by hunger. At any rate, they winded the horse and sneaked pretty close to him before he was aware. When finally they jumped at him he made for the camp at full speed, with three swift gray shadows following close at his heels. The beat of the horse's hoofs roused me, and I caught up my rifle as he came toward camp. I could



**FANTASTIC
FORMS** ♣

The sands of the desert driven before the burning winds have carved the granite rocks into weird, grotesque shapes. Slowly, under the spray of Nature's sand blast, these rocks are returning to the plain from which they rose

see the three shadows behind him, and shot quickly. The wolves turned at right angles and took down the mountain, one of them going on three legs and lagging behind. I shot again, but nothing dropped. The light was too dim for accurate aim. The horse ran a mile beyond the camp and then slowly worked back to us, snorting and stamping as he came nearer.

Camp was quickly made and quickly broken, for I had few things to pack or unpack. No tent or shelter was necessary, for there was no summer rain. I slept in the open, on a flat piece of ground. Dusk usually found me lying on the blankets with the saddle for a pillow, watching the fire-red of the high mountain peaks. Night after night they would glow with sky reflection like hot iron, and finally fade away in an ashes of roses; again, like hot iron cooling. I made many water colors of these mountain spires at sunset, but in the eastern country no one would believe in their truth of color. Just so with the midsummer sunsets, when the whole west would turn to a bright orange hue that spread from the horizon to the zenith and from extreme north to extreme south. They were unbelievable. I seemed not looking *at* a sunset, but actually *in* the sunset itself. I have never been able to determine whether animals recognized the different lights and colors in nature, but I was sure that the dog and horse with me recognized these orange glows. All three of us, standing side by side on some mountain height, would look to the west for many minutes at a time—the horse with head up and ears forward, the dog sniffing the air as though trying to smell the color.

THE AMERICAN DESERT

When the light of peak and sky faded out, a deep night blue covered the sky, and upon this came out, one by one, the stars. The desert was always profoundly silent, but at night, in its great hush, it seemed part of the constellations. The call of a belated quail, the yap of a coyote, the far-off cry of a wolf seemed only to emphasize the stillness. The great moving universe overhead made no sound. And I could feel it move across me from east to west in the night. I came to know it so well, so like a chart, that whenever I woke I could tell the time by the position of the stars. My watch had been left behind, and time was no object to me at best, but still I was amused at the way one can fill a gap or supply a deficiency in case of need. Many a night I traveled with the horse and dog to avoid the heat of mid-day, laying my route by the moon and stars.

If ever a dreary feeling came to me up there alone in the mountains, it was dispelled by the first light of dawn. The sun in the desert always came up like thunder. It was a blaze of fire. The premonitory dawn was an upward spread of color even more wonderful than that of dusk. No one could think about himself with such a display covering the eastern heavens. At the first appearance of dawn I was up.

Saddled and packed, we took to the valleys, if we were traveling, and made haste in the early part of the day. By eight o'clock the sands were so hot that the terrier would creep under a creosote bush and refuse to travel. He howled in perfectly understandable howls that the sand burned his feet. I would lift him on the horse behind me, where he would stand crosswise of the horse with his back against my back and hold on even when the horse went at a hard gallop. At one time I made him some buckskin shoes, which I tied fast above his dewclaws with a buckskin thong, but he worried with



A VALLEY IN
A DESERT ♣

The Mohave Desert was once the bed of a lake, but is now dry; the alkaline deposit discourages all but the sparsest vegetation

them and kept pulling them off. Before noon all three of us had been scorched enough and were glad to pause in the shadow of some rock or go up into the mountains on a water and feed hunt. Often I crept into some wind-worn cave, after evicting snakes and scorpions, and was glad to get a nap. Later in the afternoon I hunted mountain sheep or mule deer, or lay on the rocks and watched the flight of vultures, or drew water colors, or wrote descriptions of the geological formations.

What was I doing in the desert? Well, I certainly had not gone there to explore the land, name the mountains, and map the dry stream beds. I was not sent there by any newspaper or magazine to

write up the country. No more was I a mining engineer, a land reclaimer, or a borax baron. I suppose, if the truth were plainly told, I had grown a bit weary of books, art, college, Europe—society and civilization in general. I longed for the wild and had a reversion to the savage. Besides, I was perhaps not very well and needed the open for recuperation. Once there I was not particular about my route or where I wandered. I kept no diary, made no map, claimed no discovery. The first summer is now only a memory of desert light, warm colors, lilac air, heliotrope shadows, fantastic mirages, flat dry lake beds, gypsum wastes, strange vegetation, stranger animals and reptiles.

I followed down the San Bernardino Range toward the Colorado River, crossing and recrossing again and again the Salton Basin. Imperial Valley was then not even dreamt of, and the basin was a silt sea-bed, as flat as a billiard table; and the only thing growing there was the salt bush. It was many feet below the level of the sea and so hot that not even a lizard, a horned toad, or a rattlesnake would live there. I found many trails in the soft silt—tracks of deer, wolves, coyotes—but they all ran straight, showing that the animals were merely crossing to the mountains and not stopping to hunt or feed. It was a deserted bowl in the waste—more desert than the



DESERT VEGETATION

A species of the yucca, or Spanish bayonet, found in the Painted Desert by the author, who says, "I have never seen the like of it before or since"

THE AMERICAN DESERT

desert itself and, in some respects, like Death Valley, lying farther north on the Mohave.

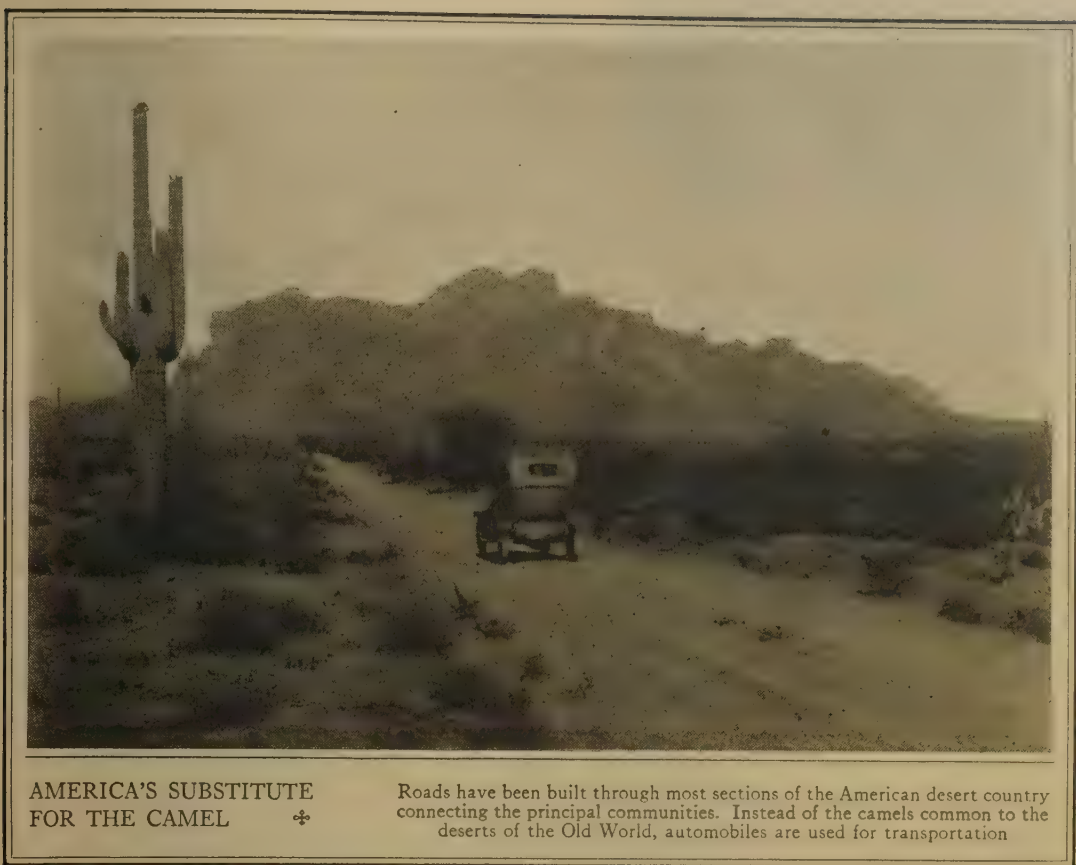
I crossed the Mexican border without knowing it, and eventually came out on the lower reaches of the Colorado River, spending some time camped on its banks near the delta. I found some stray Indians thereabouts. They talked much sign language and were interested in tobacco and food, but were good-natured and quite harmless. They were curious to know what I was doing down there. Everyone I met in or about the desert looked me over as a suspect, a gold hunter, a searcher for that old Pegleg mine that had been found and lost so many times. When I turned up for supplies at border towns like Arivaca or Nogales or Torres, I was always asked whether I had found that mine.

Well, I did find an old abandoned mine down in Sonora, or rather a Yaqui Indian took me to it. The trail to it was roundabout and difficult. The mine was evidently his unique secret, and he did not wish it known. He rode a burro about as big as a great Dane dog, and descending that rocky trail the burro kept falling down. The Yaqui's feet were trailing on the ground, and he had not far to fall, so he would pick up the little burro, set him on his feet, and we would go on. The entrance to the tunnel was under the base of a huge mountain. I remember that we crept through mesquite



A WATCH TOWER
IN THE DESERT

The Enchanted Mesa of Acoma, where the early Pueblo Indians built their homes high above the surrounding plain. From this altitude their lookouts were able to spy approaching enemies and spread the alarm



AMERICA'S SUBSTITUTE
FOR THE CAMEL ❖

Roads have been built through most sections of the American desert country connecting the principal communities. Instead of the camels common to the deserts of the Old World, automobiles are used for transportation

and cacti grown about the mouth, and when we got into the tunnel the air was hot and sulphureous. I breathed with a handkerchief over my face, and the Indian held his nose.

The vast interior of that mountain seemed to be hollowed out. There were galleries everywhere, with mesquite ladders leading up and down, and great chambers that had been cut and caverned by the tools of Yaqui Indians or Mexican peons. Evidences of old blasting by lime and water, and the grinding of ores between heavy stones operated by burros were everywhere. It was the most primitive kind of mining, and probably not a quarter of the mineral had been taken away. But nothing had been worked or touched in a hundred years. The place was as silent as the interior of an Egyptian tomb—a weird, strange place that I have never forgotten, and yet could not find again if I tried. That is the lost Pegleg mine of it. The edge of the desert abounds with tales of mines once worked at great profit, then raided by Indians and everyone massacred, then forgotten, and finally “lost.” Every prospector carries with him the hope that he will re-find one of those lost mines.

My desert wanderings were not all of a piece and continuous. During the winters I went to Guaymas and Hermosillo, lived in a house, became civilized, and “visited” the neighboring Mexican ranches. Even in summer

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I never kept by myself in the open desert for more than six weeks at a time. Then I would put into some desert settlement for a few days, get supplies, patch up the outfit, shoe the horse, send and receive mail. In my second year I traveled much without the horse, going long distances afoot rather than bother with the recurrent feed and water problem. I did this by crossing the Colorado and Mohave deserts via the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé roads and stopping every thirty or forty miles at sidings where water cars were kept for locomotive supply. Often there would be only a siding with two or three tank cars and perhaps a section crew of one white and half a dozen Mexicans living temporarily under the cars. I would camp down with them or alone if necessary, and from that central base would explore the deserts on either side of the railway in thirty-mile circles.

I saw much that summer of lava beds, extinct volcanoes, mountain forms. I was some time in the Calico Mountains studying geological strata, faults, squeezes, mineral deposits, unearthly colors of sands and shales. I photographed old sea beaches, lake bottoms, alkali sinks, salt deposits, and made water-color drawings of the rose-colored air, the gas-blue mirages, the lilac-shadowed sand waves, the lavender mountains. It was a summer of intense heat, which brought out color in its weirdest manifestations. Never before or since have I seen such an opalescent world. Occasionally I would show my drawings to the Mexicans, or Americans who knew something of the desert. They would always smile and nod approval of the colors and say they were true; but no one from the Middle West or East would credit them for a moment. And heat—one hundred and twenty-seven in the shade—that was merely a fantastic tale. The sequel to it—the fifty-degree fall of the mercury between sunset and sunrise—was, of course, ridiculous. Yet night after night I fell asleep in the great heat only to wake before morning and start burrowing in the sand for warmth. The truth of the desert is much stranger than any fiction about it.

Aside from my studies in rock strata, I was interested in the physical geography of the desert—the old sea beaches, the valley floors, the wear-down of foothills. Everywhere earthquake, lava, fire, and flood had been at work; and again, and yet again, the desert winds had sent waves of sand to bury the wreckage. On the contrary, the shifting sands sometimes uncovered strange formations, and occasionally a cloud-burst of past years had so cut out a river bed that the roots of mesquite or *palo-verde* or greasewood were left exposed in amazing cross sections.

It was following down the dry bed of a lost river that first led me to study the means whereby plant life was able to sustain itself in the desert. I found at the start that the common creosote or greasewood, which grows a bush from four to ten feet above ground, had roots that went down in the sand some twenty or thirty feet and spread out in every direction. On cutting the roots I found that the bark was very thick, pulpy, and water-holding. Here was



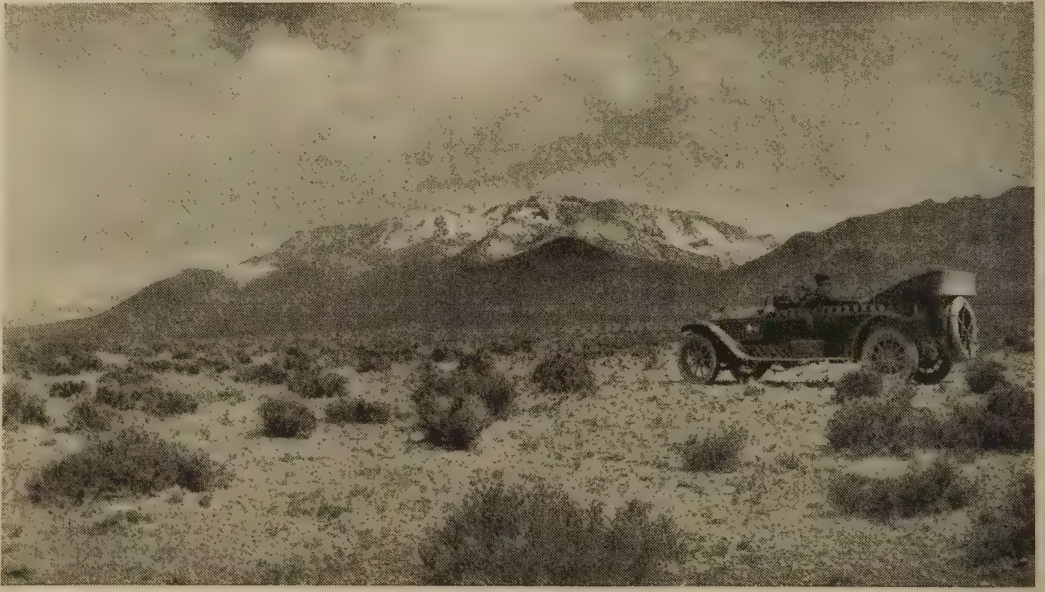
From a painting by C. T. Cole

SENTINELS ❖ OF THE DESERT

"Barren rock and nothing more! . . . Rising as they do from flat sands, they give the impression of things deep-based—veritable islands of porphyry bent upward from a yellow sea. . . . Usually they assume a dull garnet-red, but occasionally at sunset they warm in color and look fire-red through the pink haze"

the reservoir that gathered and stored water in the wet season and fed it out slowly to the plant above ground in the dry season. The leaves were thin and small, they had a way of hanging edgewise to the sun to prevent evaporation, and they were shellacked or varnished so that not a drop of moisture could escape through them.

But strangest of all was the device of this bush to ward off browsing desert animals, such as deer and rabbits. The leaf held sap. To the taste it was violently acid and astringent. The Indians used it to cauterize bullet wounds or cuts. When swallowed it proved not only emetic but cathartic. It was poison. Not an animal on the desert would touch it. And there, with no rainfall for many months, with everything else about either dead or



DESERT ❖
CONTRASTS

The low, scorching desert hemmed in by the high, snow-covered mountains. The automobile now goes everywhere, and the interior of a desert is no longer a place of mystery

withered, the creosote blossomed and spread its leaves and flourished. What shrewd adaptation to special conditions! Was not the plant acting from an intelligence of the same kind (though perhaps of less degree) as that of the animal and human?

I was much interested in this question. And here on the desert where peculiar conditions of hardship existed was the very place to study the expedients of both plants and animals. The long taproot was only one device. The wild gourd had a reservoir like an enormous turnip; another plant, the name of which I never knew, had a half-wooden bulb, looking like a hornet's nest, that also was a water holder; and many were the reservoirs above ground. All the cacti in lobe and joint and stem were merely masses of pulp that fed the flower and ripened the fruit. The tall fluted column of the *sahuaro*, sometimes thirty feet high, was a cylindrical cistern, and the *pitahaya*, the *cholla*, the *opuntia*, the *bisnaga* were variations of the cistern design. Of course they were protected. Every one of the growths had a bitter sap, and every one of them was armed with spines, thorns, sharp points. You could not touch them without being pierced. Even the baby grasses and pretty flowers that grew in the early spring were, in many instances, endowed with small spines that produced a red rash on the hand. Everything on the desert had to be fortified or it would quickly perish; for of all places on earth it was the one of savage conflict. The struggle for existence there was fierce, the conditions were exacting, hence the development of peculiar character through conflict and the strong impulse to survive.

All this was perhaps less obvious in the plants than in the reptiles, the

THE AMERICAN DESERT

birds, and the mammals. The plant could somehow defend itself by armor or sap or spine, but the birds and animals had to take the offensive to gain a living. Everything fought or fled or used strategy, and in the end every executioner became a victim. The birds were quite as fierce as the reptiles. The innocent-looking road runner caught and tossed the lizard with the same terrible certainty that he dodged and fought the sidewinder; the hawks and owls with great beaks and claws were eternally pouncing upon the rabbits and quail; and the eagles and condors kept harrying the young of the mountain sheep. Above the conflict circled the buzzard and the carrion crow, eager to finish anything left over, or, if need be, to wait patiently for the wounded to die.

From greater to less, down the line, the conflict continued. The kingbird and the bee catchers were not more murderous than the innocent-looking cactus wren. The scissors bill of the wren could snip through a butterfly quite as easily as the eagle could break the back of a rabbit. The enormous mouths of the swallows, bats, and whippoorwills were always open for any insect moving through the air. Every bird is normally hungry at all times, but on the desert the bird is abnormally hungry because of the limited supply. The eagerness and the fierceness of attack no doubt produced a cunning and a strength of attack that were peculiar to the desert. Even the songbirds like



DESERT
HOMES

Scattered along the edges of the desert sections are clusters of Pueblo and Yuma Indian huts. It is said that the Indians of the Coahuila Valley can endure hunger and thirst for days at a time



ARID WASTE ❀
AND DESOLATION

Typical of hundreds of square miles in the Southwest. The scarcity of moisture and the heat make the existence of plant and animal life a continuous struggle

the lark, or the seed-eating birds like the quail, developed extraordinary tenacity and endurance and died game at the last. The quail, if not killed outright by your shot, would run into a cactus patch or crawl down a squirrel hole and die just out of your reach.

The animals both great and small were of kin with the birds in fierceness and toughness. The cleverness of the desert deer, sheep, and antelope always seemed extraordinary to me. I marveled how, for instance, they could stampede across wide taluses of broken stone on a mountain side without even so much as scraping a dewclaw or twisting a pointed toe, or how they could run the mountains and deserts and evade the wolves. The pursuers were quite as cunning as the pursued. Long ago the old gray wolf found that deer and sheep disliked leaving certain localities, and that when startled they would run in wide circles about the home base. They could outrun him, but he found by starting a fresh wolf at given points on the circle he could tire out and finally drag down the quarry. I think he probably learned that much wisdom from his humble brother, the coyote. The coyote had invented the relay for outwitting the jack rabbit. It was useless to run straight after him, or try to stalk him or to catch him napping. The rabbit was too cute for such common expedients. But the relay running and the coming in of a fresh



A LAND OF
MILK AND HONEY

♣ The magic influence of water. This photograph, taken at the same spot as the one on the opposite page, visualizes the transformation brought about by irrigation

coyote at a tangent often proved too much for him. The rabbit lost.

The cunning of the coyote is a wonder to everyone who knows him. He is more foxy than a fox, and many are the devices he has for gaining a living and keeping out of trouble. He is not brave, though he will fight fiercely if cornered; but his discretion is magnificent. He knows all about you and has looked you over long before you see him. Sitting motionless on some little hill, his dusty coat blends into the sand and rock so perfectly that your eye does not pick him up. He will sit there and watch you maneuver for an hour if convinced that you do not see him, but the moment your eye catches him he knows it and is off. His impudence is colossal, but so, too, is his shrewdness.

The wildcat, the lynx, and the mountain lion were quite as truly past masters of strategy in sneaking, crawling, and springing as the coyote. They all of them had wits sharpened because of rather empty stomachs. They could not afford to let anything get away from them. And that was the condition of the prey. It could not afford to get caught. So offense and defense were both speeded up. Every pursuit was swift, and every flight, if possible, was swifter. So the struggle went on, but life was somehow endured, and everything brought forth after its kind with no whit of energy or hope abated.



SUNRISE ✚
IN THE DESERT

"The colors are intense in chrome-yellows, golds, carmines, magentas, malachite-greens —a body of gorgeous hues upheld by enormous side wings of paler tints that encircle the horizon to the north and south"

Even the reptiles and the insects insisted upon surviving, no matter how gaunt the land or pitiless the circumstances. They were not endowed with spine armor, nor great fighting strength, nor swiftness in flight; but to many of them was given the most deadly weapon of all—poison. One naturally, at first, thinks of the rattlesnake as the chief of poison carriers. He is native to the desert, but in my wanderings I met with only a few of them. They were usually found on the ledges of the desert mountains. One day as I was descending a steep side of rock, and, thinking to save time and distance by dropping some ten feet upon a projecting ledge, I discovered, just before I dropped, that a large rattlesnake was occupying the ledge. I dropped a rock, instead of myself, upon him.

But such incidents were rare. I kept, however, a sharp lookout for rattlers, as did also the dog. He would shake and kill any kind of snake except a rattler. Instinctively he knew that poison lay there. Every animal on the desert knew as much, and gave the rattler a wide berth. Nor was there any interference with the tarantulas, trap-door spiders, centipedes, scorpions, wasps, and red and black ants. They were all poison bearers—the ant in degree being even more poisonous than the snake. Of course, they had

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their conflicts among themselves. The great orange-winged tarantula wasp was always driving his sting into the back of some spider and carrying him off to his storehouse, the scorpions were continually pulling each other to pieces, and the ants had a standing quarrel with everything that came their way.

When added to by Gila monsters, lizards, and horned toads, the reptile family would seem to make up a rather savage crew; but I never was bitten by any of them, except once by a scorpion that had lodged in my moccasin overnight. Reptiles lent a grisly aspect to life in the waste, but then *that* was the desert of it. They were not fiercer after their kind than the inanimate things—the hot light, the scorching winds, the shifting sands, the alkali beds, the barren mountains. All nature wore a savage front on the desert. And yet it was tempered by an outer aspect of vast serenity and a beauty that was little short of sublime.

I have never seen greater pictorial beauty than the desert revealed. Every painter who has been there tells the same tale. It is a wonder of light, air, and color—at dawn and dusk an iridescent dream of splendor. All the pictures of it have proved merely compromises. You cannot squeeze out of a



A DESERT
ROAD ❖

Almost all geological ages are represented in the conglomerate rocky wastes of the desert. Shales, slates, syenite, and basalt are there; and over all a dusty white coating of carbonate of lime

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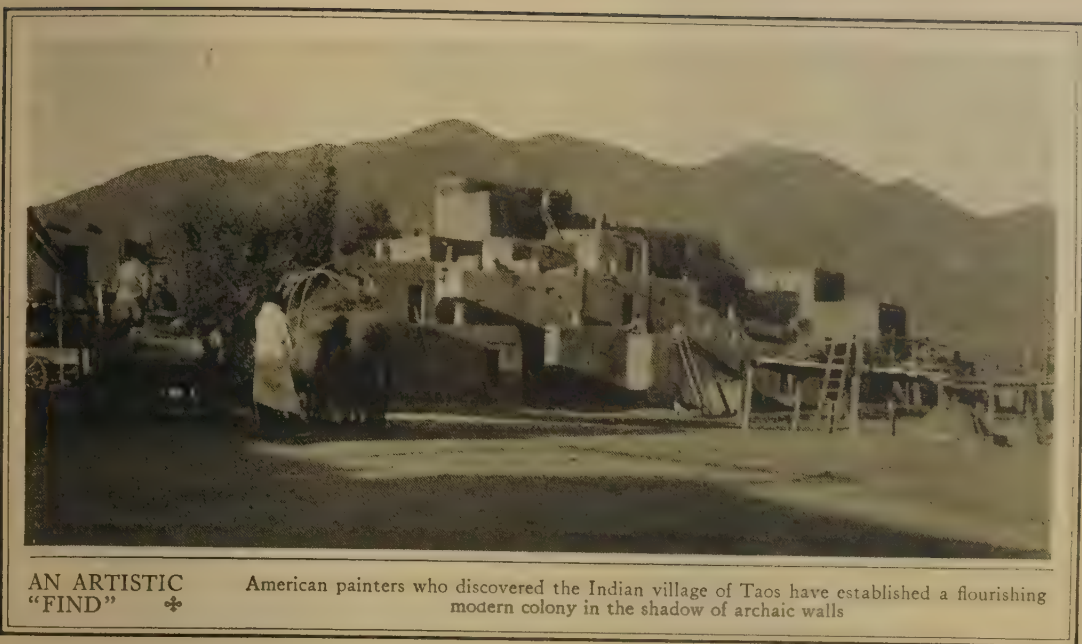
tube such color as the desert produces even in its half-tones. As for the blazing light, the brightest paint will not come within seventy-five degrees of it. And no palette mixture can render the opalescent air, the heliotrope shadows, the violet sky-depths, except in feeble echo. Add to this the vast stretch of the desert, the reach of the flat valleys, the lift of the bare granite mountains, and you have the uniquely wonderful. Those grim mountains with their fire hues at dawn and dusk were the very essence of sublimity. They stood for foundation stones, they meant geological ages; through the colored air they looked like enchanted mountains, and in their silence they were strangely mysterious. I was always climbing their heights and looking down from their ramparts, as the followers of Emir Musa from the walls of the City of Brass.

I have had many loves in landscape—the tablelands of Montana, the prairies of Dakota, the Grand Canyon, the great sea—but the desert outlives them all. A savage face of nature, to be sure; but marked by strong lines of beauty and an unfading blaze of splendor. It is a land that one never forgets. Its grim mountains and gaunt valleys, with its desolation and vast silence, are things not to be forgotten.



“VOICE OF ❖
THE DESERT”

A painting by W. R. Leigh. The illustration reproduced on the cover is also the work of this artist. Mr. Leigh's success was achieved early in life. At the age of four he received a prize at a country fair for an animal silhouette which he had cut out of paper. He has painted portraits, and done much magazine and book illustrating. He now devotes most of his attention to making pictures of the Far West



AN ARTISTIC
"FIND" ❖

American painters who discovered the Indian village of Taos, have established a flourishing modern colony in the shadow of archaic walls



AOS: AN ART CENTER ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖
❖ ❖

HOW A GROUP OF AMERICAN ARTISTS HAVE MADE AN INDIAN VILLAGE FAMOUS

BY J. PENNINGTON

About twenty years ago, two New York artists, impatient with the futilities and limitations of city life, set out in a large covered wagon to cross the southwestern desert in search of their artistic fortunes. And the end, no less than the beginning, of their adventure, reads like a fairy story; for their search was crowned with success not only for themselves but for fellow artists who followed them. It befell these young wanderers that they came to Taos, not far from Santa Fé, the capital city of New Mexico; and in this little Mexican village, set amid the ruins of an ancient civilization, they found all that they were seeking. Here was color beyond the dreams of artistic avarice. Here were native models, Pueblo Indians—not the war-whooping, tomahawk-shaking, feather-crowned kind of Indians, but peaceable, dignified brown men who farmed the land and made pottery designed from and decorated with patterns found in the ruins of their ancestors' dwelling places. They were ideal models, these natives of the land of *poco tiempo*—the land of "pretty soon"—unhurried and unchanged by encroaching civilization, uninfluenced by the ways of the white men who dwelt among them.

As early as 1881 Montgomery Roosevelt, the portrait painter, a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, had gone to Taos as a visitor; and there had been a few



A STUDIO IN A DESERTED CHAPEL

E. Irving Couse, a specialist in paintings of Indian life and crafts, does much of his work beneath the beams of an old New Mexican church. Mr. Couse is president of the "Taos Society of Artists," organized in 1914

others—Colin Campbell Cooper, Frederick Remington, and Henry R. Poor, the cattle and landscape painter. Poor had even written an article on the Pueblo at Taos. Then J. H. Sharp had found his way there; and to him belongs the credit of being the first of the present group to discover the painters' paradise of the Southwest.

The two artists—Ernest L. Blumenschein and Bert Phillips—found in Taos not only the primitive ways of life and art, the dream of every artist the world over; they found not only color so dazzling and so pure that it defies and eludes the brush; not only native models crowding about their very thresholds; but above all they found a simple, unrestrained, inexpensive, and unpretentious way of living. Even an artist, unpractical dreamer though he be, could build an adobe house according to the recipe given by Charles Fletcher Lummis in his "Land of Poco Tiempo:" "You merely flay your lawn, stand the epidermis on end, and roof it. That is the house—the most easily made of all houses—cool in heat and warm against cold." With such a roof over his head, a brush in his hand, a model peering in at the window, and the brilliant sun of the Southwest over all things, how could inspiration fail?

So these two artists unpacked their palettes and brushes and cooking utensils and settled down in Taos. So glowing were their accounts of the place that before long other artists came to see for themselves what had lured the two to a remote spot on the edge of the desert. Within a few years there was a definite group of painters either living at Taos or summering there—

TAOS: AN ART CENTER ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

Walter Ufer, Victor Higgins, E. Irving Couse, W. H. Dunton, and many others. They organized the Taos Society of Artists and gave exhibitions of their work; and soon the whole country was speculating about Taos. What was it? Where was it? Who were there, and why did they go?

Perhaps no one but a painter can understand what it means to find such a refuge as this white-walled community on the rim of the desert. Not even Gauguin's South Sea Islands could furnish better possibilities in color, in subjects for composition, in themes of allegorical treatment than did the happy brown people, in their rich colorful setting. In all phases of their daily life the Pueblo Indians present pictures that by their rich variety of color and line, by the manifold implications of the ancient civilization that still persists in all they do, are at once the delight and the despair of the artists. Whether harvesting their crops by sunlight and moonlight; or engaged in their ceremonial dances to give thanks for the corn and the beans, the rain and the sun; or whether merely idling in the sun, the chief diversion in the land of "pretty soon;" they provide endless motifs from which the Taos painters weave exquisite harmonies of color and line.

There are, of course, Indians in other parts of the country; but the Pueblo Indians are unique in their resistance to the ways of the white man, in their strict adherence to tribal customs. Outwardly good church-going Catholics,



ARTIST AND MODEL

A representative type of Pueblo Indian in demand among the Taos painters displays his native finery



THE SKY IS DUNTON'S STUDIO ROOF
Indians and cowboys pose for him on the open plain

they remain pagans at heart and celebrate their pagan festivals as they have always done. These Pueblos have deliberately clung to their tribal traditions and customs, to the garments, crafts, and rituals of the ancient civilization from which they are sprung.

It is thanks to the Pueblo Indians, then, that the Taos artists have made it possible for Americans, in one instance at least, to live down their national curse of "newness." For it is from the fountainhead of a civilization older even

than that of Europe that they draw their inspiration. No longer must the student seek out seats of ancient culture on the other side of the Atlantic. Here in his own country he may visit a shrine as worthy of his worship as any to be found in southern Europe. Here he will find color no less variable and enchanting than the colors of Italy; here are the survivors of an ancient race dwelling amid the ruins of their ancient habitations, ruins in which there is no less beauty, dignity, and nobility than in those of ancient Rome or Greece.

The little colony founded by Blumenschein and Phillips has outgrown its original home and spread over into Santa Fé; so that it is no longer enough to speak of the "Taos



WELCOME WATER IN THE DESERT

TAOS: AN ART CENTER ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

artists"—one must speak of the "New Mexican artists." But those who belong to the Taos group, it must be admitted, are ever so slightly scornful of the more sophisticated dwellers in the capital, because the latter demand the comforts of civilization—baths and street cars and automobiles. They feel ever so slightly superior to their neighbors in Santa Fé, because, seeking primitive life for the artist, they are willing to live in a primitive way in the adobe houses that boast no more modern

convenience than perhaps a fireplace. J. H. Sharp, for instance, made a

studio of an abandoned Mexican adobe church, and, though he put in a new floor, he did so, he explained, merely "to keep the dead Penitentes down." (The Penitentes are members of a religious sect who discipline themselves by self-flagellation, and during Lent even crucify one of their number, in spite of the efforts of the Catholic Church to destroy the organization.) W. Herbert Dunton built himself in the Pueblo style a studio having a ladder by which one entered the upper story, just like the community houses of the Indians. Irving Couse lives in an old church, and Ernest L. Blumenschein has transformed one of these native mud houses into a low, flower-wreathed villa.



FOUNDERS OF THE COLONY

Blumenschein, Couse, Bert Phillips, and J. M. Sharp. The latter (wearing hat) was the first to come to the ancient village seeking a new kind of Indian model



INDIAN MODEL IN NATIVE SETTING

TAOS: AN ART CENTER ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

Albert Groll is the only one in the group who confines his work almost entirely to landscape. For some reason he has been able to resist the lure of the native Indian model; he has undertaken to put upon canvas the changing aspects of the desert—the effects of sunlight and rain upon the sand, the strange rock formations, and the sparse and prickly vegetation. Although William R. Leigh paints chiefly cowboys and Indians, he has chosen one or two desert scenes. It is said that he deplores, as well he may, the fact that nowadays so many of the cowboys go dashing about in “flivvers”!

As has been said, to this group of painters credit must be given for lifting to some extent the curse of “newness” that is so often placed upon American art and, incidentally, for giving a new impetus to the “See America First” movement. So famous has Taos become that almost everyone knows how to pronounce it (phonetically it approximates Towse, in one syllable), and every year scores of pilgrims, both laymen and artists, seek out the ancient village and pay their respects to this new shrine in an old setting. But in spite of curious visitors Taos is still completely untouched by civilization; it is still primitive, aloof, unspoiled, in spite of the “not at home” signs the artists are compelled to place on their doors to prevent interruption, and in spite of the fixed minimum wage for Indian models of fifty cents an hour. The old Taos pueblo still dominates the little village, symbol of the unchanging ways of the Southwestern Indian—“a strange, tragical place with its high, blank walls against the stranger.”



AN ADOBE
WORKSHOP

Home of Ernest and Mary Blumenschein. Their studio is a remodeled native hut. Mr. Blumenschein is secretary of the group called “The New Mexico Painters”

THE PAGEANT HIGHWAY

A 6,000-MILE RIDE FROM PARK TO PARK

BY RONNE C. SHELSE, U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY,
DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Courtesy National Park Service

SETTING OUT FROM DENVER FOR THE PAGEANT RIDE

The Lariat Trail in Lookout Mountain Park, one of nine mountain parks owned and maintained by the city of Denver. Winding, as the name suggests, the trail leads up the mountain where William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") is buried, overlooking the plains he knew so well. Thousands of tourists pass over the road each year on their way to the Rocky Mountain National Park

A SIX-THOUSAND-MILE road that winds its ribboned length from Denver to Glacier Park, across to Seattle, down the coast to Los Angeles, over the Mohave Desert to the Grand Canyon, and back to Denver again: That is the "Pageant," or "National Park-to-Park Highway." This chain that encircles the far western states is set with twelve matchless jewels—twelve national parks that reveal more of Nature's splendor than is readily accessible anywhere else in the world. Each park has an individuality all its own. Towering mountain or canyon superb, placid lake, roaring stream, or splashing falls, seething geyser or giant tree—the traveler will find all these scenic wonders, and many others, in these great tracts of land that have been set aside for the enjoyment of the people.

The trip by auto, barring accidents, can be made easily and comfortably in ninety days. This allows time for sightseeing and "stop-overs" at various points. Any time from May to August, therefore, is a good

time to start from Denver. We set off in the middle of June, when sun and sky are fairest and the rolling roads are at their best. We head north and drive abreast the Rockies. In three hours' time we turn into the eastern gateway to the Rocky Mountain National Park, with its four hundred square miles of snow-topped heights. We look down on quiet valleys dotted with lakes and tiny parks of pine and aspen and a profusion of wild flowers. This rugged country is the home of the bighorn sheep, powerful and agile beasts that plunge off dizzy heights and dance down ledges into the valley below. Then we go on to the Yellowstone. The highway leads down the Big Thompson Canyon, following the river of that name to the plains. We tarry a while at Cheyenne, rich in memories of the "Wild West." Farther on are Casper, the oil city; Thermopolis, with its hot springs; and Cody, named for "Buffalo Bill." On we go through the beautiful canyon of the Shoshone until we come to that amazing open-air museum of natural



Courtesy National Park Service

AN AFTERNOON REST AT THE CLUBHOUSE ON GRAND LAKE

Grand Lake, sapphire gem, on the western edge of the Rocky Mountain National Park, is one of the largest and most beautifully situated lakes in Colorado. It is one and one-half miles in length and nearly a mile in width, and its clear, cold water is of great depth. The lake lies at an elevation of 8,369 feet and claims the highest yacht club in the world. At the head of the lake, Mount Craig rises to a height of 12,005 feet. Amid this scenic grandeur visitors to the national park may rest or indulge in fishing, boating, horseback riding, or mountain climbing

wonders called "The Yellowstone." Here we find ourselves in the laboratory of a great cosmic alchemist and surrounded by vast evidences of his handiwork: canyons of exquisite coloring, gleaming white waterfalls, crystal-clear lakes, towering mountain heights, vast plateaus with marvelously tinted hot springs, iridescent terraces fantastically fashioned, and spouting geysers. We pick our way among steaming pools where Old Faithful and other volcanic fountains play at regular intervals, and little springs toss up their bubbling water. Then we walk out to Inspiration Point, a strip of land that projects itself almost to the center of the canyon, and view the spectacle of a gorgeous white waterfall nearly twice the height of Niagara. The spot is truly named, for it invokes a mood of inspiration in all observers. The Yellowstone is the greatest wild-animal preserve in the world, and so, of course, we must see the bears and deer and other creatures—especially the bears. The animals are so tame that they gather about

the hotels or road camps and take food from the hand. The park ranger has already told us about the "hold-up" bear, and before we know it he appears in the road. He stops in front of the machine, and we slow down as he rises on his hind legs. He is begging, and we know what for. Each takes a turn at feeding him chocolate candy from the box. When he has got all the "loot" we can give him, he stands aside and waits for the next car.

Out of the Yellowstone by way of Gardiner, the northern exit, we hit the trail for Glacier National Park. Another long stretch is ahead, and we break it by stop-overs at Bozeman, site of the state college; Helena, the capital of Montana; and Great Falls, with its huge lighting and power plants. Finally we reach the vast reserve whose northern boundary parallels the line that separates the United States and Canada. The name suggests the chief characteristic of the scenery in Glacier Park. Millions of years ago, this part of the North American conti-



A VIEWPOINT WHERE TRAVELERS ALWAYS LINGER

Blue Bird Lake, in the Rocky Mountain National Park, lies in what is known as the Wild Basin, a name suggested by Enos Mills, famous naturalist, who loved its rugged grandeur. The lake is reached by a good trail up the North St. Vrain Creek from Allen's Park Village. This basin is fitted to become the camping ground of large summer throngs

nent, then under sea, was pushed upward by some mighty internal force and strung out in irregular, wave-like masses which to-day we call a mountain range. On these the snows and rains of uncounted centuries have fallen, and the ice and the waters have carved them into vast forms of astonishing beauty. Glistening, dazzling ice sheets or tranquil lakes that are the offspring of the glaciers lie in the great hollows between the peaks, and the rocks in the mountain masses, thousands of feet up, show broad horizontal bands of magnificently colored strata laid down by the seas in the forgotten past.

From Glacier we turn to the fourth of the jewel parks: Mount Rainier, in western Washington. This lap of the journey must

also be broken by stays along the road at cities and towns. We visit Spokane, Seattle, then Tacoma. From there the cone of Mount Rainier can be seen snow-crowned and bulking majestically against the blue sky. In Rainier Park we find scenery that challenges the Alps. The peak of the mountain towers above the others in the Cascade Range. Half a hundred square miles of glaciers are there, too, with many individual ice streams from four to six miles long. And, incredible as it seems, this giant mountain was once a volcano, and is to-day, indeed, a dormant volcano, built up in the ages ago with the lavas thrown out by its own heat forces. We are in a region of contrasts. In the morning we complain of the heat in



Courtesy National Park Service

Photograph by Wisall Bros.

ICE AND SNOW IN SUMMER-TIME

A relic of the Ice Age, the perpetual snow bridge in the Rocky Mountain National Park spans the outlet stream to Blue Bird Lake. At certain times of the year the cavern is open, and one may pick his way, from rock to rock, through the stream.

the valley; in the afternoon we are making snowballs on the upper slopes of the mountain. At Paradise Inn, nestling in the valley of the same name, we again hear the call of the road and start down the coast over the finest stretch of the highway. Glimpsing Olympia, Centralia, Portland, Salem, and all the other hustling towns, we catch the spirit of the Northwest. At Medford, Oregon, we swing the wheel around and drive east on the road that leads to Crater Lake Park, named for a loch of transcendent beauty. Nowhere else is there water of such unbelievable blue—turquoise, sapphire, Prussian blue. It fairly beggars description. It fills a crater which Nature made in a most uncommon manner. On the site a colossal volcano once stood, then fell in upon itself—an astounding scenic change in Nature's spectacular drama.

But we must go on. At about the state line we start up into the Siskiyou Mountains. Near Ashland is a bold rock, Pilot Knob, which stands more than six thousand feet above the sea and which in the earlier days guided emigrants to the pass to California. From Yreka on for about a hundred miles are the washed-out banks, reminders of '49, when men rushed to the coast in the mad scramble for gold. Redding, at the upper end of the Sacramento Valley, is the first town in the semi-tropical fruit country.

Some fifty miles farther on is Red Bluff and the road to Lassen Park. This is the one place in the United States where there is any real volcanic action. Smoke and steam still occasionally rise out of the cone of the mountain. From Lassen we "make" Sacramento and the smaller towns along the highway, and at Vallejo cross an arm of the bay and come into Martinez, Berkeley, Oakland, and the other well-known cities of the Pacific coast. At Tracy we enter the famed San Joaquin Valley, pass through Stockton, noted for its grapes, and at Oakdale, where the valley ends, take up the last bit of road to the Yosemite National Park, the seventh master jewel in the chain. About a mile wide and eight miles long, the Yosemite Valley tells a deeply interesting geologic story of the wearing down and cutting away of rock by water and ice during millions of years, forming a beautiful vale through which the Merced River continues to pour its waters and wear its way. And, at various points high up on the summit-surfaces, streams, left at that level ages ago, pour over the brink of the valley in fairy waterfalls—Bridal Veil, Vernal, Nevada, and Illilouette falls, all enchanting in their separate ways, and, highest and most beautiful of all, Yosemite Falls, with its long and short leaps of water. And then we turn to the sheer sum-

mits. The floor of the valley is 4,000 feet above the sea, and from that the Cathedral Rocks rise 2,500 feet, El Capitan 3,604 feet, Sentinel Dome 4,157 feet, Half Dome 4,892 feet, and Clouds' Rest 5,964 feet, Nature's skyscrapers, we call them all. From the park area above the valley's rim comes the song of the Tuolumne River. Descending sharply to the head of the Hetch Hetchy Valley, now a reservoir for San Francisco's water supply, this plunging stream is described by a famous naturalist as "one wild, exulting, onrushing mass of snowy purple bloom spreading over glacial waves of granite without any definite channel, gliding in magnificent silver plumes, dashing and foaming through huge boulder dams, leaping high in the air in wheel-like whirls, displaying glorious enthusiasm, tossing from side to side, doubling, glinting, singing in exuberance of mountain energy."

We drive on through wonderful farming country to the Sequoia and General Grant national parks, areas set aside by Congress to preserve California's big trees. In the Giant Forest stands the General Sherman Tree, the oldest and largest thing that lives. It is 36 feet in diameter and 286 feet high. Scores of others are there almost as large, hundreds over ten feet in diameter, and many thousand sequoias in the seedling stage and upward.

The road from Sequoia leads out of the farming country a little beyond Visalia. Then follow Tulare and half a dozen smaller towns, then Bakersfield and the great oil districts. Just beyond the derricks we strike a road the like of which we seldom see. It is a straight-away seventeen-mile stretch as unswerving as if laid out by rule. We cross the San Bernardino National Forest and arrive at last at Los Angeles and Hollywood. From Pictureland on for a distance that seems too short we traverse a chain of cities, not separated, as many towns are, by rather drab scenes, but strung out like a succession of gardens—palm and pepper trees and roses galore. The next lap of the journey finds us in the Mohave Desert. We have taken on a plentiful supply of gasoline and water to carry us through the arid region. Turning sharply off the main highway at Bannock, we whirl along to Zion National Park, a region of marvelous canyons—canyons whose side walls seem to touch the clouds. But more glorious than its heights are the colors that prevail in this land of natural temples. "El Gobernador," "The Eastern Temple," and "The Three Patriarchs" stand out as commanding features in this assembly of natural architecture.

We now double back on the Zion road to



Courtesy National Park Service

"JESSE JAMES," THE HOLD-UP BEAR OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

Photo by Haynes, St. Paul

"Jesse James" is a big black bear that shows up most any time and at any place along the park roads to "hold up" automobile tourists. He is a friendly fellow, and, whether fed or not, he greets good-naturedly each passing visitor. Accordingly, he usually gets the sweets he asks for



© Kiser Photo Co. for Great Northern Railway

ONE OF THE RESTING SPOTS IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Two Medicine Camp on Two Medicine Lake—a lovely spot in the Glacier National Park, combining field and forest with lake and mountain view. Mount Rockwell looms up prominently in the picture

the main highway. At Kingman, Arizona, we come into the higher country of spruce and piñon, and at Williams into the yellow-pine belt. In a little while we reach a point where we again branch off the main road for the Grand Canyon. Where else in the world is there a sight to compare in solemn and majestic beauty to this? The Grand Canyon offers none of the restful loveliness of the Yosemite; it simply overwhelms the senses. This vast chasm, often called "The Divine Abyss," is ten to eighteen miles wide from rim to rim, more than two hundred miles long, and more than a mile deep. It is the work of the Colorado River, which cut the gorge and left standing on either side tier upon tier of huge architectural forms—veritable mountains, as we see them—exposed in great layers to the desert sun and tinted every color of the rainbow. The giant forms seem to move out from the side walls of the canyon and to float in a purple sea. We feast for hours upon its soul-stirring grandeur, then we set out for the Mesa Verde, the land of the cliff dwellers, in southwestern Colorado. In the valley of the Little Colorado River we pass Winslow, Holbrook, and the Petrified Forest, where, ages ago, giant trees

were turned to stone and now lie prostrate on the ground. From Gallup, New Mexico, to Cortez, Colorado, we traverse the desert again, coming finally to the ruins of the Mesa Verde, the last vestige of a mysterious race that built their homes upon the rock ledges. The Utes who live on the reservation near the park call them "the little people"—the little people who builded in the cliffs, ages ago, lived there for generations, and vanished. From the high plateaus of the Mesa Verde we come down into the Mancos Valley by a long grade. Spinning along the foothills of the La Plata Mountains, we arrive at Durango, and later we pass the Chimney Rock House, one of the most ancient relics in this section of the country, and Pagosa Springs. Following the San Juan River to Wolf Creek Pass through a region of tall pines, we go on to Del Norte, an old Spanish settlement in the San Luis Valley. A few smaller towns; then Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver—and the trip is ended. Look at the speedometer! Six thousand miles! Every mile registered has brought us untold joy, and we are immeasurably richer in knowledge and appreciation of the wonders of our Far West country.



© Kiser Photo Co. for Great Northern Railway

GUNSIGHT LAKE AND MOUNT JACKSON, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

One of the most exquisite views to be found in Glacier National Park. High up, opposite the point of view, rises the summit of Mount Jackson, while several thousand feet below, like a gem in its setting of rock and stone, nestles Gunsight Lake



GREAT FALLS IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Like a gleaming white jabot, the great falls hang from the neck of Yellowstone Canyon. Between walls tinted by nature in brilliant colors the crystal-clear water of the Yellowstone drops one hundred and twelve feet with great turbulence and foam into a pool that turns from white to emerald as the stream rushes on through the canyon



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

This is a most successful picture of the geyser, showing it at its longest leap, one hundred and fifty feet, under a lighting of unusual vividness. Long before man fixed a unit of time Old Faithful was counting the hours through the ages. Day and night, year in and year out, this great geyser has spouted about every sixty-five minutes. Old Faithful welcomed John Colter in 1806 as the first white visitor to the Yellowstone, and never since that day has it failed a tourist



PARADISE INN, RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

One of the handsome and comfortable hostleries erected in Uncle Sam's national parks, Paradise Inn occupies a spot of unique beauty and interest, commanding on one side great slopes of flowering meadow plants, and on the other the majestic shoulders of Mount Rainier. From Paradise Inn ascents are made by various trails up the side of the mountain



Courtesy National Park Service

LOOKING ACROSS CRATER LAKE

Photo by "Scenic America"

Caldron-like and circular, seven thousand feet high, Crater Lake is perched amid the peaks. Perpendicular sides of slaggy lava rise over a thousand feet from waters of indigo blue, six miles across, and two thousand feet deep



© B. F. Loomis

MOUNT LASSEN VOLCANO

Courtesy National Park Service

Quiet for more than two hundred years, Lassen Peak exploded in May, 1914, and was in more or less eruption until January, 1916. The greatest of these occurred in May, 1915, when a superheated gas blast rushed down the valleys and uprooted forests or scorched them to a cinder—melted snow fields and flooded the lowland in rushing tides. Scientists say that nothing like that will occur again, and thousands of people now visit the park each year



Courtesy National Park Service

"CLOSE-UP" OF A GIANT SEQUOIA

Photo by Lindlev Eddy

There are several groves of big trees in California—the Mariposa grove near Yosemite and the General Grant and Sequoia National Park groves. The Sequoia enjoys the distinction of fostering the greatest tree of all, the General Sherman Tree, which is thirty-six feet in diameter and two hundred and eighty-six feet high. This forest giant is the oldest and largest living thing in the world



Courtesy National Park Service

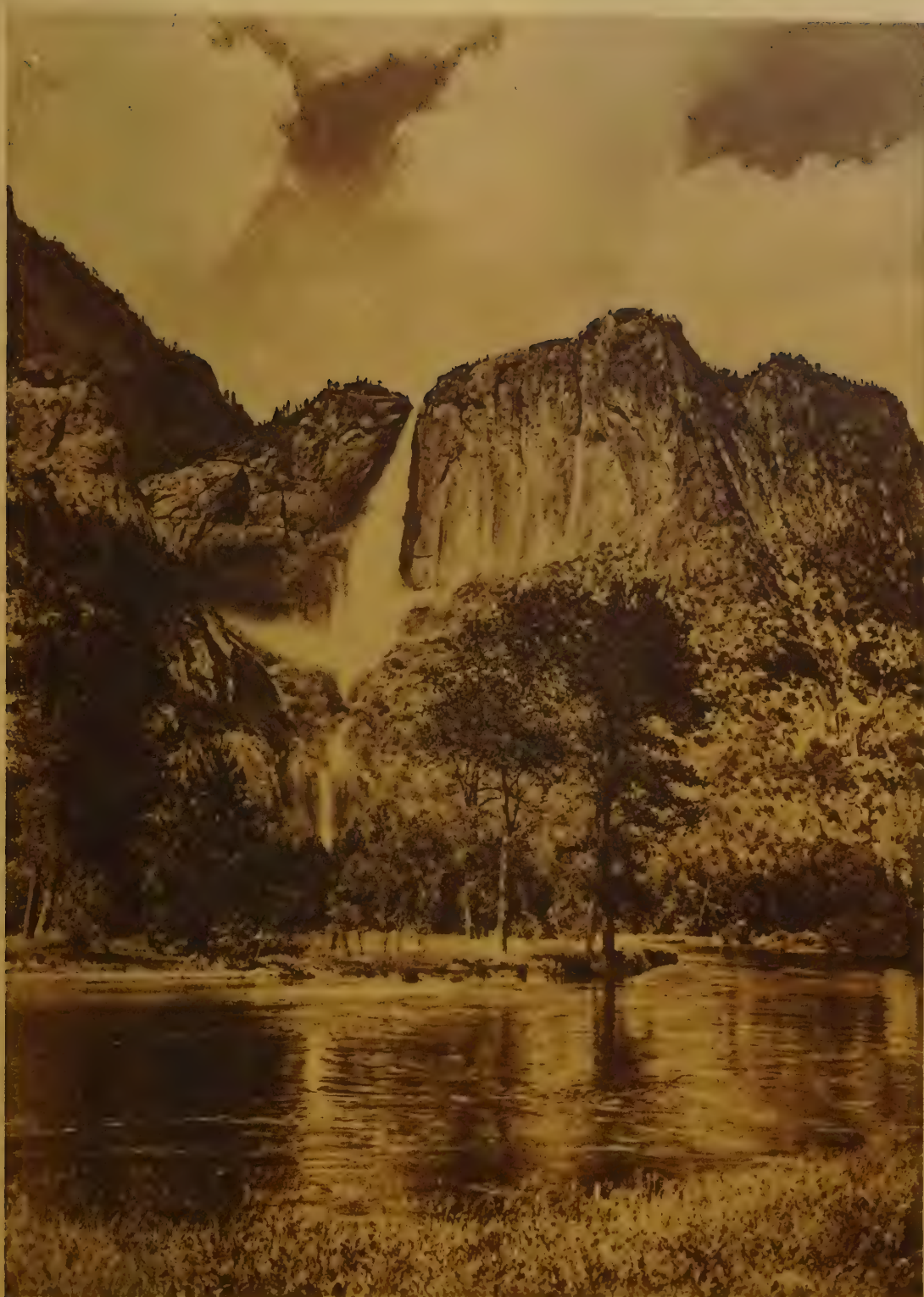
GATE TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

A promise of the scenic wonders to follow is given at the very gate of the Yosemite. As we climb up into the valley along the Merced River, we glimpse first Bridal Veil Falls on the right, with the Three Graces towering above, while on the left the portals of the valley are guarded by the beetling cliff of El Capitan. Far away in the center we see the tip of Clouds' Rest, the highest summit in the valley group



EARLY MORNING BESIDE MIRROR LAKE

At Mirror Lake visitors find their mountain view by gazing, not above them, but into the water. The reflection in the glassy surface of the lake is crystal-clear



Courtesy National Park Service

Photo by A. C. Pillsbury

THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD—YOSEMITE VALLEY

Yosemite descends in three leaps, a total of 2,565 feet to the floor of the valley. The upper fall measures 1,430 feet, as high as nine Niagaras; the lower fall measures 320 feet, which is twice as high as Niagara



Courtesy Denver & Rio Grande Western R. R.

EL GOBERNADOR, ZION CANYON

One of the first great sights to greet the eyes on entering Zion National Park is the vast looming rock called by the Mormons
"The Great White Throne"



Photo by Herbert W. Gleason

THE THREE PATRIARCHS, ZION CANYON



Photo by G. L. Beam

IN THE LAND OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

A view in the Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, taken from about the spot where the Wetherill brothers discovered the cliff dwellings in the late eighties. The dwelling in the rock opposite is called "Spruce-Tree House". It is about two hundred feet long and was found to contain one hundred and fourteen rooms.



Courtesy National Park Service

TREES OF STONE--THE PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA

Ages before the coming of man, cosmic storms struck down forests in Arizona. A mighty sea swept over the land and buried the trees. Then, after long geological periods, during which the sea retired and nature worked its chemistry, these trees emerged as logs of stone.



Courtesy National Park Service

Photo by A. F. Kelen

VIEW OF THE GRAND CANYON FROM THE NORTH RIM

A very unusual view. Most visitors see the canyon from the south rim, at El Tovar, which is about opposite the point of view of this picture. The north rim may be approached from Zion Canyon or other points in Utah by automobile route. The north rim is one thousand feet higher than the south rim, so that a more extensive view is afforded from this point than from El Tovar. The canyon is about thirteen miles wide here, and about a mile deep. The length is over two hundred miles



Courtesy National Park Service, Washington, D. C.

© National Highway Assn.

MAP OF THE PAGEANT RIDE, SHOWING THE PARK-TO-PARK HIGHWAY

The approximate distances between the various national parks included in this drive are as follows:

Rocky Mountain to Yellowstone	620 miles	Lassen to Yosemite	492 miles
Yellowstone to Glacier	411 miles	Yosemite to Grant or Sequoia	254 miles
Glacier to Rainier	731 miles	Grant or Sequoia to Zion	857 miles
Rainier to Crater Lake	646 miles	Zion to Grand Canyon	593 miles
Crater Lake to Lassen	313 miles	Grand Canyon to Mesa Verde	591 miles
Mesa Verde to Rocky Mountain	592 miles		



THE PAINTED DESERT

BY ROGER WILLIAMS
BIRDSEYE

Strange how many there are, even in Arizona, who think of the Painted Desert as a vast, vaguely defined yet compact desert mass. In reality it is nothing of the sort. Rather, it is the shallow western fringe of the plateau of the Navaho country in the north-east corner of Arizona, with extensions into New Mexico and Utah.

The lower horn of the desert's flaming crescent touches Holbrook, on the Santa Fé, the upper horn rests on the Colorado River; the outer curve is the two-hundred-mile bow of the Little Colorado and Colorado rivers between those points, the inner curve the long succession of cliffed and terraced fronts in which the lofty plateaus and mesas of the Navaho country break down to the rivers. The body of the crescent, the Painted Desert, is the narrow, highly colored desert valley between.

At Holbrook the broken walls of Ives Mesa march up to within a mile of the Little Colorado. In the northwestward sweep of the valley, for a hundred miles, cliffs and rivers are never more than a dozen miles apart. Above the glorious barrier of the Echo Cliffs the valley attains its greatest

width of twenty-five miles, and in many respects its greatest beauty and fascination.

It is in this section that the tourist is most apt to get his first deep view into the glowing heart of the Painted Desert.

If it is your privilege to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in spring, summer, or fall, you will not have been there long before you are advised to take the road that winds eastward along the rim thirty miles to Desert View. It is good advice, easily followed.

At Desert View you stand at the edge of the great Coconino Plateau. Before you, east and north, falls away the deepening gorge of the Little Colorado, about to join the master stream at the beginning of the Grand Canyon. Below you lies the "lofty lowland" of the Painted Desert.

From Desert View it is possible to obtain the most impressive picture of the Painted Desert with the least effort. Many other points west of the Little Colorado afford beautiful views, but they are harder to reach. In each case the lasting impression is one of soft pink, soft blue, and pearly gray. There is little hint of conditions in the painted valley itself; of its seasons, its extremes of heat and cold, its animal and vegetable life, its stinging sand storms and twisting "Desert Devils," its petrified forests and scarred and broken little canyons, its wild, black-browed summer thunder squalls, and the infinitely



NEAR MONUMENT
VALLEY, ARIZONA

Many scenes like this have been devised by Nature to astound and delight the traveler who dares the lonely reaches of the vast territory called "the Navaho country"



LIKE A
THEATER BACK DROP

The view from the edge of Coconino Plateau rewards a drive of thirty miles eastward from El Tovar along the rim of the Grand Canyon

varied work of wind and water in sculpturing its rough and tortured floors.

With distance much of the wonderful range of color is lost. Stand in the dead world north of the Moencopi Wash in the shimmering heat of a summer afternoon, with the sun halfway down in the west and the sky so deep it hurts: then you will know the glory of the Painted Desert, and why it cannot be pictured by words or brush or camera. About you will be the white glare of gravel and sand, the straw of bunch grass, the gray and green of sage, the yellow, orange, blue, gray, chocolate brown, and dead black of rounded, naked little hills; uncanny forms in rotting dull red sandstone against the rose bands of the cliffs.

The life of the Painted Desert is as scant as might be expected in a region where the average annual rainfall is three inches and the evaporation ten times as great. There are points where the Indians say no rain has fallen for two successive years. There are endless square miles of bare rock that grows hot as stove lids, under the smoldering heat of the sun. The soil is derived from decomposed rock. Springs are rare; sweet springs rarer still.

Even the treacherous bed of the Little

Colorado is dry for weeks at a time between floods. When torrents do come they spread over the flood plains of the upper reaches and then plunge in a great red-brown Niagara over the lava barrier at Great Falls. The spray of the falls blows over the desert in a red mist.

The rains, which start in July, are short, sharp, highly localized affairs. They bluster about the country like crazy things, breaking here and there with a violence that defeats its own ends. The sudden deluge rushes from the rocky slopes, pours into the nearest sandy wash, and is gone, only a step behind the black cloud that gave it birth.

There is a fascination in these summer storms, for all their uselessness. Sometimes it is possible to see five or six in action at the same time. Stand in the full blaze of the August sun and watch one break in the valley half a mile ahead: lightning stabs the hills, thunder shakes the earth, a grayish-white pall drops from the tumbling clouds. Twenty minutes later the gray sheet seems wound back into the clouds, and the storm rumbles by. The whole valley purrs with the song of rushing water. The torrent ribbons down rock races and rips and gouges its way down slopes in deepening gullies.

THE MENTOR

Clumps of sage stand in white collars of hail. The valley floor is a racing, foam-flecked stream.

The vegetation that survives the rigors of the Painted Desert is as dry as the garden that produces it. Flat-leafed and globular cacti produce their beautiful spine-guarded waxen flowers in yellow, orange, and pink. Yuccas raise their great stems crowned with white bells. In the rainy season there are Mariposa lilies and yellow sunflowers. Wild flax, bunch grass, and sage add their tones to the great color scheme. Cottonwoods thrive along the Little Colorado and here and there along Moencopi and other washes. At Cedar Ridge the valley floor rises and there is a stunted, open little forest of cedars, scrub junipers, and piñons.

Animal life is far more restricted than in adjacent regions. Trade rats, prairie dogs, cottontail and jack rabbits, and coyotes are most common. There is scarcely a sweep of fine sand unmarked by the tiny trick-tracks of lizards or the broader wake of horned toads. Scorpions, tarantulas, and rattlers are found, but over large areas they are not very numerous. Here and there one sees a few small ground birds and an occasional duck or crane along the big rivers. Eagles and hawks are monarchs of the upper air.

The white inhabitants of the Painted Des-

ert could be counted on the fingers of two hands. In the one-hundred-mile sweep northward from Leupp, the Indian school on the Little Colorado twenty miles below Winslow, there are but five or six persons that live within the actual confines of the desert. One is a missionary, who has lived for many years under the shadow of Echo Cliffs; three are in the family of a trader at The Gap, a dozen miles north of the missionary; another is the lone trader at Cedar Ridge, one hundred miles from a railroad. Until he acquired a tin roof he hauled his water twenty white-hot miles during the dry season. Now he catches enough in his cistern to tide him over.

The Indians shun the Painted Desert as a permanent home. Even a Navaho must drink water once in a while. Here and there a Navaho runs a few horses and cattle and bands of sheep and goats, principally northward along the base of the Echo Cliffs; and, for a few months of the year, in scattered settlements among the northern cedars, women sit at the blanket looms or work in tiny fields. Children, wild and shy as rabbits, tend the herds. Roads are few and far between in this vast and little-known wonderland, hushed in a great silence, bathed in color, abounding in forms weirdly carved by running water and wind-driven sand.



AN OASIS ON THE EDGE OF THE PAINTED DESERT

Navaho herders watering their flocks at a lonely well. The Indians are fearful of the desert itself and rarely can be induced to venture upon it



SPRING IN THE DESERT

BY RICHARD DEAN

Persons that have never crossed the deserts of the Southwest may be surprised to know that right in the midst of an arid waste is a marvelous spring which pours forth water at the rate of over a tenth of a million gallons a day. No one knows how long the wonder stream has run its course, but the earliest settlers and the Indians before them were well acquainted with it. It bears a name both strange and unrelated. The story goes that a party of ten, including a Piute Indian guide, set out on a visit to the Hopi in northern Arizona. Fearless men of adventure, they tracked their way across blistering sands and mountain trails and came at last to the spring.

Beside the rivulet they camped, and soon the conversation turned to marksmanship; one of their number was a dead shot. A wager was made that he could not puncture a handkerchief at twenty yards. Several times he fired at the calico square, hung by the two upper corners, but the force of the bullet only swept the handkerchief back without penetrating it. Stung by his failure, the "dead shot" challenged his friends to put up a pipe, declaring that he would shoot the bottom out without breaking the bowl. Up went the target, and crack went the rifle. The marksman made good his word. "Pipe Springs" the place was called from that time on.

A few years later, Indians murdered the first white men to locate there. For the protection of future settlers, the head of the Mormon Church built, close up to the spring, a sturdy rock house and stockade as a place of refuge and defense. The Mormons named it "Windsor Castle," and in each wall they left small portholes through which to pick off attacking redskins. The little fortress still stands, but the right and title to it and the acres about it are in controversy. Years

ago some Utah cattlemen took up land there, and for more than three decades they have sent their cattle to water at the spring. The cattlemen wanted to acquire patent to the land, but they could not do so until it had been surveyed; and it was not surveyed until 1917. In the meantime the government had withdrawn the land for the use of the Indians of the Kaibab Reservation, so when the cattlemen applied for patent the federal officers denied it. The case was appealed and final decision has not yet been rendered. If the cattlemen



PIPE SPRINGS STOCKADE

A stone house built near the spring in the desert for the protection of the settlers from the Indians

win, things will go on as they have for years. If the appeal is denied, the ranchmen must withdraw.

In the event of the latter the plans of certain public-spirited citizens who have been charmed by the historic spot may be fulfilled.

The Director of the National Park Service would like to take it over and maintain it as a national monument, for it is a scenic accent on the way from the railroad at Lund, Utah, to the north rim of the Grand Canyon—a refreshing oasis on a parching desert.



THE START OF MAJOR POWELL'S EXPEDITION DOWN THE GRAND CANYON

Major Powell is standing on the deck of the middle boat. Hillers, the photographer who took the first photographs of the Grand Canyon, is the figure holding the oars directly in front of Powell. Only two of these three boats completed the journey

PHOTOGRAPHING THE GRAND CANYON FIFTY YEARS AGO

*Illustrated by the first photographs
made of the giant abyss*

Night dropped its curtain to form a dark-room, and the waters of the Colorado River filled the washing trays, when J. K. Hillers, a member of the second Powell expedition, which left Green River, Wyoming, on May 22, 1871, photographed and brought back to civilization the first views taken inside the walls of the Grand Canyon. Major Powell made the first trip through the canyon in 1869, but no photographs were taken.

Mr. Hillers, now nearly eighty years old, lives in Washington, D. C. He is very feeble, but mention of the Grand Canyon brings a light to his eyes and causes the memories of his hazardous trip to come back to him. Recently, he told the story of the photographs and of his work with the expedition as its photographer. He laughed at the highly magnified difficulties which the tourist of to-day has with his camera.

After the Civil War, in which he served with the artillery, Hillers worked with the

Brooklyn police force until his brother became ill and had to be taken to California, where another brother lived. In California, Hillers looked for work, and his first job was driving an overland freight outfit. Then the lure of Colorado silver attracted him, and the two brothers started for the mining camps.

Stopping in a Santa Fé hotel one night, they overheard, through the thin partition, a conversation in an adjoining room. It was Major Powell and the members of his party talking of their coming expedition. Hillers knocked at the door of the room, told of his need for work in order to support his sick brother, and so impressed Major Powell with his sturdiness that he was employed immediately.

E. O. Beaman, a professional photographer from New York, was with the party when it left Green River. He remained with the expedition during the first half of the trip down the Colorado, but left when the party, in 1872, started through the Grand Canyon proper. Beaman then went into the Moki country for photographic work of his own, and Hillers, who by this time had learned the operation of a camera, was appointed photographer for the expedition, and, in consequence, was the first person to photograph



CANYON OF DESOLATION

With Lighthouse Rock on the right, and the three boats of the Powell expedition moored to the bank

THE MENTOR

the stupendous walls and turbulent waters of the canyon.

Neither the dry plate nor the easily carried film roll or pack had been invented. Photographs were taken by the wet-plate process. The photographer carried as many glass plates, covered with an albuminous substance, as he had pictures to take. When he was ready to make an exposure he would coat one of the plates with collodion, which formed a film to hold the silver solution with which it was covered. This plate had to be exposed while it was wet—which gave the process its name—and developed within a few hours. After having been developed it was dried, and varnished as a protection against injury, and then carefully packed in a grooved box to await the day when prints could be made.

The photographic apparatus that Hillers used consisted of six hundred glass plates, some of them nearly a quarter of an inch thick; several cameras, one of them designed to take the popular stereoscopic pictures; quantities of collodion, silver solution, developing and fixing chemicals, and varnish. Added to these was a "crazy old dark-

room," as Hillers describes it, which he made of canvas and wood after Mr. Beaman left the expedition and took his dark-room with him.

This equipment, packed in rubber sacks and canvas-covered wooden cases, was divided and stored in water-proof compartments in the three boats, "Emma Dean," named for Mrs. Powell; "Nellie Powell," after Major Powell's sister; and "Canonita." The "Nellie Powell" was abandoned at the end of the first season, and only the "Emma Dean" and "Canonita" made the trip through the Grand Canyon proper.

"During the day I would take my pictures, and when night came and the boats were tied by the river bank, I would get out my dark-room and chemicals and develop the plates," said Hillers. "Sometimes there would be enough light from a wood fire on the bank reflected down to the water to permit me to work. When there was no place to build a fire, someone would hold a lantern back of the light opening, and I would poke my head under the canvas and get to work. I missed a lot of sleep this way. When the water in the Colorado was muddy, we would



THE FIRST
CAMP ❖

The wet-plate negatives from which the photographs illustrating this article were printed were developed in the dark-room mounted on the tripod at the right



ROUGH
GOING ♣

Lava Falls in the Grand Canyon, showing some of the water through which the expedition passed. Major Powell was the first white man to traverse the entire length of the canyon. Nothing was known of the course over which the expedition was to travel, so that each bend and turn was a source of anxiety



MAJOR POWELL'S
BOAT ❖ ❖

Powell had lost his right arm at the battle of Shiloh. In spite of this handicap, he shared all the dangers of the expedition. He sat in the armchair lashed to the deck of the boat, so as to view the canyon to better advantage

watch for a clear stream emptying into the river and then get a few bottles of fresh water for some of the finer work."

In 1869 Major Powell headed a party of nine men who traveled in four specially constructed boats. The expedition of 1871 was undertaken to make scientific investigations which were rendered impossible during the first trip because of loss of instruments in capsizings.

Major Powell, while directing the fire of his battery at the battle of Shiloh, was struck in the right arm by a rifle bullet and this necessitated amputation below the elbow. This handicap did not prevent him, Mr. Hillers said, from performing his share of the work and facing all dangers with the remainder of the party. In order to make him more comfortable and to enable him to view the river to better advantage, an armchair was strapped to the deck of one of the boats as a seat for Powell.

Early in September, 1872, the "Emma

Dean," in which Powell was riding, capsized, and both he and Hillers were sucked down in a whirlpool. Powell was almost drowned; and was saved only because he wore a life preserver and Hillers happened to be near enough to help him back to the overturned boat.

The expedition reached the mouth of Kanab Canyon on September 8, 1872, and was met by a pack train. The two boats, which by this time seemed like members of the party, were abandoned, and the party left the Colorado, going by pack train up the Kanab.

Despite the difficulties under which Hillers worked, the photographs taken by him are still regarded by government photographers as equal to those taken later and under more favorable circumstances. The photographs reproduced herewith were printed recently from the original negatives, which have been in the files of the United States Geological Survey for over fifty years.—*E. B. Swanson.*



VALLEY OF DEATH AND PROSPERITY

BY C. F. TALMAN

Death Valley, in southern California, earned its sinister name in the middle of the last century, when an emigrant party went astray in its dreary wastes and most of the members perished miserably of thirst. At the present day Death Valley is a center of active life, and a source of great wealth. Vast mineral resources are there, only partly exploited.

Death Valley is the lowest bit of dry land in America, nearly the whole of it lying below sea level and having an extreme depth of about four hundred feet. This depression of the land is the more remarkable because one of the lofty mountains by which the valley is bordered rises nearly 11,000 feet above the sea, while only eighty miles away is Mount Whitney, which, with an altitude of 14,500, is the loftiest peak in the United States.

In summer it is the hottest and driest spot in the world. It seems strange that the world's "record" for high temperature should be held by a place more than thirty-six degrees north of the equator, yet this distinction belongs to the little Weather Bureau station in Death Valley, located in latitude $36^{\circ} 27' N.$, about the same latitude as Norfolk, Virginia!

An extreme reading of 134 degrees Fahrenheit was registered here on July 10, 1913, by an accurate thermometer enclosed in a standard wooden screen and therefore recording "shade" temperatures. This is seven degrees higher than the highest ever recorded, with the same precautions, anywhere else in the world. Moreover, the Weather Bureau station is by no means in the hottest part of the valley. The dryness of the air is equally remarkable; periods of six consecutive months without rain are not uncommon; and a day without sunshine is almost unheard of. The air is not generally stagnant, but is stirred by hot blasts. Wonderful mirages and whirling dust storms are features of this region.

Death Valley has become world-famous for its unlimited stores of borax. For years the product of the mines was hauled out of the valley by long trains of mules. The mules are now obsolete; a narrow-gauge railroad hauls the ore to-day. The borax (colemanite) occurs in beds, partly beneath the surface, varying in thickness from a few inches to a hundred feet. It is mined by means of shafts and tunnels.

One of the most surprising features of this "valley of death" is Greenland Ranch, a fertile tract of some sixty-five acres, which has been brought under irrigation and produces four crops of alfalfa every year—a refreshing sight in the desert.



THE JAWS OF ❖ ❖
THE VALLEY OF DEATH

Where lone graves of unknown men abound. During the gold rush of '49, all but four or five of an emigrant train of fifty perished from heat and thirst in the valley. Ten years later a prospecting party stumbled on the emigrants' last camp. Lying about were wagons, rifles, kettles, and even children's toys



BIRGER SANDZEN: PAINTER OF DESERT AND PRAIRIE

BY VERA BRADY SHIPMAN

An elm-shaded back-yard studio in a Kansas town is the workshop of Birger Sandzen, a Swedish painter who has spent practically all his art life striving to interpret the American West. He was born in Bildsberg, Sweden, in 1871. His father was a Lutheran minister. He studied with Zorn and Bergh in Stockholm, and then entered the class of a French master. Thirty years ago Sandzen became interested in America through meeting some American art students in Paris. When he was offered the directorship of the art department of Bethany College, in the little town of Lindsborg, Kansas, he accepted with enthusiasm. To him, more than to any other one person, credit is due for having brought up Kansas in the way she should go artistically. Working in the heart of a Swedish farming district, he has organized exhibitions and carried on a consistent campaign to further popular appreciation of prints, paintings, pottery, and other objects of beauty. He is also a writer and lecturer on art subjects. His own pictures frequently are sent on tour to towns of western states. Altogether he has produced over five hundred paintings and drawings of the West and Middle West. In some communities Sandzen permits dealers to sell his paintings, lithographs,

and woodcuts on installments, and on the living-room wall of many a prairie farmhouse hangs an example of his work that has been bought with the housewife's egg money.

Prairie skies, desert rocks, wide color expanse, Sandzen has mirrored upon canvas. His summers are often spent in and near Santa Fé, New Mexico, with extended trips into the surrounding country. Color ranks first as a medium of Sandzen expression. His color combinations are daring. Vermilion is in his sunsets. His desert high lights demand exacting tribute of lesser shadows. Originality and personal advocacy of the school of impressionism, of which the Swedish-American artist was an early recruit, have placed his canvases, after years of struggle for recognition, in representative galleries of art in the United States and in his native country.

Sandzen is a poet-painter of sun-bathed spaces, of shifting rainbow sands, of canyons and tumbling streams. He has memorialized the relics of vanished tribes, the ruined cities of a prehistoric race, the vistas of a primeval land. This painter

from over the sea believes that the surest road to the achievement of an individuality that has universal appeal is the study of national subjects. With skillful technic at his command in a variety of mediums, he creates pictures of strength and beauty, and performs a high mission as well: the propagation of the national idea in American art.



SVEN BIRGER SANDZEN

At the door of his "back-yard studio," Lindsborg, Kansas



"ARIZONA LANDSCAPE"



Courtesy Ralph Smalley

"DESERT HORSES"
Two lithographs by Birger Sandzen



THE WHEELER NATIONAL MONUMENT

A Rock Pageant of Barbaric Beauty

BY FRANK D. HOPLEY

In the State of Colorado, on the southern slope of the Continental Divide, Nature has staged a pageant of rock forms barbaric in its splendor. Officially, the spectacle, which covers an area of over three hundred acres, is designated as Wheeler National Monument. From north to south the reserve is traversed by deep canyons whose sides rise sheer toward the sky. Pinnacle-like rocks, capping the intervening ridges, make the tract impassable from east to west.

Ages ago outpourings of lava, accompanied by showers of volcanic ash, piled up on this spot, and left a series of nearly horizontal strata of varying degrees of hardness.

Quick-rushing streams have cut and sliced through the rock formation, leaving winding canyons, broken ridges, and buttes of strange beauty. The rains have worn and chiseled rocks of many tons' weight until they have

❖ become fluted columns, or have been cut
❖ apart and strewn around as pebbles. The
❖ frost has split open huge boulders of the
❖ softer strata until they hang like enormous
❖ icicles, white and glistening in the sun.

To reach the monument it is necessary to make the trip on horseback from Wagon Wheel Gap or Creede, Colorado, to the Rio Grande National Forest. As the monument is approached, the tourist passes through a veritable topsy-turvy land.

Up Echo Canyon are piles of grayish rocks fluted in such a manner as to suggest the name "The Organ"—an instrument of stone through whose great pipes the wind, for centuries, has swelled its symphonies to the accompaniment of rain sweeping its silver patter against the side of the canyon.

Throughout the great tract children of the lava dust are everywhere, while the tall evergreens, like giant guards, cast their dark shadows upon the precipitous cliffs.

Here in 1848 the ill-fated expedition of John C. Frémont met with disaster. To this day, parts of the skeletons of mules and bits of harness and camp equipment are to be found there, grim reminders of the struggles of those early pioneers.



Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

"THE
GHOSTS"

Huge masses of lava, rising tall and stately above the trees, so formed by years of erosion as to suggest an army of phantoms in their white robes



Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

**"FINGER
ROCK" ❁**

One of the many strange shapes found in the canyon. Its towering structure of stone rises boulder upon boulder in such a shape that the mass of rock resembles a human hand with the forefinger pointing skyward



SOROLLA: PAINTER OF LIGHT AND LIFE

BY WILLIAM STARKWEATHER

To those who knew Sorolla well the news of his death late in the summer of 1923 seemed strangely unbelievable, even though the mind had been prepared for it by the artist's lingering last illness. Sorolla had one of those personalities that are difficult to associate with death. Until his illness he was extraordinarily active; he burned with energy; he found the world exciting and lovely, and living a delightful affair; he lived indeed with enormous gusto.

The immense success of his exhibitions aroused interest in his personality. He was a short, thickset, somewhat swarthy man. His thinning hair and his beard were iron-gray. His ruddy face had a faint suggestion of the Japanese on account of the setting of the eyes. He made an impression of robust vigor. It is notable that Sargent, Zorn, Besnard, and Sorolla, masters in their own countries of the same type of broad realism presented with phenomenal manual dexterity, have all been men of vigorous physique.

In character

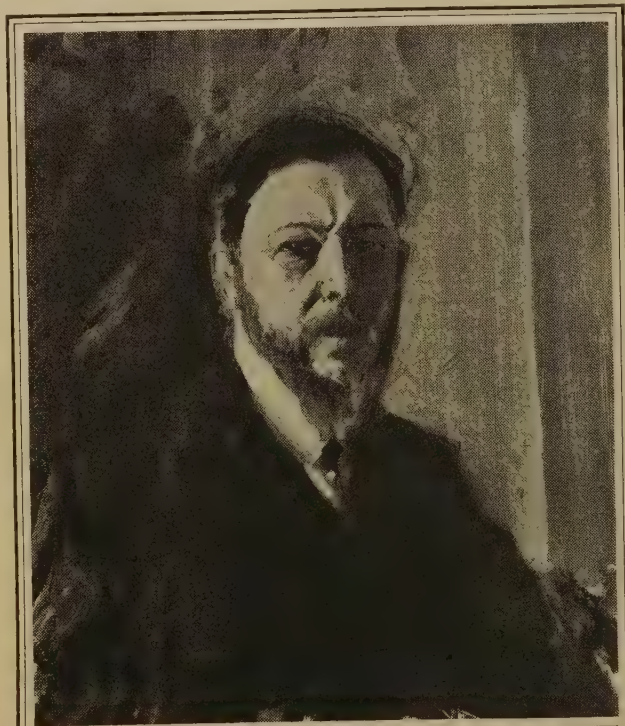
Sorolla was exactly like his work. Pictures as spontaneous, as sincere, and as rapidly executed as his are certain to be a statement of their author. He was brilliant, forceful, enthusiastic, and determined; full of ambition to express himself, to create, to be somebody. His joy in the beauty of the world never dulled; he was always the child

seeing its first butterfly. He had struggled up from poverty and knew his world, was shrewd and astute rather than thoughtful or contemplative, clever rather than profound or analytical; he lived somewhat on the surface of things. Occasionally, however, he surprised one by the analysis he showed in talking on some art topic, such as the painting of Velasquez. He was a pleasantly noisy person; there was a cheerful hubbub wherever he went. He hated sadness and sad people, enjoyed the theater, vaudeville, and moving pictures, but never attended bull fights. He was a tremendous worker, during most of his career painting about eight hours each day. He kept his life simple, in Spain hardly going out and rarely doing any official art work such as service on art juries. He well nigh reduced his schedule

to eating, sleeping, smoking, and painting. The mad hurly-burly of his American tours, in which he played his part well, was as unlike as possible his life in Spain. Despite his brilliance and fire he was rather a cold man; his early struggles may have made him so. His somewhat cold and exterior point of view, with a lack of contemplative analysis, resulted in his portraits being of less interest than his outdoor pictures. For art in general and for his own art in particular he burned throughout his life with fervent zeal. Endowed

with great gifts, operating on a tremendous scale, filled with desire for self-expression, racing toward glory, he was a splendid spectacle.

Born in Valencia in 1863, the early life of Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida was difficult. In youth he was aided to some extent by Señor García, a kindly portrait photographer of



SELF-PORTRAIT OF SOROLLA

Given by the artist to his pupil and friend William Starkweather.
Reproduced here for the first time



In the Metropolitan Museum

"THE SWIMMERS," By Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida

Sunlight and happy children were the Spanish painter's favorite themes. He got his effects quickly and painted with amazing facility. "The Swimmers" was completed in four afternoons

Valencia, whose daughter Sorolla afterward married. This happy marriage with a companion of kindly nature and of a highly intelligent and subtle mind was often stated by Sorolla to have been one of the most important factors in his success. An early trip to Italy proved fruitless, but the study of works of art of Bastien-Lepage and Menzel which he saw in Paris ripened his genius.

Of sincere artists, only those make money whose natural style accords with the taste of their time. Sorolla grew to manhood in the last period of the realistic movement, which started in 1830. It was the epoch when men proclaimed themselves painters instead of artists, the day of intense realism and mad brushwork, the period that produced Sargent and Zorn. He rose swiftly to celebrity, was loaded with honors and rewards. Already well-to-do when he arrived in America, it is an open secret that he gained nearly a quarter of a million dollars from his first American tour and another considerable fortune from his second tour. His New York

exhibition, held at the Hispanic Society building under the direction of Archer M. Huntington, was the greatest triumph of his career. The attendance rose from 88 the first day until the final Sunday of the exhibition, when 29,462 persons packed the building. On one occasion Sorolla himself had to go in through the cellar, as there was no such thing as getting through the front door.

It has been stated that Sorolla employed photography in his work. This is not true. A personal note in this article may probably be pardoned if it is used to add emphasis to this denial. I worked beside him for several summers and saw him execute, entirely without photographic aid, many scores of his pictures, among others "The Swimmers" in the Metropolitan Museum. Of all his pictures this is the one that might most suggest the use of photography. But it was painted only from living models, six boys being employed. Three swam around and around before the rock on which Sorolla painted, while three rested and dried them-

selves in the sun. The picture was painted in four afternoons. Those who make the photography claim simply do not realize the speed and surety of his painting. When in America many students were eager to see Sorolla paint. But, unless the observer was very much awake, very analytical and already knew a great deal, there was nothing to be learned; the picture seemed simply to appear on the canvas. His range was enormous. He was thoroughly trained and was not a one-picture artist. He could paint and draw anything he saw that interested him. He adored Whistler, admired Sargent, and said so. He sat to Zorn for his portrait. Before Boldini's "Portrait of Whistler" in the Brooklyn Museum he said, "Boldini! At his best he knows more than all of us." He disliked Zuloaga's work. He considered his rival's pictures to be insincere concoctions, built of the lumber of old Spain, maligning Spain today, and fabricated solely with an eye to French taste and French criticism.

Art styles constantly change,



AT ST. LOUIS—1911

To pass time while awaiting a train, Señor Sorolla, his wife, and Mr. Starkweather posed for this amusing post-card picture

death, it was certain that he lived in what he had done, and that this was particularly apparent in the case of an artist of real power, whose thoughts, enthusiasms, and aspirations would remain forever alive in his pictures.

and no artist is apt to last in fashion more than twenty years. But all critics agree that Sorolla has a secure place in the history of art. The real beauty of his work, its superb execution, its clarity and sanity, its value as a panorama of Spanish life in his day, all give it lasting value.

Sorolla greatly dreaded death. He once asked a friend if he believed in a future life. The friend replied that in whatever other way a man might live after death, it was certain that he lived in what he had done, and that this was particularly apparent in the case of an artist of real power, whose thoughts, enthusiasms, and aspirations would remain forever alive in his pictures. Sorolla seemed to find satisfaction in the thought. He is dead and in his Valencian grave, but it is true that his soul lives in his paintings of color and sunlight, of brilliant beaches and orange groves, of fishing boats, of dark-eyed women in native dress, of playing children, of all the myriad of beautiful things which he painted beautifully and left as a superb legacy to mankind.



THE BEACH AT VALENCIA

Sorolla often set his easel on the sands and posed his models against a background of sea and sky

HUMAN TRAITS OF BIRDS

BY LEE S. CRANDALL

CURATOR OF BIRDS, NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK



BIRDS are so like human beings in some of their habits that a close observation of bird life gives us a fuller and livelier appreciation of human nature. We can see much of ourselves reflected in the bird world—our own characteristics and ways of living—and we find our feathered friends doing many things better than we do. Mr. Crandall shows us how human they are in many ways.



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

FATHER EMU ❖ ❖
MOTHERS THE BROOD

Among the Australian emus the female does the courting. Once mated she evades as far as possible all maternal and wifely cares. She builds no nest and lays her large green eggs wherever she happens to be. Close at her heels runs her hen-pecked mate, who gathers the scattered eggs and then sits on them for eight tedious weeks. When the little ones emerge from the shell the father painstakingly plays nurse to the downy striped flock, whose mother by this time is roaming the country looking for another mate



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HE HUMAN TRAITS OF BIRDS ❖ ❖ ❖

By

LEE S. CRANDALL

CURATOR OF BIRDS

NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

Most of the qualities common to human beings are found in the natures of birds—love, jealousy, vanity, fear, courage, cowardice, sociability, playfulness, gluttony, devotion to nest and offspring—in fact, very nearly the full gamut of emotions.

In considering the facts, sentimentalists have been led to credit birds with almost human intelligence and æsthetic sense. Others would have us believe that birds are purely mechanical and instinctive in their actions and reactions. But those who perceive the greath truth that all life on earth, from diatoms to men, is controlled by the same all-powerful forces of nature, will take a middle course. Man has outstripped his rivals in mental development, but his attributes can be traced, in diminishing force, far downward in the scale of life. In many points of comparison, aside from the disputed one of ability to reason, birds can hold their own—sometimes, a little more.

LOVE AND COURTSHIP

If self-preservation is the first law of nature, reproduction is the second. Because of its vital urge it is directly responsible for the development of many interesting manifestations in bird life. Courtship among birds is direct and to the point. Its object is the securing of a mate and to it the bird bends every effort. There are no halfway measures, no long engagements, no postponements.



CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN—
THE TAIL MAKES THE LYRE BIRD
When displaying for courtship purposes, the Australian lyre bird raises and spreads his beautifully shaped tail so that it may be seen to the best advantage

THE HUMAN TRAITS OF BIRDS

The breeding season is short and each adult individual, both male and female, is intent on securing a mate and rearing a family. In most species the chief burdens of courtship devolve upon the male. The female usually is quiet and demure. Competition among the males for her favors is often exceedingly keen, and no doubt this has given rise to much of the wonderful variety of decorative plumes and brilliant colors found in the males of many species. Song, and what passes for song amongst some birds, takes an active part, with intricate plumage displays, graceful dances, and fiercely fought battles.

With the great majority of land birds, which nest in single pairs, territory plays a most important part. Just as a man must have a home and visible means of support before he can properly marry, so must the bobolink, grosbeak, or thrush guarantee protection and food before he secures a mate. Almost invariably, when the birds return in the spring from their southern

migration, we find the first arrivals are males only. In late April or early May, flocks of cock bobolinks can be found in suitable fields, living and feeding together in perfect amity. Toward the middle of the month we will find the birds widely scattered and a babel of sound greets the ear. A little observation will show that each bird holds sway over a section of the meadow and that any intrusion by a rival is met with instant attack. The proud possessor has a favorite perch, perhaps a bush or a tall weed, from which he pours forth his melody, often scaling into the air on stiffened wings, his throat bursting and the white feathers of his back spread to the utmost. The object is obvious: he is advertising to the newly arrived females of the species that he is the owner of a fine suburban plot, with assurance of all the



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

A NESTING COLONY OF AMERICAN FLAMINGOS

The brilliantly colored flamingo has a strongly developed social instinct. Great cities, numbering thousands of nests, are formed. The seeming incongruity of the long, slender legs and equally long, swan-like neck is explained by the feeding habits. The bird wades in the water, sifting through the specially adapted beak the tiny organisms it stirs up from the bottom. Formerly it was supposed that the tall nest of mud was constructed so that the sitting bird might have room to dangle its legs. It is now known that the legs are folded over the nest in a normal position, the structure really being fashioned as a protection against high water



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

VANITY ♣ **PERSONIFIED**

A picture of a white peacock that illustrates the wisdom of the saying "Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreads into affectation, and then it is complete." Pope declared, "Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding." The peacock's head is very small

necessities and even the luxuries of bobolink life, and that, if desired, he is prepared to erect an attractive one-room bungalow. He also informs other home-hunting males that this particular territory is occupied and that claim-jumpers will be dealt with severely.

A female presently approaches the territory of the well-advertised marriageable male and, if pleased with the prospect, remains as his accepted mate. No formal ceremony, no passing of rings, no issuance of certificates, can make a match more binding. The little space of meadow becomes sacred to the newly wedded pair, and nothing short of death will separate them. "Until death do us part" has a real meaning in bird life.

JEALOUSY IN BIRD LIFE Yet bird nature takes no chances. The male vigorously repels the invasions of others of his sex; and now the female, jealous of her newly found mate, is equally intolerant of straying ladies.

This guarding of territory is more than sexual jealousy. The object of this mating is not simply to gain a pleasant companionship. It has the primary purpose of rearing a family. Young birds have many enemies and must be ready to leave the nest at the earliest possible moment. The rapidity of their growth is almost beyond belief—young sparrows flutter

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out, fully fledged except for short wings and stumpy tails, when seven days old, and young bobolinks are not far behind. For such swift development an abundant supply of nourishing food must be available, and every bit of land that can furnish insects and seed for the family must be guarded against invaders.

As soon as family cares are over, the male bobolink loses his handsome wedding costume and assumes the plain, protectively colored plumage of the female and young. The family joins forces with others from the same and neighboring fields, and the flocks roam far and wide, wherever food is plentiful, before leaving for their winter home in Brazil. Territorial claims are forgotten, because the babies can fend for themselves and there is no longer urgent need for easily secured food.



From "Living with the Birds" by Helen Straton Porter. Copyright Doubleday, Page & Co.

A CROW WILL STEAL ANYTHING ITS BEAK CAN CARRY
A student of birds on a photographic tour left a valuable lens on a log. A curious crow spied it and was about to make off with it when caught.

It is well known that birds return each year to the same nesting sites. Probably they resume control of the same general territory. We shall soon know the truth of that, for the marking of birds with light aluminum bands, bearing identification numbers, is gaining great headway. Already remarkable results have been obtained.

SOCIAL- BIRDS
BILITY nest in colonies, usually for mutual protection or because of scarcity of nesting sites. Whatever the cause, the gregarious or social instinct is very strongly developed and there is no application of the law of territory. Great

cities, numbering thousands of nests, are often formed, but beyond the possible posting of sentinels in some species, there is none of the division of labor so highly developed among the ants and some other insects. Abundant and easily secured food is a prerequisite for such colonies, and they are most frequent among fish-eating, or at least sea-haunting, birds. In many cases, the competition is reduced from wide territorial rights to actual nesting places. This is especially pronounced among the murres, which breed on rocky islands off the North Atlantic coasts. They build no nests but deposit their single eggs in the tiniest crevices on the face of the cliffs. Since the number of these niches is necessarily limited, they are greatly sought, and fierce battles are waged for their possession.

The safety of the egg in such encounters is in great danger, but nature has provided for this contingency, for the egg is shaped like a top, so that it will turn in a very small circle if it is caused to roll. The eggs are strangely and weirdly marked with spots and streaks of color, and investigation leads to the belief that no two are alike and that each bird lays an approximately similar egg year after year. Experienced mothers are thus able to distinguish the centers of their own particular hopes—a difficult feat among so many.

Among social land birds the most notable are the weaver birds of Africa and the caciques of South America. Probably the latter colonize for protection and take curious means for insuring it. Some of the smaller species occasionally build in trees overhanging native houses, where they are reasonably safe from predatory birds and animals. The larger species are too shy for this and build in the tallest trees of the jungle. Inspection of many colonies has seldom shown one that did not have a huge wasp nest near by.



Photograph by A. A. Allen

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

An extraordinary photograph showing a swallow training its little one to catch food dropped in flight. This drill prepares the young bird to gain its own living, when, like its mother, it soars and wheels high in the heavens in pursuit of insect prey

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No climbing enemy could invade the nests of the birds without disturbing the wasps, and if this should happen it could hardly escape unscathed. The stings of our northern wasps are as nothing compared to the burning shock the great insects of the tropics can administer. A more efficient police system could hardly be imagined.

MONOGAMY Most birds are monogamous, and as this form of marriage relation prevails among the highest types of man so it does among most of the higher birds. Some species, notably eagles, swans, and geese, mate for life and remain together year after year. The smaller birds might be equally constant, and perhaps they are, but in those kinds that gather in flocks after the breeding season individuals probably lose much of their identity and certainly their ardor. With the coming of another spring and its impulses, those that have survived the risks and dangers of migration return to their accustomed haunts and, if the old mate also appears, undoubtedly the relation is renewed.

Some writers would have us believe that if one of a mated pair dies the



Photograph by A. A. Allen

A SPRING SONG WITHOUT WORDS

Somewhere, hidden in the branches, the one to whom the robin sings listens and understands. The attachment of the redbreast for its mate is more than ordinarily strong and enduring. Twice a year a nest is built of grass and clay, and in it four or five greenish-blue eggs are laid

bereaved survivor will remain forever single. It is true that the more constant species do not remate easily and may miss a nesting season if a partner is lost, but when grief (which they certainly experience) has passed, they usually are quite willing to be consoled. Among most birds, strong though the tie may be, little time is lost in grieving. An instance was recently recorded by Dr. A. A. Allen of Cornell University in which one of a pair of phœbes was taken by a screech owl. In a day or two, the survivor possessed a new mate. Within a short time five individuals thus disappeared, the remaining bird, in each case, quickly replacing the lost one. This ready securing of partners has frequently been noted, but just why there should be so many unattached adults



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

MOTHERING A NESTLING IS AN ANXIOUS JOB

The white-eyed vireo has eyes of a clear, glassy white. The photograph illustrates one of the strongest forces in the lives of birds—the necessity of securing a constant supply of food for the young, in order to insure rapid growth and early departure from the nest

available has always been a mystery. No doubt some have lost their mates through one of the many calamities that constantly threaten the lives of birds, but the majority can be accounted for only by the failure of a certain number of males to secure suitable breeding territory, thus leaving a wandering residue of unmated birds of each sex.

POLYGAMY Polygamy is customary with some birds, particularly certain of the game birds, the great-tailed grackles, and the beautiful long-tailed whidahs of Africa. Each male gathers to himself a harem of from two to five or six females, which he guards with as much assiduity as any sultan. There may be a surplus of females in these species, but probably also many weak or immature males are unable to secure mates.

POLYANDRY Polyandry, the term used to describe a multiplicity of husbands, is an uncommon form of marriage relationship that is found amongst the Tibetans and some tribes of India, and in certain South Sea Islands. A few birds are called polyandrous, though the application is not quite the same. With them, as with the primitive people who practice it, the custom is linked with supremacy of the females. Among certain birds, notably the Australian emu and some other ostrich-like birds, “emancipated” females are the rule. Here the lady does the courting; with the emu this consists largely of a loud booming, accomplished by means of enlarged air sacks in the neck. The emu is a very irregular layer, depositing her beautiful great green eggs at intervals of from two days to a week. No nest is built, and it is the duty of the harassed male to follow her movements

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closely, and to cover with bits of grass and straw the eggs she deigns to lay, so that they may have at least some protection. The clutch varies from two or three to as many as eighteen eggs, and just how he keeps track of them all is still among the mysteries. At any rate, when he feels that no more are to appear, he scoops a shallow place in the ground and gathers into it his scattered treasures. Then he humbly begins the process of incubation, a task, by the way, which lasts for eight weeks, actually the longest incubation period known among birds. When the babies finally emerge, he cares for them solicitously, lavishing on them an attention that no mother could excel. This great bird, nearly as large as an ostrich, leading a lively brood of prettily striped chicks smaller than bantams, might serve as a perfect example of motherly(!) solicitude. And so he guards them for a year and a half, leaving them only to yield to the persuasive "boom" that again bends his neck to the yoke. And what has Mother Emu been doing with her spare time, gained at the expense of her downtrodden mate? She has been roaming the country, "booming" for another mate!

A perfect counterbalance for the freedom of the female emu is furnished by the hornbills. These birds nest in cavities in great trees of the jungle. Only one egg is laid, and as soon as it is deposited the male plasters up the opening, leaving only a narrow, vertical slit. Through this aperture he feeds his prisoner, and in due course the youngster as well. Until the latter is full-fledged, there is no other means than the tiny window for communication

with the outer world, and yet the inmates of this jungle prison thrive and grow fat during their long period of captivity. The jailer furnishes a plentiful supply of food, neatly wrapped in packets and covered with a filament which is considered by some authorities to be a layer of the lining of the gizzard, and by others a glandular secretion. Father Hornbill plainly believes that "woman's place is in the home," and so he keeps her there.



Photograph by L. W. Brownell

THE USURPER ESTABLISHED

Instead of building a home of its own, the American cowbird watches for an opportunity to slip into the nests of other birds and lay its eggs among those of the rightful owner. This picture shows the nest of a chestnut-sided warbler containing the speckled egg of a cowbird. When the young cowbirds hatch, they are so large and voracious that their fellow nestlings often are unable to survive the rough handling of the impostors

Two groups of birds, the American cowbirds and the Old World cuckoos, build no nests of their own, but deposit their eggs among those of other birds. Cowbirds and cuckoos often do not pair permanently, but

PROMISCUITY AND PARASITISM

find a mate
as chance
allows, the

female ever on the watch for a likely nest in which to lay her eggs. Cowbirds seem to prefer nests of smaller birds, preferably warblers and sparrows, though their eggs have been found in the nests of some ninety species. The cowbird's egg is white, thickly specked with brown, and quite often twice the size of those of the birds on which it imposes. Occasionally the imposition is noticed by the victims, and the nest is deserted or a second story is built, leaving the intruder to its fate in the subcellar. Most frequently the cowbird's egg is incubated and hatched with the rest, and then, because of the greater size of the interloper, the other infants are likely to suffer or even to die of starvation. Very often birds are seen feeding a single well-grown cowbird—mute testimony of the fate of his companions.

The European cuckoo has developed parasitism to a fine art. Like the cowbird, it prefers to victimize small species, but it has carried the means of deception much further. It has been found that, while the eggs of cuckoos vary widely, each female lays eggs of a constant type. Furthermore, she always imposes on a bird of one particular kind, and investigation has shown that the cuckoo's eggs closely match in color those of her dupe.

It has always been supposed that the cuckoo laid her eggs on the ground and placed them in the nest with her bill, but recent studies seem to show that she seldom, if ever, does this, being enough of a contortionist to worm her-



From "Pictured Knowledge"

THE WEAVER BIRD LIVES IN A GLASS HOUSE

The East Indian swallow glues the top of its nest to rock walls and spins a basket-shaped structure with gelatinous threads of saliva that harden in the open air and resemble amber glass

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self into a position where she can deposit her egg directly in the smallest nest.

But the fiendish ingenuity of the cuckoo does not end here. When the young bird hatches, it does not wait, like the cowbird, until its nest-mates die of starvation. Its method is more direct, and perhaps in the end more merciful. Maneuvering until one of its victims is on the cuckoo's back, it crawls up the side of the nest and drops its burden over the edge. The process is continued with unfailing perseverance until the villainous little wretch has the nest and all its benefits entirely to himself.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION

Artificial incubation of eggs was practiced in very early times by both the Chinese and Egyptians; but, while the idea was new to men, it was no novelty to birds. In Australia and some of the neighboring islands to the north, a group of birds known as "megapodes," or mound builders, construct primitive incubators of their own design, and use them for hatching their eggs.

The best known of these birds is the brush turkey, an ungainly black creature nearly as large as our own fowl of the same name. The brush turkey has tremendously large and powerful feet, which make excellent substitutes for rakes and pitchforks. At the approach of the breeding season the bird begins the formation of its incubator, by gathering in a great heap the débris of the jungle floor, throwing it backward with great force and often cleaning the earth for yards about. This mound may often reach a height of six feet and a diameter of twelve feet or more. When all is in readiness a hole is dug in the top, extending downward into the central core,



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

THIS BIRD BUILDS ❖
AN INCUBATOR ❖
TO HATCH ITS EGGS

The Australian brush turkey, an inhabitant of the hot, steaming jungles, gathers together a great heap of débris, lays its eggs deep within the mound, and leaves them to be hatched by the heat generated by decaying vegetation. When the young finally break through their shells they scamper off into the forest, and work out their own destiny without parental guidance

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which is to form the incubation chamber. The female then deposits her egg in the cavity and the mound is re-closed. And here is the most remarkable thing of all: the egg is always placed point down. There is no better illustration of the ingenuity of nature, for eggs placed point down will keep better than in any other position, because the delicate cords that hold the yolk in position are attached to the ends.

When the clutch of eggs is complete, the birds watch the mound with great care, keeping it in good condition and immediately repairing the slightest damage. The heat generated by the decaying vegetation is sufficient to give a uniform temperature of about 95° , which is high enough for incubation of the eggs of brush turkeys, though domestic fowls' eggs require 100° to 103° . After six weeks have passed, the first young bird hatches. A day-old domestic chick buried in a heap of decaying rubbish would perish miserably. Not so with this jungle baby. From his parents he has inherited large and serviceable feet, with which he promptly sets to work to extricate himself. When he finally emerges, this precocious infant is already provided with feathers and well-developed wings, and thus equipped fares forth alone into the tangled world to seek his fortune. Independent and free from parental discipline, this prodigy of the wild can, from infancy, make its way perfectly well "on its own."

VANITY The peacock is the symbol of vanity, but the comparison is based on a partial misunderstanding. The bird of Pan is not wholly vain. In fact, during the mating season he is, for the most part, a hard-working bird, his efforts devoted to a very definite purpose—the attraction of the females. The train of the peacock, which is formed by the upper tail coverts and not by the tail itself, is one of the marvels of nature. And yet all this wealth of loveliness seems wasted on the females for which it is



From "Pictured Knowledge"

A PAVILION OF TWIGS, FLOWERS, AND MOSS

Built by the bower bird for frolic and courtship. These beauty-loving birds spend their leisure looking for decorative bits of petals and feathers, and clearing away faded leaves and blossoms from the dooryard of their playhouse



From "Pictured Knowledge"

"WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME"

When hornbills have chosen a favorable tree trunk for their nursery the male builds a clay wall between the female and the temptations of the jungle. A narrow opening is left through which to feed her. No danger of her running away like the capricious wife of the emul! Not till the egg is hatched and the baby well grown does he break the wall and release her

displayed. Often a peacock can be seen strutting and spreading, with an indifferent female picking about near by, her back turned to the ardent swain. However, the performer is confident in the tradition of many generations of successful forefathers, so the peahen's lack of appreciation only spurs him on to renewed effort. That his confidence is finally justified is adequately proved by experience.

All this, after all, is no more vanity than can be found in any species with a well-developed courtship display. Yet there are times when the peacock, perhaps as an outlet for surplus energy, allows himself to yield to an impulse that really seems to show the germ of primitive vanity. In the New York Zoölogical Park there are a number of peacocks at liberty. On any fine Sunday in spring

these birds may be seen displaying themselves by the hour, often surrounded by hundreds of admiring visitors. On these occasions there is seldom a peahen in sight. As the peacock performs in the sunshine, turning first one way and then another, there is a wave of admiration from the audience, which one senses rather than hears. It is perfectly possible that the bird responds to this stimulus, for he is far more sensitive to such matters than is commonly believed.

FEAR

Fear in birds is so obvious that it needs no supporting argument. Its existence is essential to the operation of the primary instinct of self-preservation. In birds it is not the foolish, senseless sort of fear often seen in human beings, but is based on a keen and real desire to escape the violent death that ever menaces birds in freedom.

In young birds fear is probably an inherited instinct, which is fostered and developed by the parents. Just as the solicitous human mother cautions her children against danger, so does the mother bird impress upon her off-

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spring watchfulness of enemies. The parents' danger-calls and excited attitudes are quickly associated with cause by the young birds.

Young birds of precocious types, such as ducks and quail, which possess the physical means to escape their enemies, show strong fear reaction much earlier than species like the robin, which for some days must remain helplessly in the nest. Yet tiny, scrawny robins, that raise gaping mouths when they feel the shock that means the arrival of one of the parents with food, will crouch motionless in the bottom of the nest if they feel the slightest jar from a different source.

Frequently, birds reared in captivity under good conditions show an almost total absence of fear, which goes to prove how much they have lost through lack of parental training. When such a bird is placed in company with others it is likely to be stupid at first in avoiding the small dangers of everyday life in an aviary. In most cases, if it does not come to grief within the first few days, experience and the example of its companions soon arouse the dormant instinct and it quickly becomes self-reliant. Occasionally, birds that have been sheltered too long are found to be utterly helpless, and must be carefully protected throughout their lives.

COURAGE Birds possess courage in a marked degree. The falcons and the eagles are regarded as symbolical of courage, but, while it is true that they are noble birds and seldom craven, their size, strength, speed, and powerful weapons make them so nearly masters of the bird world that little bravery is required to maintain their position. Pure courage for its



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

THE MALE RHEA ❖
INCUBATES THE EGGS

Like Father Emu, the male South American rhea sits on the eggs and rears the young, the female showing complete indifference to the welfare of the brood. The sitting bird flattens himself and spreads his plumage over the shallow nest so as to be almost invisible at a distance



Photograph by Mary Dickerson

Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

NOT YET SURE WHAT
IT'S ALL ABOUT ❖

The chickadee's hearty call, "chick-a-dee-dee," rings out as clearly amid the dreary snows of winter as on the fairest day in June. Diminutive creature though he is, there is no reaction on the size of his family; from six to eight youngsters to a brood is the rule

own sake is found in domestic game cocks. The little red jungle fowl of India, the supposed ancestor of all domestic chickens, fights fiercely enough, but when one of the combatants feels that defeat is imminent it will escape from the victor by running, if it can. The endeavor of breeders has been to produce cocks that are "dead game"—that is, birds that will not turn tail, even when death is the penalty. The bloody pastime of cock fighting has been prohibited in most countries, but the dauntless old pit cock still exists—a truer symbol of real courage than any falcon.

In the unselfish duties of reproduction, birds reach a higher level of courage than is usually invoked for self-preservation. Between the two powerful instincts, the desire to live and anxiety for the safety of their offspring, the latter often proves the stronger, even to the extent of the parent bird giving its life. The larger species, such as swans, geese, eagles, and falcons, are well known to resent fiercely any intrusion, and because of their strength and valor are able to beat off most enemies that have the temerity to attack the family. A warlike old Canada goose is no mean adversary even for a man, and many thrilling tales have been related concerning the danger of robbing the nests of eagles.

But it is among the smaller and more helpless forms that we find the



Photograph by A. A. Allen

DINNER HOUR ❖ IN THE NURSERY

A black and white warbler returning from a trip to nature's cupboard finds her twin fledglings already at table and eager to eat. Worms and insects are the favorite diet. Young birds will double or even treble their weight in a day, and the quantity of insects necessary to accomplish this explains the value of birds as destroyers of pests

truer courage. Robins, thrushes, catbirds, even the tiny wrens and warblers, will do their best to repulse the skulking cat or blacksnake and sometimes forfeit their lives in the battle. The writer observed a very instructive example of bird courage during the summer of 1923. A pair of phœbes was nesting under the eaves of a roof, just outside a bedroom window. At dawn one morning there was a tremendous racket. In a compartment of the eaves next the one occupied by the phœbes was an old wren's nest composed of a great bulk of rather heavy twigs. A large rat, evidently with murderous intent toward the young phœbes, had been attacked by the mother bird and forced to take refuge in the deserted nest of the wren. Not to be so easily thwarted, the phœbes at once began to tear down the protecting barrier, stick by stick, dropping them to a board walk below with a great clatter. After nearly an hour of hard and persistent work the skulking rat was exposed. The bird promptly attacked him with such fury that he was compelled to leap blindly to the ground and rush into the underbrush for shelter. He never appeared again, and the phœbe reared her young in peace. As well might a human mother attack a wild cat with her bare hands, for phœbes have nothing but tiny bills and indomitable courage to overcome such a formidable enemy as a hungry rat.

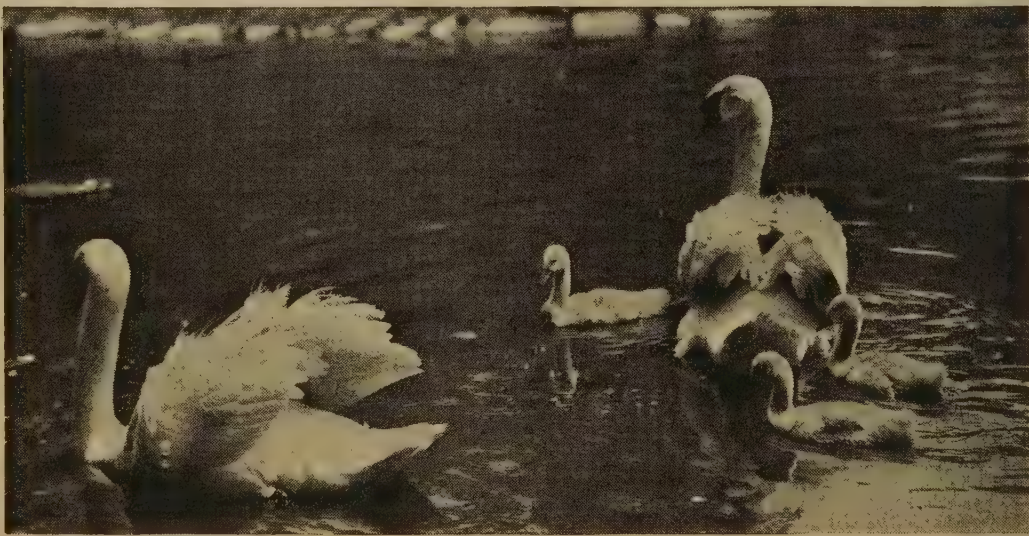
COWARDICE Examples of cowardice among birds are not easy to find. The only real bird cowards are the vultures. There are two groups of these birds: those of the Old World, closely related to the eagles, and the New World vultures, which form an order of their own. All are feeders on carrion, and they lack the powerful grasping talons of the eagles, their feet being better adapted to merely holding down their repulsive food

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than to seizing it. Their beaks, however, are strong and powerful, more so than those of most eagles; and their size and powers of flight also frequently exceed those of their finer relatives. However, they prefer to watch and bide their time rather than attack their intended prey, no matter how helpless it may be. The great lammergeier, or bearded vulture of the Alps, is said to drive lambs, and sometimes even men, over steep precipices, and then to descend and make a leisurely meal on the mangled remains at the bottom. This is probably as near as any vulture ever comes to direct attack.

Some years ago, in Costa Rica, the writer witnessed an incident that furnishes an illustration of the cowardice of vultures. An unfortunate calf lay dying. A flock of black vultures hovered in near-by trees—grewsome harbingers of death. So in grim vigil a night passed.

Next morning a new element was injected into the affair, for on the body of the calf was perched a solitary king vulture. This bird is about twice the size of the more common black vulture and consequently more powerful, but at the same time it is not notably aggressive. Just what its power is seems to be a question, but at any rate here was the "king" in full possession of the prize, surrounded by a circle composed of some hundreds of his craven inferiors, milling to and fro at a respectful distance. He was a picture of lordly indifference, calmly preening his plumage and making a leisurely inquiry into the food situation. Eventually he was joined by two others of his kind, and when operations had been completed, little remained except bone and sinew. Having satisfied themselves that nothing really edible had been overlooked, the banqueters performed a fastidious toilet and relinquished the



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

A FAMILY OF MUTE SWANS

Like the geese, the swans are model family birds. Both parents are diligent in the care of the young, and the male is a dangerous antagonist when he feels that his family is in danger. In times of stress, the female takes the cygnets on her back, beneath the cover of her wings, and bears them to safety



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

PENGUINS ON PARADE

In appearance the penguins are the most human-like of birds. They walk erect and have no powers of flight. They breed on the shores of the Antarctic continent under rigorous conditions. The feathers are short and small; the wings are developed into flat paddles that propel the bird under water

figurative crumbs. Instantly an annihilating wave of black engulfed the scene of the feast, and a few seconds later nothing remained but bones picked as clean as though they had been bleached by the sea. What mysterious force held back this rabid crowd as it watched the appropriation of the food it so eagerly craved? Surely it was cowardice not far removed from that shown so often by human mobs when confronted by the force of a personality before which they recoil.

GLUTTONY Some birds, like men, are prone to gluttony. Here again we cite the vultures, which really seem to be the most despicable of birds. It is only fair to say, however, that theirs is not the willful sort of gluttony indulged in by gross individuals of our own race. It is due primarily to food conditions, for the vulture may chance upon the fatted calf on one day and have no further opportunity to break his fast for a week. Consequently, when he eats he feeds to repletion, for he knows not when he will eat again. In tropical countries it is a common sight to see vultures gorged to such a degree that they are unable to rise and must skulk on the ground.

PLAYFULNESS Birds are busy creatures, so real play among them is scarce. Some, however, know real play—ducks and pelicans amuse themselves. A frequently quoted example is the satin bower bird of Australia. The male builds a fairy playhouse by pushing two rows of sticks into the ground, six or eight inches apart at the bottom and inclining toward each other at the top. The structure is fifteen to eighteen inches long and open at each end. Sometimes the female lends a hand, and when she does the male watches her tolerantly until she has finished and promptly rearranges whatever additions she has made. The ground about each opening is kept perfectly clear and is then decorated with odd bits of bone, shells, feathers, etc. When all is in readiness we find that this preparation is not merely for play but for courtship. Seizing in his bill whatever treasure is

the favorite of the moment, the male begins a grotesque dance, singing the while in a grating guttural voice. If the female cares to join in the game, he outdoes himself in buffoonery, pursuing her back and forth through the playhouse until she tires and returns to the tree, where the real nest is built.

DEVOTION TO OFFSPRING

There is no limit to the sacrifices birds will make for the protection of their young. Many birds, such as the grouse and plovers, will even go so far as to simulate injury when their chicks are in danger. Flopping, stumbling, and even falling over and over, they seek to lead the enemy away, quickly recovering from the mysterious malady when the hidden youngsters are safe. In securing food, birds work with great diligence, often to their own injury.

In the Zoölogical Park we have had an interesting example of over-development of parental love. Several pairs of Canada geese on a small lake had broods of goslings ranging from three to five. One of the pairs managed to get through a supposedly goose-proof fence, and moved their family to a well-kept lawn in search of tender young grass. After a few days, which established in the first-comers a strong sense of possession, another pair found the weak point in the fence and appeared on the lawn with their brood. Immediately the original gander gave battle, and that afternoon the newcomers were back on the lake, but *minus their family*. This assault on neighbor broods continued for several days. As the spoils of battle the kidnapers had acquired no less than ten strange babies in addition to their original three. In spite of a great diversity of size and a consequent variation in strength, the entire thirteen were triumphantly reared. The foster parents used to assemble their charges on the park lawn to the apparent aggravation of distraught mothers and fathers that lurked powerless in the offing.



Photograph by the author

KIDNAPERS AND THEIR BROOD

A pair of Canada geese bred in the New York Zoölogical Park are shown with goslings of various colors and sizes, stolen from other broods and reared as their own



THE BIRDS' BEST HUMAN FRIEND— W. H. HUDSON

BY ARTHUR MAURICE

W. H. Hudson lived to four-score years, and when he died two years ago the birds lost their best human friend. Most of his years were devoted to preaching and practicing love of wild life, and particularly love of wild bird life. It was his ruling passion. The birds were the companions of his soul. Upon their coming and going depended his joy and interest in the particular place where he happened to be staying.

If Hudson could have molded the world to his liking it would have become a vast sanctuary for the birds. Always in his soul was the spirit of hot rebellion against man and his ways. The wild moorland swept by sea winds over which he so loved to wander he felt to have been created for feathered flight, for the building of nests and the chirping of love songs. The mere presence of man seemed an intrusion on the territory of his beloved wild birds.

What a strange wild life was the life of this man! He was always somewhat of a mystery, even to the closest among his human friends. Perhaps the birds understood him better. Perhaps he was no mystery to the wild geese and the wise white owls. To the creatures of the air he abandoned his soul. It was a locked and guarded cavern against his fellow men. Even his own brother said to him, when the time for their long parting came, and W. H. Hudson went on board the steamer that was to carry him from South America to England: "Of all the people I have ever known, you are the only one I do not know."

His own reticence about his early life shrouded it in mystery. He was born in the Argentine. His father, Daniel Hudson, was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts. His mother, Catherine Kimball, was of the old Puritan stock. Her family were said to possess a Bible out of the "Mayflower." Some years before his birth W. H. Hudson's parents emigrated to South America, Daniel Hudson finding his health threatened by the harsh New England



W. H. HUDSON
WRITER AND FIELD NATURALIST

"He did for the English country that he studied what a great painter can do for a view of natural scenery: he brought out points that might otherwise have escaped attention; he made the beauty and interest of it arrest and hold the attention; he made people feel what he himself had felt when watching and contemplating"



From "Birds in Town and Village"

THE NIGHTINGALE'S MORNING SONG

"The medicine of its pure fresh melody I particularly craved. . . . A favorite morning perch (of a male bird nesting near Hudson's cottage) was a small wooden gate four or five yards away from my window"

climate. In the subtropical Argentine he adopted sheep farming as a career, and lived to the ripe old age of eighty-four.

The pampas were the home of W. H. Hudson during the first twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of his life. Restlessly he wandered, storing away the impressions upon which he was to draw in later days. He traveled beyond the Rio Negro southward, to Banda Oriental, across the wide waters of the Plata. But not the South America of his own birth, nor the United States of his parents, but the England of his ancestry was always the land of his dreams. Finally, when he was about twenty-eight, he sailed from Buenos Aires, never to return to South America. He arrived in England in May and found it "a land of the morning."

Just as the years in South America are veiled in a certain obscurity, so are the first ten years of his life in England. They were pathetic years, pathetic in their poverty and lack of recognition. He married a woman many years older than himself, how much older he never knew until her death. In 1880 she was keeping a boarding house in Bayswater, a part of London. Hudson, reduced to the shabby rôle of a boarding-house keeper's husband, to carve at table, and to answer the doorbell, was like a caged eagle. Even then the depths of misery were not yet sounded.

The Bayswater boarding house was a failure. Husband and wife moved to another part of London, and started a rooming house there. It was another failure. They moved into pitiful lodgings, and for a time were practically starving. One week they lived on a tin of cocoa and milk. The wife, who had been a singer, trudged about giving lessons and Hudson at home toiled at writing articles that were generally rejected.

The unhappiness of that period is reflected in a letter written by Hudson long years after: "When I had not a penny and almost went down on my knees to editors, publishers, and literary agents, I couldn't get even a civil word, and of ten or perhaps twenty manuscripts sent out, nine or nineteen would come back. And now, when I don't want the beastly money and care

nothing for fame, and am sick and tired of the whole thing, they actually come and beg a book or article from me."

Yet even in the caged years he was in communion with the birds. The wood pigeons were his companions in such places as the Temple Gardens, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Trafalgar Square. In the more extensive parks of London, such as Hyde Park and Regent's Park, he found the water birds: the water hen, coot, and wild duck. Appropriately, it is in Hyde Park that there has been established the birds' sanctuary that is dedicated to his memory.

Then a freer, wilder life than that in grimy London opened for him. At times it was almost gypsy-like and exceedingly hard for the wife who shared it with him. By his side she trudged patiently scores of miles through highways and byways. She endured the rough lodgings which not only suited their light purse but which pleased him better than any inn. She sat on village greens while he sought for rooms with cottagers. Of the two she was always the more pathetic figure, for with the weight of an age fifteen years more than his own she was trying to live as the mate of an eagle. Eventually she broke under the strain, and died, and Hudson buried her in the cemetery at Worthing, where lie the bones of Richard Jefferies, Hudson's brother naturalist.

In various places of England Hudson lived and studied. He was at home in village or market town, near a woodland or by the sea where wild geese came or herons built. There were occasional stays with his friend Morley Roberts, in the latter's Sussex home. "With him," Roberts has recorded, "a walk in the woods or by fertile hop-fields became a new thing. The chattering jays took on brighter colors for me, the woods were more populous, since birds I thought alike he distinguished by notes I never could remember."

At first Sussex and Hamp-



A WATER HEN AT HOME IN HYDE PARK, LONDON
Protected by laws that Hudson and his associates helped to
formulate



AN URBAN PLAYGROUND
FREQUENTED BY
HUDSON ❖ ❖ ❖

Geese, owls, seagulls, were among Hudson's prime favorites. It always gave this devoted bird lover joy to see the feathered inhabitants of London parks happy and well cared for

shire and Wiltshire were enough for Hudson. He maintained that a man could spend his life on the downs or near Salisbury or in the New Forest and find occupation till he was a hundred, and laughed at the suggestion that the more remote Cornwall offered a richer field for his observations. But the time came when he made a reluctant visit to Land's End, and as a result he took to wintering at Penzance.

Curious was that passion for England in a man not born on English soil. But it was not a passion for the smoke-smudged haunts of men, but for the green spaces untouched and undefiled, the bit of woodland where the small birds chirped, the wild coast where the gulls and wild geese circled and the heron and curlew called.

Hudson's life in England was one of constant war against the inveterate bird destroyers. He divided them into three classes: first, the so-called sportsman, who kills for killing's sake; next, the gamekeeper, who has made a list of the different species of what he calls "vermin" to be extirpated; and, third, the greedy collector. Beyond the bird collector his hatred went to the feathered women. He could not bear the sight of a "civilized lady" wearing the plumage torn from the body of a bird.

THE BIRDS' BEST HUMAN FRIEND—W. H. HUDSON

Bitterly as he assailed those who killed birds, his hottest indignation was reserved for those who imprisoned them. Throughout his books are stories of his efforts to win liberty for caged bullfinches and linnets. Once in a cathedral town of England he fought fiercely but in vain for the freedom of a wretched white owl imprisoned in a kitchen by a glaring fire. When he failed to free this prisoner he was ashamed to go near him: "For I had promised him his liberty and could not keep my word."

Loving all birds, Hudson had his favorites. Wild geese were his passion. Perhaps they reminded him of the greater birds of the South American pampas of his birth, for, despite his devotion to the England of his ancestry and his adoption, he never forgot his native land. When watching the wild geese he could recall the crested screamer, a bird of mighty powers of flight and a mighty voice, whose gatherings and tremendous music he had seen and listened to as a boy. In England he found a kindred spirit in the wild goose.

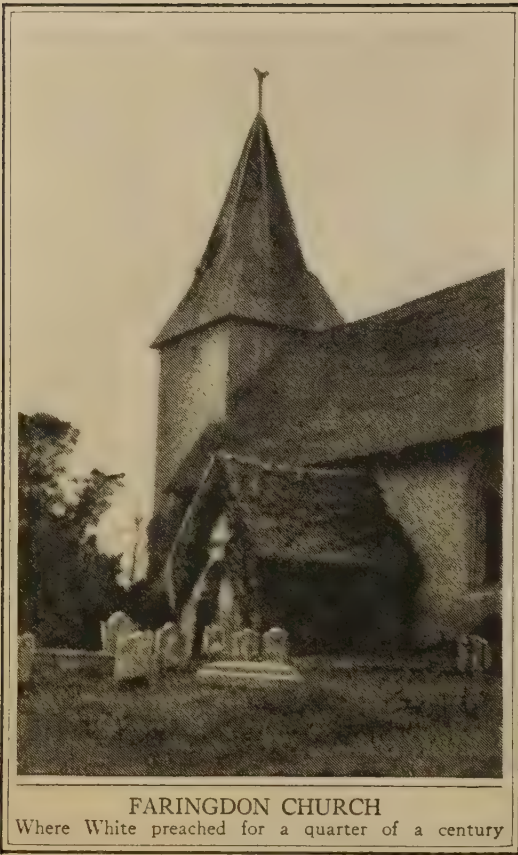
To the end Hudson lived steadfast to his trust, and when his biographer saw him lying dead the idea of burying him as mortals are buried did not seem right. "I wished to take him out upon the open pampas, with a long wide view beyond the sight of man even on horseback, with the great clear sky above. So I would have digged a grave and put him there to rest in his blanket just as he had fallen asleep, without disturbing his attitude of quiet peace. To have the wild winds sing about him and the wilder beasts crop herbage from his lonely grave, while birds trumpeted high choruses about one who loved them—that is the grave I would have chosen for him."



THE W. H. HUDSON BIRD SANCTUARY · HYDE PARK

ENGLAND'S ✦
MEMORIAL TO ✦
HUDSON ✦

London and its environs were peculiarly the field of this writer's observations. Most appropriately, Hyde Park was chosen as the site of the bird sanctuary planned by the friends of the naturalist as a permanent reminder of his contribution to bird lore



FARINGDON CHURCH

Where White preached for a quarter of a century



GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE

BY J. PENNINGTON

Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" is a human document of such exquisite charm that it has made famous not only its author but also the remote English village where he was born.

W. H. Hudson, who has written much of White and of Selborne, attempts to analyze the enduring quality of the obscure eighteenth-century clergyman's work: "Why does this little 'cockleshell of a book' come gayly down to us over a sea full of waves where so many brave barks have foundered? . . . I would hum-

bly suggest that the personality of the author is the principal charm of the letters, for, in spite of his modest and extreme reticence, his spirit shines in every page." John Burroughs remarks "its low key. It touches only upon minor matters. And yet it has lived a hundred years and promises to live many hundreds of years more . . . it is simple and wholesome. It has a home air, a certain privacy and particularity."

The bachelor curate is often represented as a kind of recluse, an ascetic, but this was not true. "The Wakes," his famous dwelling place, saw frequent family gatherings. At the time of his death he had over fifty nieces and nephews. He was a great traveler, though always on horseback. He often rode to London, about fifty miles away, to visit his brothers.

Gilbert White was born in 1720. On graduating from Oxford he took orders. For twenty-five years he preached in the parish of Faringdon, two miles from Selborne, always hoping for the curacy of his native village to fall vacant. Eight years before his death his patience was rewarded. He was described by one of his parishioners as "a still, quiet man with no harm in him; no, not a bit."

There is no authentic portrait of the sage of Selborne. His refusal to sit for his picture is attributed to the fact that an attack of smallpox had left him badly marked.

The only event in White's life that was of any lasting importance was the writing of the "Natural History"; and this he began when he was about forty without knowing that he was beginning a book. The origin of the now celebrated work lay in a series of letters written out of kindness of heart and with no thought of publication. On a journey to London, he visited his brother's bookshop and publishing house. In this "roomy shop, with old gentlemen in leather doublets," White met Thomas Pennant, author of "British Zoölogy." Discovering their common interest in natural history, White agreed to write regularly to Pennant, setting forth his observations of bird, plant, and animal life. Two years later he met another observer, Daines Barrington, and consented to write to him also. It was Barrington who first had the idea that these letters were worthy of publication. Though pleased and flattered at the suggestion, White was too modest to begin revising the letters until urged on by his friends and family. It was nineteen years before the book took tangible form. "As this is your only child," wrote an impatient friend, "I hope you will not let it be a posthumous one."

In no way do the charm and humanity of the clergyman-naturalist show more clearly than in his record of observations made concerning birds and animals. He tells, for instance, the story of two birds, a male and a female, who built their nest most unwisely on a naked bough and thus exposed their brood to the hot sun. "Affection suggested an expedient," he tells us, "and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours while, with wings expanded and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring." For years he studies the ways of an old tortoise. He marvels at the "extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain, for, though it has a shell that would secure it against the



From a drawing by Edward J. Sullivan

THE AUTHOR OF THE "NATURAL HISTORY"

A sketch made from contemporary descriptions of his dress and personal appearance. There is no authentic portrait of the Sage of Selborne

wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings and running its head up in a corner." He is mildly amazed that "Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that seems to relish it so little as to squander more than two thirds of its existence in a joyless stupefaction and to be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers." "Sounds," he makes remark, "do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness, nor do harsh sounds always displease. The shrilling of the field cricket, though sharp and stridulous, marvelously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of everything that is rural, verdurous, and joyous."

On his first visit to Selborne, W. H. Hudson went to the churchyard and "spent a long time groping about in the long, rank grass in search of a memorial, and this, when found, turned out to be a modest-sized headstone. I had to go down on my knees and put aside the rank grass that half covered it, just as when we look into a child's face we push back the unkempt hair from its forehead. On the stone were graved the initials 'G. W.' and, beneath, 1793, the year of his death. Happy the nature lover, who, in spite of fame, is allowed to rest as White rests, pressed upon by no ponderous stone; the sweet influences of sun and rain are not kept from him; even the sound of the wild bird's cry may penetrate to his narrow apartment to gladden his dust."



WHITE'S HOME,
"THE WAKES"

In the village of Selborne, Hampshire, England, the clergyman-naturalist made most of his observations in his own dooryard. His letters on nature were written in an upper room of the rectory

THOMAS MORAN - N. A.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF AMERICAN ART

BY
GUSTAVE H. BUEK



THOMAS MORAN

From the portrait by Howard Russell Butler, painted from Life—at Santa Barbara, Cal., in 1922, when Mr. Moran was 86 years of age

THOMAS MORAN, N.A. THE GRAND OLD MAN OF AMERICAN ART



THE MORAN HOME AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

In which the great painter spent 40 years of happy, active and productive life

I FIRST met Thomas Moran in the Summer of 1892. I had been commissioned by the Santa Fe Railway to reproduce by lithography his painting of *The Grand Canyon of Arizona*, one of the conditions being that the reproduction before acceptance should be endorsed as satisfactory by the artist. Knowing Moran to have done some excellent lithographing himself, as well as being master of practically all the then known reproductive methods, I naturally approached him with considerable hesitation. No man could have received a younger man with greater cordiality than he received me.

Through my visits at the National Academy and Water Color Society Exhibitions at the old Academy at the corner of 23rd Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City, I had, before this, become acquainted with the work both in oil and water-color of Moran, and had early been drawn to it by his remarkable draughtsmanship and feeling for color. To my mind he stood far in advance of most of his contemporaries.

During the years following that first meeting at his charming home in the old village of East Hampton, Long Island, I enjoyed many opportunities for companionship with the artist and for close observation of his work.

Thomas Moran was born in Bolton, England, in 1837, of Irish-English extraction, and was brought to America at the age of seven. After a fair education in the public schools of Philadelphia, he was apprenticed to a wood engraver in that city. He very soon showed a decided aptitude in drawing, and with a strong imaginative disposition and a keen love for color, he took up sketching in water-color, but as early as 1857, when twenty years of age, he painted his first picture in oil.

He sailed for England in 1861, seeking larger opportunities for self-improvement. While in London he made a special study of Turner's works in the National Gallery, several of which he carefully copied. His admiration for Turner has undoubtedly influenced him as a colorist, being quite traceable in some of his earlier works, though never to

such a degree as to indicate the effacement of his own individuality. Moran revisited Europe in 1866, returning to America in 1867, and was offered the opportunity of accompanying the United States Exploring Expedition conducted by Professor Hayden to the Yellowstone River in Wyoming Territory. The result of this expedition was Moran's great painting of the "Yellowstone Canyon," which was purchased by Congress for \$10,000—a large figure at that time.

Again in 1873 he accompanied the expedition conducted by Major Powell, under the auspices of the Government, to explore the little-known country through which flows the Colorado River. The tremendous character of this part of America may be gathered from the fact that for 200 miles the stream descends at the rate of 200 to 500 feet a mile through a chasm averaging less than 300 feet in width. The walls of this vast gorge are 5,000 feet in height, and, at some points, the cliffs seem to close overhead and to leave only a faint crack through which the sky dimly appears. It is one of the more picturesque and less forbidding aspects of this river that appears in the painting

made by Mr. Moran on his return from his expedition. He called it the "Grand Chasm of the Colorado." This, also, was purchased by Congress for \$10,000, and hangs in the Senate Gallery at Washington.

While he does not belong to the accepted school of impressionism, he nevertheless is an impressionist. "What I ask," he says, "is to see a man's brains as evidenced in his work. I want to know what his opinions are. He is the arbiter of his own pictures and nature. Zola's definition of art exactly fills my demands when he said, 'Art is nature seen through a temperament.' . . . An artist's business is to produce for the spectator of his pictures the impression produced by *nature on himself*."

Mr. Moran always upheld the importance of fidelity in detail in producing Nature—a fidelity that can only be achieved by fullness of knowledge. In the painting of a landscape, a thorough knowledge of the formation of clouds, of rocks, of trees, of the ground itself and all that it holds, is necessary.

"In art, as in any other profession," Mr. Moran maintained, "knowledge is power."



THE STUDIO AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

In which the greater part of Mr. Moran's work was produced



MR. MORAN'S HOME AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Where he is now enjoying well-earned restful days

Twist this in any form you may, it remains a truth, and the foundation stone of all art. It will always be the same, and will always show itself in the pictures of the artist, no matter how humble, or how pretentious. Just how far the artist shall go with his knowledge is left to him. He must typify his own personality. This covers all—taste, opinions, everything. The man must exhibit himself in his pictures. This is the theory of art, and also of judgment. Knowledge in art is the power behind the hand-work. Eyesight is nothing unless backed by brains. In condensed form this is my theory of art. In painting I have to be full of my subject. I have to have knowledge. I must know the rocks and the trees, and the atmosphere and the mountain torrents, and the birds that fly in the blue ether above us. Whatever of arbitrary forms that grow out of this intimacy with nature becomes a part of the work is altogether legitimate because my knowledge of the topic leads me to take liberties."

As was once said of one of the great masters of the Barbizon School, "There is something deeply serious and sensitive in his soul, which made him a fit instrument for the rendering of those grand harmonies of Nature's more dramatic side. Thoroughly saturated with a love

for art—endowed with a positive and original genius, with an intense love of nature and a sensitiveness to her more delicate beauty, all nature was grand, and revealed to him her most poetic side. Serene, calm, and joyous, he painted the beauty about him with deep devotion to nature, to which he was thoroughly attuned.

"He absorbed the beauty of all her many moods, and with a devotion that was never surpassed, gave his life to the placing upon canvas the lessons learned from her. He did not try to make her conform to a preconceived idea of what art should be, but painted the beautiful impressions that the subject gave him. There is always the freshness of nature in his pictures."

Every word of the above can truthfully be said of Thomas Moran. No painter was ever more conscientious in his work than he; none more devoted in spirit, none more uncompromising in integrity.

He does not like to be called "The Scientist Artist"; he frankly admits that his is not the scientific mind, that masters and retains—that carefully stores up for future reference and use the visible facts in nature. But he has a marvelous memory that holds these facts, ever ready at his command, as I have had many

occasions of observing. I know of no other artist, whose work, while done in love of all that is great and beautiful in nature, is yet so thoroughly correct in a scientific sense as the landscape painting of Thomas Moran. His mind seems to be a sensitive plate, on which every phenomenon in nature has been impressed.

And how varied in subject is his work; how marvelously many-sided is Moran in all he does! He is equally at home, whether painting the superb scenery of the Rockies, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, or the Yellowstone, the Yosemite Region, the tropical scenery of Florida or of Old Mexico, the quiet, restful stretches of Eastern Long Island, or the peaceful pastoral scenery of England. Again, we see the master touch in his paintings of the enchanting canals and fairy-like architecture of Venice, and the grandeur of the ocean in her stormiest moods, when wave and sky combine to challenge the artist's skill.

Generally speaking, he is a patient worker, and while quick to conceive or select a subject, he is conscientiously deliberate in carrying it out. And not infrequently, as the mood or a sudden impulse strikes him, he completely changes his subject when half finished. I have known him to change a carefully constructed snow-capped mountain range into a raging storm at sea; the formations of the mountains suddenly giving him the sense and feeling of white-crested waves with their heights and depths. These ocean scenes, of which he did not paint many, are eagerly sought after. John Ruskin, upon seeing one of Moran's marines, emphatically pronounced it "the finest piece of water drawing he had seen."

No painting ever left his easel that was not considered by him to be the very best that he

could do at the time, and none that was not considered by him as "finished." He is incapable of slighting or misrepresenting a fact, incapable of doing what he does not feel to be just to his art and to himself. Thoroughly honest and sincere in his art, as in his life! On one occasion I took a friend, who was not especially an admirer of the work of Moran, to his studio in 22nd Street, New York City, and we found him working on a half-finished painting of a Western scene. The subject had been boldly laid in in broad masses and looked quite

different from one of his finished paintings. My friend was captivated by the work in that state, and, taking me aside, asked me to persuade Moran to leave the canvas exactly as it was, and sign it; adding that he would gladly pay the price that Moran would ask for it when it was finished.

This request I communicated to Moran. He declined absolutely, saying that the painting, as it was, was not correct as to geological facts and consequently could

not leave his studio in that state. Another example of his insistence that his painting must have his own complete endorsement before leaving his hands was when a prospective buyer (a collector having one of the finest collections of paintings in the country, and a man of enormous means) offered to purchase "The Shoshone Falls," one of Moran's great paintings, at the price asked (\$15,000), if he would change the character of the sky. This he refused to do, although urged to do so by his friend, Hopkinson Smith. In consequence, he lost the sale—which was preferable to him to losing the feeling of locality imparted by the sky as originally painted.

Such incidents show the sincerity of the man.

Since my first meeting with Thomas Moran, I have had occasion to spend many hours with



WINTER IN THE ROCKIES

An early painting by Thomas Moran; painted in 1867

him, both in travel in the Far West, in his studio and home, as well as in my home; and while I regret that I cannot clearly recall the many interesting talks with him on art, travel and literature, and must consequently rely largely on interviews in which he has expressed himself to others as well as to me, still I hope to convey a slight idea of the man and his attitude toward a subject that has engrossed his entire active life, and that still to-day, in his eighty-eighth year, when he has practically laid aside his brush and palette, and while still in good health and spirits, is his constant thought—The Art Movement in America by American Artists.

In an interview some years ago Moran made this statement as to his adoption of

America as the field of his operations: "I decided very early that I would be an American painter. I'll paint as an American, on an American basis, and American only. I traveled the country over and the West appealed

to me. I like the comparatively flat land of Eastern Long Island, such as I have near my studio at East Hampton and Montauk; and then I like the rugged mountains of the Rockies."

Moran's earlier work, at times, shows a multiplicity of detail, often to an inordinate degree, but this was at a time when he was the careful and conscientious student of every fact in nature that would or might add to the interest of his subject. As his work broadened, this knowledge of details was most valuable, enabling him



PORTRAIT OF MORAN

Taken in 1873, when he was 36 years of age



MR. MORAN

As he appeared when starting out on the exploring trip of the Grand Canyon region with Major Powell in 1873



SOLITUDE

An early lithograph by Moran. He used this same motif and title years later in his celebrated painting, "Solitude"



THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

Mr. Moran's painting, purchased by Congress, and which now hangs in the Senate Gallery in the Capitol at Washington

to introduce them at will and yet subordinate them so that they, in nowise, interfered with or disturbed the general effect. This knowledge of detail was especially valuable to him in painting his great pictures of the Far West, where flora and fauna are an important and essential part of the scene depicted. In writing this, I recall the remark made to me by one of our foremost artists, when looking across the Grand Canyon on a remarkably clear day: "How I could paint this, if I only had Moran's *knowledge*!"

Moran's work throughout his entire life suggests refinement. Refinement is the key-note. It is found in his painting of the architecture of Venice, and of its brilliantly picturesque life on the Canals; it is found in his painting of the great snow-capped mountain ranges of the Rockies, and in the colorful buttes and mesas of New Mexico and Arizona. Always refinement, born of and backed by knowledge, and yet never sacrificing vigor of drawing.

The versatility of the man is amazing, and can be accounted for only by the fact that his knowledge of the component parts necessary to the construction of his pictures is so thorough that he is never at a loss for original compositions.

His studies from nature are very carefully made, almost without exception in water-colors, and if found necessary, supplemented by accurate drawings in pencil or wash. The facts noted in these studies become so firmly fixed in his mind that he needs seldom to refer to them when painting his pictures.

Those that have been fortunate enough to go with him over the hundreds of sketches in water-color and in black and white—the results of the many trips made by him during his long and busy life—have enjoyed an experience never to be forgotten.

Notable among the sketches are those of the Rio Virgin in Utah, and of the Grand Canyon in 1873. These first sketches of that part of our country, which were the art means of bringing the grandeur and beauty of that Far Western scenery to the American people, have a value all their own. It is pleasant to know that Moran has presented many of these sketches to the Cooper Institute in New York City for the benefit of the art students of that institution.

His travels took him, not only into our Great Western Country, but into Florida, Mexico and the West Indies, as well, and extended throughout Europe, especially into Italy and England, in all of which places he found material for paintings. His well-known painting of "Mount Moran" in the Teton Range, "The Mountain of the Holy Cross" in Colorado, his great historical landscape "Ponce de



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS,
COLORADO

From the original water-color. This composition was later used by Mr. Moran in a painting by the same name

Leon in Florida," and his paintings full of the dreamy beauty of Venice are but a few of the outstanding results of these trips.

And now, in his eighty-eight year, after seventy years of active studious work, knowing that his great work is done, standing at the twilight of his life, he has the great satisfaction of knowing that, in the integrity of his character, and the sincerity of his work, he has added beauty to the world, and value to American art.

THOMAS MORAN; AN IMPRESSION

By His Daughter, RUTH B. MORAN

THE outstanding memory of my father; the first impression was, and I believe the last impression will be the atmosphere of romance that he had about him; he seemed always to be starting off or coming back from strange, beautiful places, wild countries. And then at once on the return I would be thrilled by the lovely colors that almost at once began to grow and glow on canvas and water-color pads, and the delicate, beautiful drawings on the blocks of boxwood.

I used to come padding down in my nightgown and bare feet, lured by the talk that drifted up the stairs to my crib, and curl up in my mother's lap to be nearer, night after night, as my father sat drawing numberless illustrations for school books and magazines—all the then new wonders of the "Far West" that so captivated and thrilled him with their beauty and romance.

Thomas Moran's whole figure was romantic; perhaps the more so because of the utter lack of self-consciousness—the eyes not dreamy but clear and far-seeing, shining like a child's eyes. Always they have had, and still have the look of seeing, and remembering, wonders. His mouth was delicate for a man's, but practically hidden by his beard and moustache of fair hair—his nose was delicate and sensitive. He used always to wear, in winter, a round beaver fur cap, set rather jauntily on his very small, compact head. Nearly five feet seven inches in height, thin, wiry, and quick and firm on his feet, with perfect balance—he wore his cap and cape coat, rather gallantly. Yes, he was a romantic figure, in a not very romantic period. He was quick-witted, full of humor, kind and very generous; but quick-tempered, also, and a good fighter

for any cause that he might take up.

He loved music, playing the violin by ear only, but playing with spirit; and as I first remember him, always singing with a good, sweet tenor voice. Loving his children, but forgetting them so completely when at work—which was practically always—that I have no recollection of ever asking, or depending on him for anything.

I do not think he ever reproved me or attempted any kind of discipline in his life; he did not believe in discipline for children, nor the theory of discipline for anyone. His children, three of us, loved him, and never felt the least awe or fear of him, but always instinctively an awe of his work. He, himself, disappeared so completely in it—was so rapt in it—that we children never had to be told, or taught, to reverence it—it was always the first thought of all of us—as it was practically the whole thought and life of my father.

We lived closely as a family, always in and out of the studio, but we never disturbed my father. We would lie flat on the floor and watch him paint, or use his water colors to paint the pictures for ourselves in the old pic-

torial magazine, *The Aldine*; or we would shudder with delightful horror over the Dore drawings in Dante's "Inferno," which was always in the studio, but we never disturbed the complete concentration which isolated Thomas Moran from everyone he most loved—even his beloved wife, who was almost a part of himself.

He was never at any time really interested in making money, and always was the worst possible salesman for his pictures; almost anyone could get a picture cheapened in price, if he would only stay long enough in the



THOMAS MORAN IN HIS 86TH YEAR

With his daughter, Ruth B. Moran, at their home in Santa Barbara

studio, for my father was always aching to get back to work, to get to his easel, and get rid of the buyer.

He took a great joy in all beautiful artistic things; rugs, and bronzes—and he spent his money lavishly to get them. Certain things that he and my mother bought in their youth he has taken with him whenever he traveled away from home, because something in their form or beauty was necessary to him, and so appealed that he felt their need wherever he might be.

His concentration on his art, his utter lack of introspection, and his lack of interest in people as a whole, have made him personally and intimately known to very few, but his friendships have been great friendships, full of trust, and sincerity and love.

He has always been the most modest of men, but his own great sincerity of nature has given him little patience with the worldly wise, or

insincere; and all his life he has been ready with lance in rest to fight to the death for any of the principles of the art that he himself has been ready to risk health, happiness, and even life itself, to attain.

So now when I look at him, in his eighty-eighth year, unchanged in spirit, still noting every variation of light and color and form in the clouds, the solidity of the foliage of the live oak, and the grace of the eucalyptus; still dreaming his fairy cities, and strange, misty mountain-rimmed seas—I feel again the old thrill and wonder of Romance, as I did in my babyhood when I crept down the stairs and into my mother's lap to watch him at work on his black and white dreams, after a long day with color—never tired, never through, always riding on through his enchanted forest.

RUTH B. MORAN.



GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

A characteristic scene of the Canyon, taken from the road to Hermit Trail



A GLIMPSE OF THE GRAND CANYON

Showing the wonderful coloring of the Canyon through the cedar trees of the South Rim, a view which strongly appealed to Mr. Moran.



THE BORDA GARDENS, MEXICO

With their beautiful eucalyptus trees, which make these gardens one of the interesting sights in Old Mexico



42-244 p. 88.

A LONG ISLAND SCENE

As a contrast to the grandiose scenery of the Great West, these quiet Long Island scenes, near his East Hampton home, were always dear to Mr. Moran.



TOWN POND, EAST HAMPTON, L. I.

The town pond is directly opposite the Moran home, and, with its old willows, it always had a quiet fascination for Mr. Moran



THE CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

A favorite subject of Mr. Moran's, and one that gave him the opportunity of displaying his great knowledge of geology and his skill in composition



SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS
From a water-color sketch



TANTALLON CASTLE

One of Mr. Moran's paintings of the castles of England, showing a fine composition, and mastery in the painting of water in unrest



AT THE WELL

One of Mr. Moran's paintings of Mexican scenes. It is interesting to note that the figures here introduced are probably the largest ever painted in a picture by him



A MEXICAN FIESTA

For a period of years Mr. Moran found the subjects for many of his paintings in Mexico. His "Mexican Fiesta" is one of his favorite paintings among his Mexican scenes



CYPRESS POINT—MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

The shore of California at Monterey made a strong appeal to Mr. Moran, and this is one of its most picturesque scenes



GREEN RIVER BUTTES

Here Mr. Moran for the first time saw the marvelous coloring of the Great West



GLORIOUS VENICE

Painted by Mr. Moran in 1888. when he was 51 years of age



A VENETIAN SUNSET

Painted by Mr. Moran in 1922, when he was 85 years of age



THE OWLS

One of the few night subjects painted by Mr. Moran; showing fine construction and beautiful color
Painted in 1917



MOUNT MORAN

The Teton Range in Idaho was one of Mr. Moran's early favorite sketching grounds, and in his honor the United States Geological Survey named the most majestic peak of the range. The above reproduction of his painting gives a fine idea of Mount Moran, and of the character of the scenery leading up to it



THE OSPREY FISHERMAN

BY HARRIET GEITHMANN

The American osprey is a cousin of the eagle, and, like the eagle, he "is a bird of large ideas; he embraces long distances; the continent is his home." He ranges from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, from Labrador to South America. He summers in the north and winters in the south. He is an internationalist; he may be found in the vicinity of salt and fresh water in almost every country on the globe.

I remember my first introduction to the osprey. I was riding in the front seat of an omnibus in Yellowstone National Park when we passed a lone pine tree by the side of the road. On the very top was an osprey's nest, a conspicuous creation of loosely woven sticks. The driver of the bus called above the grind of the motor, "Osprey's nest." The travelers on the second seat shouted it back to the travelers on the third seat. Finally a crotchety old man on the rear seat shouted back at the driver, "Now don't try to tell me that an ostrich built his nest way up there."

A few minutes later we saw the regal owner of the lofty aerie, garbed in dusky brown, with white on his head, and a spotted vest. He must have measured two feet in length. Within a stone's throw of the Yellowstone River a colony of ospreys have built their nests on pinnacles overlooking a sublime picture of blue water, pastel-painted rocks, and evergreen trees. I watched them

perch on the edge of their nests surveying the canyon from end to end. I watched them swoop down to the rushing river in search of fish.

No follower of Izaak Walton could be more patient than this aerial fisherman. Around and around he circles one hundred, two hundred feet above the water. When he spies unsuspecting prey swimming near the surface, he plunges straight as an arrow, with steady eye and unerring aim, and seizes

the fish in his powerful talons. Then he shakes the water from his plumage, and with his struggling victim wings his way to a perch where he can enjoy his meal in a leisurely manner, provided always that he is not disturbed by his pirate enemy, the bald eagle. If his fish is a small one, he may consume it while on the wing. Occasionally he makes the mistake of attacking a fish too large for him to handle and finds himself unable to rise above the imprisoning water. In such circumstances he and his victim, locked in a death



THE OSPREY'S NEST
In Yellowstone National Park. A conspicuous basket affair made of loosely woven sticks perched at the peak of a tall pine

grasp, sink together, and their lifeless bodies are later tossed upon the beach.

The osprey usually maintains his nest as a permanent home, year after year, merely repairing each spring the ravages of winter storms. Two to four eggs are laid in May, and late in June the young ospreys arrive. Both the male and the female take part in incubating the eggs. While the young birds remain in the nest the parents are kept busy shredding fish for their hungry mouths. Later, when they urge their offspring out of the nest, they continue to feed them on the wing, and defend them against invaders until they can rustle for themselves.



THE TRAGEDY OF THE PASSENGER PIGEON

BY AGNES NIELSEN

The pages of a worn notebook bearing the date 1810 tell the story of an Ohio Valley settler who started one spring morning to drive across the prairie to a neighboring settlement. The sun was shining, no flaw marred the beauty of the day. Suddenly an immense swift-moving cloud cast its shadow across the plain, and there came a rushing wind that made the traveler's horse bolt in terror. The frightened animal ran for miles across the rutted prairie before clear sky was again overhead. The cloud that cast the alarming pall was no ordinary one of vapor. "Millions of wings, it was, that obscured the heavens, wings ranks deep and spreading column on column as far as the eye could reach. Their flapping made a noise like thunder."

The sound that deafened the prairie was the mating call of passenger pigeons flying north for the spring nesting. When the feathered hosts alighted they marked out with military precision a vast city, forty miles long and over two miles wide. The place they chose was near to a forest. Soon the forest was crowded with birds crying and jostling among the branches; every branch of every tree held a nest, and in every nest two eggs were laid. Single trees housed hundreds of nests. Strong limbs broke with the weight of the roosting birds.

About the time this entry was made in the settler's diary, J. J. Audubon, on a tour through Kentucky and the Middle West, computed the passenger pigeon popula-

tion in that section at 100,000,000, besides tens of millions of the graceful slate-blue birds that nested in Pennsylvania, where all river valleys had pigeon colonies. The species, found only on the North American continent, was known from the Rockies to the Atlantic, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay.

A pigeon-nesting—there were two or three each year—was the signal for a general gathering of tribes. The squaws made squab butter, and stored the smoked and salted flesh

of young birds for future use. The aboriginals rarely killed full-grown pigeons. It was white pioneers that inaugurated the destruction of parent birds. In many places the wild pigeons were killed off as a pest—suffocated with sulphur fumes, clubbed, trapped, shot, given to pigs to eat. Thousands of men and boys, called "pigeoners," spent their time following the flocks about, and birds were shipped by the ton from nesting regions. Live birds sold in city markets for four cents apiece. Attempts to legislate against indiscriminate killing were laughed down. People said it was ridiculous to suppose that so prolific a horde could ever be wiped out.

Finally, as a result

of decades of wanton carnage, it was apparent that the pigeons were vanishing. The year 1881 saw the end of pigeon hunting as a business. Migratory flocks no longer darkened the skies, the clamor of their broods was silenced. Here and there fanciers kept a few pairs in captivity. One of a family in the Cincinnati Zoo lived for twenty-nine years, and when it died in 1914 "Finis" was written to the mournful story of the North American passenger pigeon. If you go to the museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, you may pay tribute to the last of the race in a glass case, stuffed.



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE RACE OF
PASSENGER PIGEONS

From a photograph taken in the Cincinnati Zoological
Park in 1912, two years before its death



THE PELICAN: * SYMBOL OF * MOTHER LOVE *

BY PAUL TEN EYCK

Pelicans are water birds, as indicated by their webbed feet and their choice of homes in tidal waters, marshes, and inland lakes. In spite of the great size of most of them and their heavy bodies, they are excellent flyers, moving rapidly, with their long necks drawn in upon the shoulders and their feet sticking out behind. They are also very good at swimming and diving, as they need to be, since their chief food is fish. The expandible pouch with which the bill is provided is, in fact, a sort of fisherman's creel—quite handy when sport is good, for large amounts of food can be collected and stored therein.

The biggest and handsomest species is the great white pelican, of which there is a colony in Yellowstone Park. This bird is as dignified and stately as a stork, and its head is adorned with a crest. Brown pelicans are much more common, and several thousand of them live on the famous Pelican Island in Indian River, Florida, a government reserve since 1903. The California brown pelican closely resembles the Florida species.

In its nesting habits and the care of its young, the pelican's ways are peculiar. The young birds when feeding insert their bills into the parent's pouch, presenting a picturesque and touching spectacle. Moreover, there is a time-honored and widespread fable to the effect that the pelican feeds its young with the blood from its own breast. The bird has thus become a symbol of self-sacrificing mother love and, by later extension, an emblem of Christian love. For this reason one finds the pelican used as a sacred device in churchly decorations. One sees it embroidered on altar cloths, for example. The writer of this article possesses a marvelously wrought antique pendant, probably made for some great ecclesiastical dignitary, whose device is the pelican feeding her brood with the drops of blood upon her bosom.

A theory as to the origin of this legend is that, in plucking the down from her breast to make a soft warm nest for her babies, the mother bird sometimes draws a drop of blood in tugging at some recalcitrant feather.

Pelicans are found in various parts of the world, not only in America, where they are fairly plentiful both in Florida and in California, but also in southeastern Europe and northeastern and southwestern Africa; and they have been reported as seen also in France, Germany, and Denmark.



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

COLONY OF * BROWN PELICANS

The brown pelican is the most common species. A colony of several thousand lives on an island in Florida. They make their nests of grass and sticks, and feed on the many schools of mullet that abound in the river



PILGRIM AT THE HOME OF FABRE

BY L. O. HOWARD

Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, U. S.
Department of Agriculture

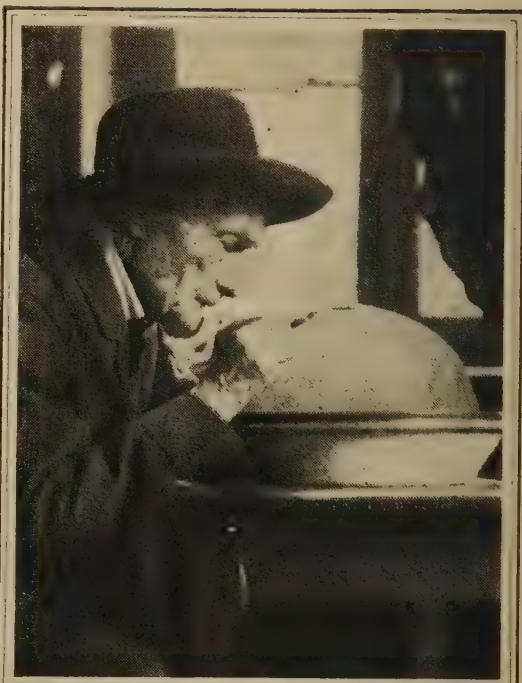
In the summer of 1920 I was in the south of France observing government methods of fighting a plague of Moroccan locusts. One night, as I sat perusing a map of the region, I discovered the obscure but—to me as a student of insects—magic name “Serignan.” Serignan! That was the little town immortalized by Henri Fabre, greatest of modern French naturalists. There he had spent half his life making research and writing. There he died in 1915, at the age of ninety-two.

An American car that had seen service with the French army during the World War carried me fifty miles to the retreat that within the last few years has become a mecca for men of science and nature-loving tourists. In the general neighborhood are Tarascon and Arles and Nîmes, cities often visited by transatlantic travelers.

Bordering the home of Fabre is the “waste land,” or unplanted fields, from which the modest estate took its name, “Harmas.” The peasants thought this sun-scorched meadowland worthless, because no crops grew there, but Fabre found it a paradise of insects—winged creatures that swarmed unmolested and gave him illimitable opportunity for observation.

The house Fabre lived in is a square two-storied structure, painted yellow. His instruments, rather simple and crude, still lie upon the table in the up-stairs workroom. His rearing cages, which he apparently made himself, still stand in this room and along the path in front of the house. The broad range of the great man's interests is shown by the presence in his workroom of insect specimens in jars and cases, of a collection of shells, and of a well-stocked herbarium. The books in his library on the ground floor cover the field of both physical and natural science. In front of the house is an artificial rock pool, where he used to spend hours studying aquatic insects.

Arriving at the door, I was received by the daughter of the naturalist, a little bent woman, apparently in her sixties. Mademoiselle Aglae Fabre, as self-constituted custodian, has kept everything as her father would have it, and is quite accustomed to showing admirers about the place that was so bound up with his daily labors.



HENRI FABRE, THE “INSECT HOMER”

Who, unknown and unappreciated, spent the greater part of his life prying into the daily lives of the fly, the bee, and the spider, and left posterity a wealth of information about these insects

Fabre was well past middle age when he found himself in a position to devote his entire time to insect study. The property at Serignan, which he called “his Eden,” was earned by long hard years of work and sacrifice as a school teacher. He was the son of poverty-stricken French peasants, and got an education under the greatest difficulties. “A good cuff when my father saw me pinning an insect to a cork was all the encouragement I received from him. And yet,” he writes, “I began to observe, to inquire into things when I was still almost a baby.” With an ever-watchful eye for animals and plants, the future observer, the little six-year-old monkey, practiced by himself, all unawares.

The garden at “Harmas,” originally but sparsely covered with vegetation, was made into a thing of beauty by Fabre's loving hands: The luxuriant plants and trees that grow there now were nearly all introduced by him, many of them from the not far distant foothills of the Alps. The sandy soil gave him a chance to study the ways of the burrowing wasps, and the great wall around the garden became a nesting place for other insects.

Maurice Maeterlinck paid tribute to the

THE MENTOR

master in a preface to "The Life of the Spider," and it was through this contribution by the eminent author of "The Life of the Bee" that Americans first were introduced to Fabre.

It is not strange that America, the nation that brought forth, loved, and appreciated John Burroughs, should esteem the French savant. Both men had literary skill; both were keen observers; both loved nature sincerely and with understanding. To Fabre belongs the credit of founding what scientists call the "behavioristic" school. Perhaps his deductions were not always absolutely exact; in the mass of work that he accomplished flaws sometimes occurred, but for originality of theory, for ingenious experiment, for humorous, graceful, dramatic description he will always hold preëminent rank.

No other writer on topics relating to natural history has ever had the international vogue of Jean Henri Fabre. Translations of his wonderful works, and books describing his life and commenting on his achievements, are sold by increasing thousands. His writings have attracted more



THE REWARD OF A LIFE'S WORK

"Harmas," Fabre's home in southern France, which he bought after years of hard work and self-denial. He called it an "earthly paradise," for here he could study the wasps and bees to his heart's content



THE HOSTESS

Aglae Fabre, daughter of the great entomologist. Her name frequently is mentioned in her father's stories

people to the fields of nature study than those of any other author. When he died nine years ago his name occurred on the honorary lists of more learned societies and academies than that of any other working naturalist. Yet previous to 1910 he was scarcely known outside his own circle, and there was no mention of him in leading encyclopedias.

"Insect Adventures," crowned by the Institute and now recognized as a classic, was begun in 1879 and finished in 1907. It comprises ten volumes, and contains all manner of fascinating tales, fancifully treated but based upon true facts in insect life. Half a century of constant study went into these narratives about bees, spiders, wasps, caterpillars, beetles, flies, grasshoppers. Fabre had passed a life of obscurity, toil, and poverty, when about twenty years ago it came to the ears of the world that the aged scientist was in actual want. The French Government granted him a pension. In his eighty-eighth year a celebration was held at Serignan, and a jubilee medal was struck in his honor. Recently the French nation bought "Harmas," to be kept in perpetuity as a memorial to the one Darwin hailed as "the incomparable observer."

BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF THE MILKY WAY

The Star Clouds of Magellan

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

Harvard Observatory

The recent discovery that a faint nebulosity in the southern sky is in reality another immense system of stars, clusters, and nebulae, similar to the two remote Clouds of Magellan but at a distance even greater, again attracts attention to the remarkable stellar groups that lie outside our own Galaxy of stars, at the very limits of the space reached by astronomical measuring devices.

This third cloud, which bears only the enigmatic name of N. G. C. 6822, is at the greatest distance yet measured for any stellar object, according to an estimate published at the Harvard Observatory by the present writer. Many of the globular clusters are so remote that light from them must travel in empty space for one or two thousand centuries at a speed of six trillion miles a year to reach the short-lived observer on the earth. But N. G. C. 6822 is three or four times as remote as the most distant globular cluster. Its distance, in fact, probably much exceeds two hundred and fifty kiloparsecs, and a kiloparsec is about twenty quadrillion miles, or thirty-three hundred light years.

The Magellanic Clouds have long been known and included among important astronomical objects, for they are clearly visible to the unaided eye. Their far southern declination, however, hides them below the horizon for all observers in Europe and the United States. In Bagdad, that ancient astronomical center, they could not be seen, for Bagdad is in about the same latitude as Atlanta and Los Angeles; but natives from southern Arabia reported them—at least the Large Cloud. They called it the White Ox. Marco Polo made a sketch of the Large Cloud during one of his early voyages to southern seas; but the full descriptions subsequently given by Magellan, just four hundred years ago, resulted in the permanent association of the Clouds with his name. The Latin names, "Nubecula Major" and "Nubecula Minor," are sometimes used, and it has been proposed that N. G. C. 6822 be called the third Nubecula.

In general appearance and in angular dimensions, the Magellanic Clouds resemble some of the faint stellar patches of the Milky



THE DIFFUSE NEBULA

Eta Carinae, one of the most beautiful nebulae of the Southern Milky Way. It is not in the clouds but in our own Milky Way

Way. The Large Cloud would fill up the bowl of the Big Dipper, if its shape were changed from circular to oblong. The Small Cloud covers about one fourth as much area as the Large. Both contain hundreds of thousands of stars, and mixed in with these stars of many types are numerous nebulae of various shapes and sizes. The spectroscope shows that most of the nebulae in the clouds are gaseous—they shine by means of their hydrogen, helium, and nebular gases.

Among the bright stars in both Clouds, hundreds of variables have been discovered with the aid of Harvard photographs. These variable stars oscillate in light intensity in regular periods, and are called Cepheids, after the bright northern star Delta Cephei, which varies in similar manner. The study of the light variations has led to the discovery that the interval between successive maxima in brightness of a Cepheid variable is a measure of its absolute candle power. By knowing the candle power, it is then a simple matter for astronomers to compute the distance of the variable star and of the whole star cloud of which it is a member. From investigations of the magnitudes and periods of the variable stars, the distance of the Small Magellanic Cloud is now placed at twenty-five kiloparsecs, and the Large

THE MENTOR

Cloud at thirty-five kiloparsecs. At such distance, dwarf stars like the sun would be far beyond present telescopic power.

With distances known, several interesting deductions can be made at once concerning these remote Clouds of Magellan. They are quite clear of our watch-shaped stellar organization called the "Galactic System." The distance across the Small Cloud is about five thousand light years, and across the Large Cloud three times as great. (The distance from the earth to the Orion Nebula is six hundred light years.) The brightest stars of the Magellanic Clouds are great giants, many of them exceeding Betelgeuse in diameter; and of course every one of those so far photographed, in either Cloud, much excels our sun in dimensions and brightness.

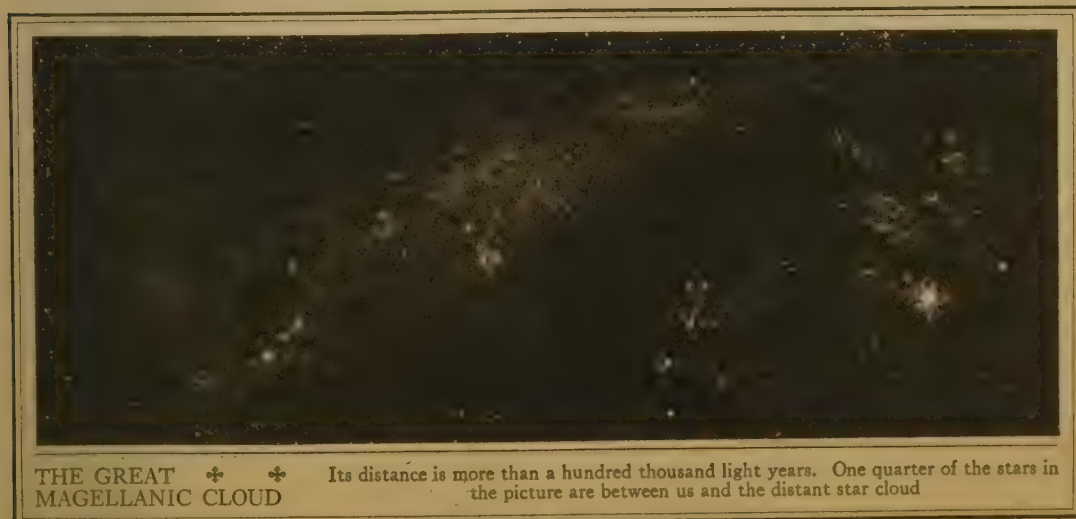
Measures of the motions of the Magellanic Clouds, by astronomers at the Lick Observatory's station at Santiago, Chile, show that the Large Cloud recedes with a speed of one hundred and sixty miles a second. The Small Cloud moves away more slowly—about one hundred miles a second. If these velocities have been maintained throughout the geological past, the Magellanic Clouds must have been inside our Milky Way during the age of reptiles in Mesozoic times. This thought leads us to wonder if all our Milky Way Clouds are permanent captives in the Galactic system.

In many respects the "third Nubecula" resembles the Magellanic Clouds. Several variable stars have been found within it. Its brighter nebulae appear to be gaseous. Its brighter stars appear to be reddish supergiants. Though visible to a trained eye in a medium-sized telescope, it is photographed only with difficulty, and special effort is re-

quired to resolve the background of nebulosity into its thousands of individual stars. In angular dimensions the object is scarcely one sixth as large as the moon.

N. G. C. 6822 is in the constellation of Sagittarius, only fifteen degrees south of the celestial equator. It was first seen by an amateur astronomer at Nashville, Tennessee, about forty years ago. He was observing with a six-inch telescope of ordinary make, and little did he realize that the nebulosity described by him as "very faint, large, elongated, diffuse" would turn out to be a cloud containing the most distant of all known stars. That keen-eyed amateur, it should be remarked, soon became the world-famous discoverer and observer of comets, planets, and nebulae—Professor Edward E. Barnard of the Yerkes Observatory, whose contributions to observational astronomy have no equal in the science. His early discoveries in Tennessee were communicated to an Irish observatory, to the compiler of a great catalogue of clusters and nebulae, and the newly found objects were assigned numbers depending on their positions in the sky.

There are some faint globular clusters at distances between 100,000 and 200,000 light years; and the greatest diameter of our own Galaxy has been estimated at 300,000 light years. But this new cloud, which first impressed itself upon human vision through the telescope of an enthusiastic amateur, seems to lie at a distance of about a million light years and to be quite clear of our Galactic System. It is a "universe" on its own account, much more isolated than the Magellanic Clouds, and probably destined always to remain free from the great organization of which we form a part.



THE GREAT
MAGELLANIC CLOUD

Its distance is more than a hundred thousand light years. One quarter of the stars in the picture are between us and the distant star cloud



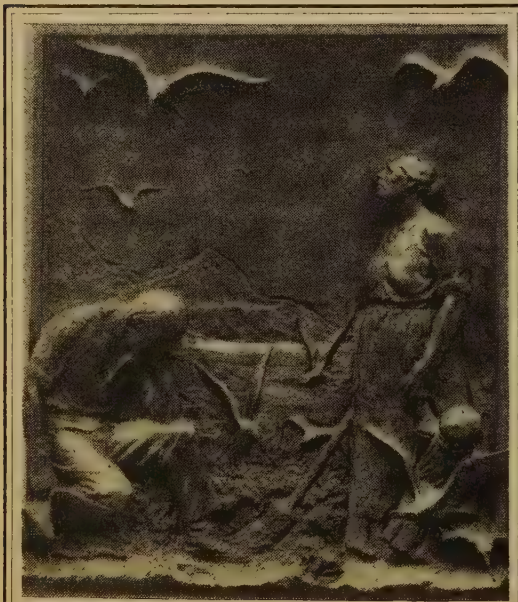
MONUMENT TO SEA GULLS

BY E. M. DOLE

To Audubon, to John Burroughs, to W. H. Hudson memorials of stone have been raised commemorating their devotion to the songsters of three continents. In a western American city there stands a statue erected in grateful memory of a blessing conferred by birds upon man.

The monument referred to is one of the chief sculptural adornments of the City of Salt Lake. A granite shaft fifteen feet high bears aloft a globe that offers a perch for two gilded sea gulls. In the large pool, at the base, birds come to drink and bathe. Four bronze plaques mounted on the pedestal of the column record the story of the miraculous delivery of early settlers from a swarm of crickets that had attacked their fields and threatened starvation.

The Sea Gulls' Monument was designed by Mahonri Young, a grandson of Brigham Young and a sculptor of distinction. Forty thousand dollars was contributed toward the erection of this thank offering to gulls that flocked from the borders of Salt Lake to the aid of Utah pioneers in the year 1848. The unveiling, eleven years ago, was witnessed by a dozen men and women that took part in "the cricket war" and profited by



Relief from pedestal of monument

THE PIONEERS GIVE THANKS
For the coming of the gulls

the coming of the gulls. They recalled the plight of the settlers who twice planted their fields only to see the ripening harvest ravished by marauding insects. "Black crickets came down by millions and destroyed our grain crops; fields of wheat, promising in the morning, were by evening as smooth as a man's hand, devoured by the crickets. At this juncture sea gulls came by hundreds and thousands; before the crops were entirely destroyed they devoured the insects, so that our fields were entirely free from them. The settlers at Salt Lake regarded the advent of the birds as heaven-sent."

"I am relating what I saw," another testified. "Whenever the gulls had been filled to capacity they would fly to the banks of the creek and there disgorge the dead pests, which lay in piles that literally covered the banks of the creek. The birds became so tame that they followed our wagons as we drove into our dooryards. With the help of the Lord we were able that fall to reap a good harvest."

Many times birds have come to the rescue of farmers persecuted by plagues of insects; but the Sea Gulls' Monument is the first enduring memorial to be raised in token of such service.

Who Is the Great Man?

"Listen and I will tell you:

"HE IS GREAT who feeds other minds.

"HE IS GREAT who inspires others to think for themselves.

"HE IS GREAT who pulls you out of your mental ruts, lifts you out of the mire of the commonplace, whom you alternately love and hate, but whom you cannot forget.

"HE IS GREAT to whom writers, poets, painters, philosophers, preachers, and scientists go, each to fill his own little tin cup, dipper, calabash, vase, stein, pitcher, amphora, bucket, tub, barrel or cask."

—From Hubbard's *Little Journey on*

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

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Listen! And these men will tell you.



ELBERT HUBBARD

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LUTHER BURBANK—"Centuries may elapse before such a mind may appear again. His loss is a world-wide calamity."

THOMAS EDISON—"Elbert Hubbard has been of big service to me in telling me the things I knew, but which I did not know I knew until he told me."

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These men, whom everybody knows, are among the multitudes whose "minds have been fed" or whose thoughts have been inspired by the miniature biographies which have immortalized Elbert Hubbard.

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of civilization. Through Hubbard, the ideas, the deeds, the achievements of these immortals have been given to the living present and will be sent echoing down the centuries.

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THE RAREST GEM OF THE OCEAN

BY MAY TEVIS

In the great entrance hall of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, along with immense meteors fallen from the sky, there is a glass case containing a precious but tiny object from the bottom of the sea that for rarity surpasses all others of its kind. Few of the hundreds that daily pass have any conception of the value of this lovely bauble from Neptune's jewel chest, the "Glory of the Sea."

For centuries sea shells have been among the objects nearest to the heart of the collector. Infinite diversity in their form and color makes an unfailing appeal to the lover of nature's beauties. Moreover, they breathe the mystery and romance of their origin, bringing now a thought of the coral reefs of the tropics, and now a vision of the sterner coast of the northland.

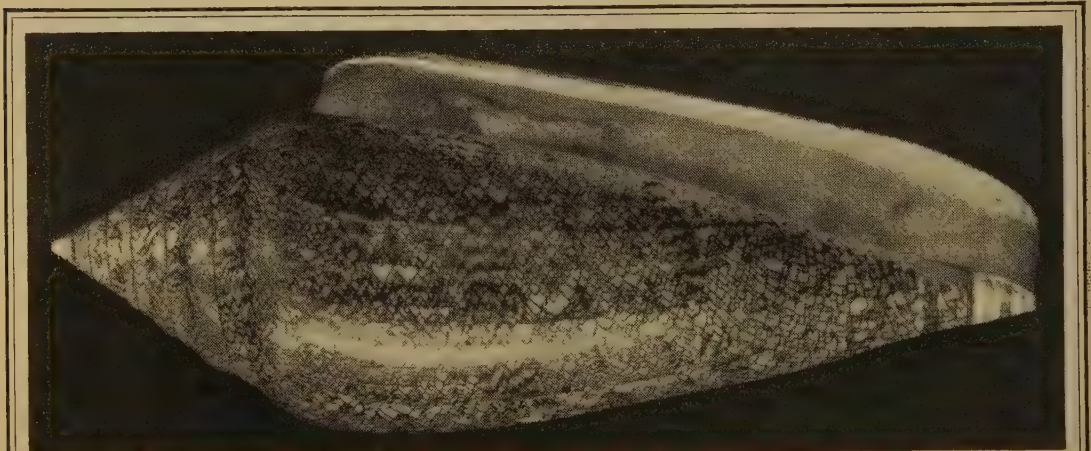
Among the shells most sought are those belonging to the branch of the mollusc family called cones. These shells of exquisite shape and decoration are widely distributed in tropical seas, but are more often found in the Indian and Pacific oceans. All are fashioned with a delicately wrought conical spiral at the tip. In color they are varied and striking. The Glory of the Sea, now extinct, is the most highly prized of all. Three specimens are owned in America, and nine or ten others are known to exist elsewhere. The one recently acquired by the

American Museum, because of its "unusually slender and graceful proportions and tapering spire, suggests an unfolding rose-bud." The simile is the more apt because of the lovely color scheme. The ivory background is touched with delicate rose and overlaid with a rich spiral ribbon of orange. The surface is furthermore covered with a marvelous lacelike fretwork composed of minute triangles ranging from chrome yellow to chestnut brown. At a little distance one gets the impression of the rich tinting of a tea rose.

The Glory of the Sea first became known to collectors about the middle of the eighteenth century, and at once agents throughout the world were on watch for it. It is related that a Dutch connoisseur who owned a perfect specimen, on learning that a second was to be sold, hastened to the auction-room, outbid all competitors, then ground the fragile thing beneath his heel, exclaiming in triumph, "Now my own treasure is alone in its glory."

The famous British conchologist, Hugh Cuming, had the amazing piece of luck to find three living specimens on a coral reef in the Philippines—one adult and two small ones. "I almost fainted with joy," he declared. Strange to say only a few weeks later an earthquake and tidal wave wiped out this reef, so that the intrinsic value of his find was augmented by the accidental increase in rarity.

Cones in general are highly aggressive creatures, making war upon other kinds of molluscs, whose shells they drill in order to feed upon the defenseless animals within.



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

ONLY A DOZEN OF THESE IN THE WORLD

And but half of them are perfect. They are cones, called "Glory of the Sea," on account of their beautiful coloring and the exquisite lacelike fretwork traced on their surface

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

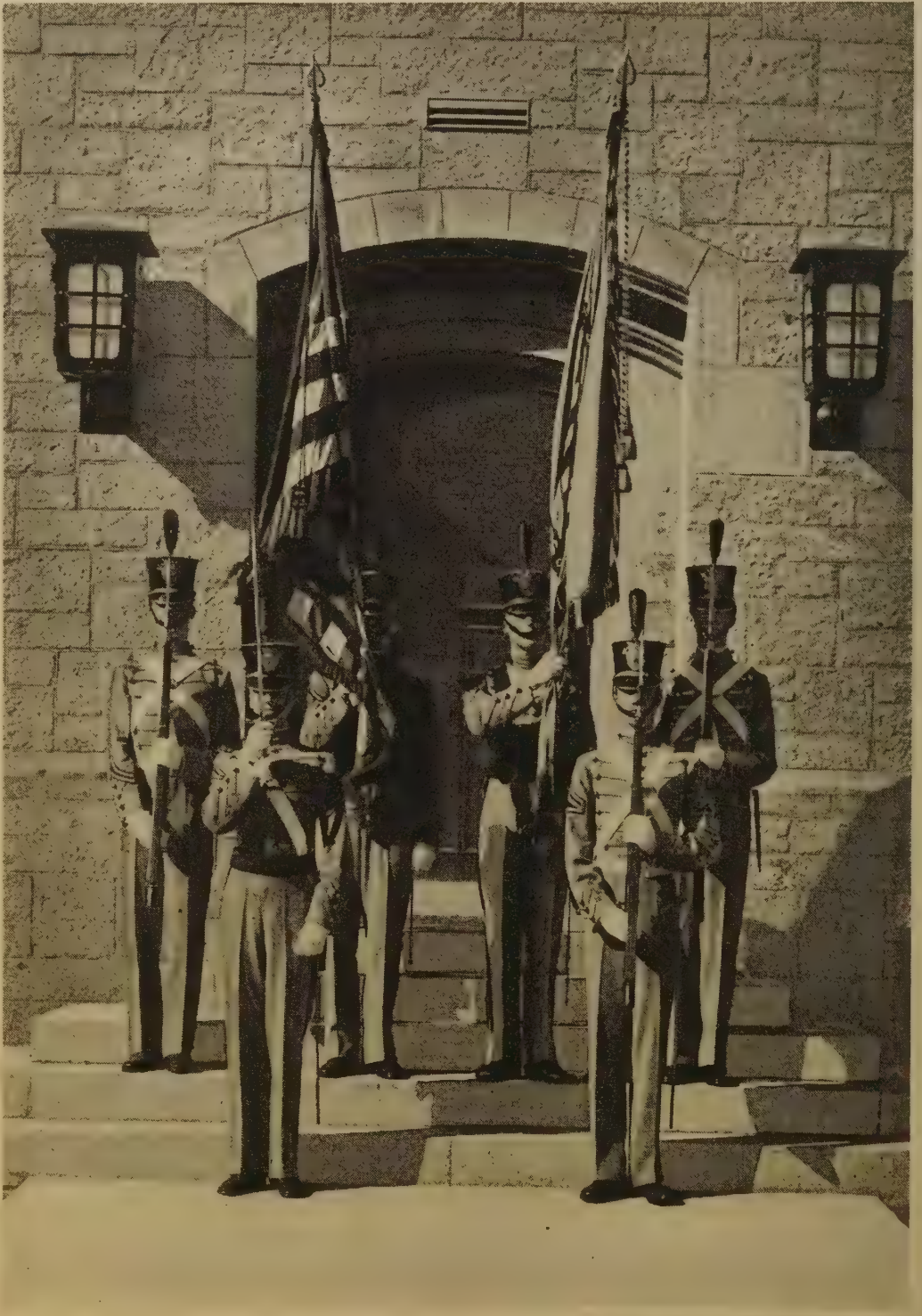
THE U. S. MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMIES

THEIR HISTORY AND TRADITIONS—THE TRAINING
OF A CADET, THE MAKING OF A MIDSHIPMAN



THE FATHER OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY

Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, superintendent of the United States Military Academy from 1817 to 1833. He is largely responsible for West Point as it is to-day



THE ❖ ❖
COLOR GUARD

The colors—the national flag and the flag of the Corps of Cadets—are kept in the office of the commandant of cadets. They are only removed from there when the corps is to parade in regiment formation, and then only by the color guard



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HE STORY OF WEST POINT

By

LT. COL. F. H. HICKS
CLASS OF 1911, U. S. M. A.



THE SEAL OF
THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY

West Point is a place where one goes and stays a while and then goes away. Officers, cadets, tourists, excursionists, and other visitors—all are transient.

Visitors are omnipresent; get off boats and trains; gaze at the gray medieval structures that step up from the Hudson on a background of wooded hills; unlimber cameras; assure their little ones the "soldiers won't shoot;" see the view up the Highlands; wander to the heights of Fort Putnam, a Revolutionary ruin; and—watch the cadets at work and play.

Officers, as well as cadets, like visitors: they relieve the day's routine. And the visiting population has had much to do with making West Point the interesting place that it is.

No military was present to welcome the first tourist, Henry Hudson—only the Esopus Indians. In time they sold their lands—for beads, supposedly—and moved away. Then came colonists, with grants from the British Crown. Troops, bound to and from the French and Indian wars, sailed by for a hundred years.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the Colony of New York began fortifying the West Point vicinity. Unfortunately, no West Pointers were then available; so a civilian had to direct this highly technical work. A year later a veteran of European wars, sent by Washington to inspect Fort Constitution, on Constitution Island, reports it "made of square timber, covered with plank, and looks very neat; also a log house or tower on the highest cliff, near the water, mounted with eight cannon (four-pounders) pointed out of the garret windows, and looks very picturesque." Further returns of the garrison show that rifles were lacking, and that one company commander, perhaps a bit panicky at all this unpreparedness, put in a requisition for a full supply of tomahawks.

Next year the British came on their first excursion to West Point, capturing and destroying the forts thereabouts. Here is a wail from a non-

THE STORY OF WEST POINT

combatant, who was farming at West Point then: "I suffered greatly last Fall by having almost all my Stock taken from me by ye Sailors belonging to ye enemy, and this affair will, I fear, entirely ruin me." One of the earliest sufferers from depredation in the Revolutionary War.

After the withdrawal of the British the Continental troops turned to the Highlands and began the building of the forts and redoubts, the ruins of which are now to be seen on the West Point reservation.

A Continental officer gives this first description of West Point: "Coming in to the small plain surrounded by high mountains, we found it covered with a growth of yellow pines ten or fifteen feet high; no house or improvement on it; the snow waist high."

In the spring a great chain (sixteen links of which are still preserved on Trophy Point at West Point) was stretched across the Hudson. A man who saw the chain has left a description of it: "This chain was as long as the width of the river between West Point and Constitution Island" (about five hundred yards), "where it was fixed to great blocks on each side, and under the fire of batteries on both sides of the water."

"The links of this chain were somewhere about twelve inches wide and eighteen inches long; the iron about two inches square. This heavy chain was buoyed up by very large logs, of perhaps sixteen or more feet long, a little pointed at the ends, to lessen their opposition to the force of the water on flood and ebb.

"The logs were placed at short distances from each other, the chain



A HISTORIC
CHAIN ❖

Sixteen links from the great chain that was stretched across the Hudson at West Point during the Revolutionary War. The scene is on Trophy Point, overlooking the Hudson



Photo by U. S. Army Air Service

WEST POINT ❖ ❖
FROM AN AÉROPLANE

In the foreground, to the right of the buildings around the plain, is the site of summer camp. The Cadet Chapel is just below the reservoir, an artificial lake. High up on the hillside are the ruins of Fort Putnam, a Revolutionary stronghold

carried over them, and made fast to each by staples, to prevent their shifting; and there were a number of anchors dropped at distances with cables made fast to the chain, to give it greater stability."

Long before the end of the Revolution the fortress of West Point had become impregnable to any force the British could assemble in America. It was the citadel of the Continental Army. Here came all the noted men of Revolutionary times. For nine months Washington had his headquarters at West Point. To this base, where were stored all surplus military supplies, came troops who had fought at Bunker Hill, at Brooklyn Heights, and against General Burgoyne, to camp beside veterans of Trenton, of Brandywine, and of the battles in the Southern colonies. Soldiers from the West Point garrison marched with Anthony Wayne against Stony Point, with Washington to trap Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and, finally, to take over New York from the evacuating British. Moreover, it was about West Point that the most dramatic episode of the Revolution was enacted—the treason plot of Benedict Arnold.

Since the early days of the Revolutionary War there had been attempts to establish a military academy at West Point. Congress had first provided

THE STORY OF WEST POINT

for "A Military Academy at the Army." Later a Corps of Invalids, officered by veterans unfit for active service, was organized "to serve as a military school for young gentlemen previous to their being appointed to marching regiments." In the spring after the Valley Forge winter, part of this corps was at West Point, where, in the following year, by order of Washington, an Engineer School was established, housed in three buildings.

Not long before the cessation of hostilities with England we read of the first West Point hop. "His Excellency General Washington was unusually cheerful. He attended the ball in the evening, and with a dignified and graceful air, having Mrs. Knox for his partner, carried down a dance of twenty couple in the arbor on the green grass." Soon afterward, General Knox was appointed to the coveted command of West Point. It was ever thus in the army.

During Washington's second term as President a Corps of Artillerists and Engineers was organized, with two cadets to a company, thus creating the grade of "cadet" in the American Army. A school for this corps was established at West Point, but the destruction of its buildings by fire, after two years of existence, caused its suspension. Five years later this school was again opened with four army officers and one civilian as instructors.

The year following, an act of Congress authorized the President to organize and establish a Corps of Engineers to consist of five officers and ten cadets, and provided that it should be stationed at West Point, in the State of New York, and should constitute a Military Academy.

On March 16, 1802, the day celebrated by West Point as its birthday, the above academy, with ten cadets present, was formally opened.

Almost at once the age-old warfare waged between cadets and the mathematics department began. Joseph Gardner Swift, the first graduate of the academy, started it. Soon after arriving at West Point, Cadet Swift had words with the professor of mathematics, finally chasing him to the



RIFLE
RANGE

Every graduate of West Point must know how to shoot—and how to teach soldiers to shoot. Cadets receive thorough instruction in rifle practice



MESS
HALL

Good and plentiful food at West Point is a commonplace. Usually all four classes are represented at each table. The plebes sit at the foot of the table and are the meat-carvers, milk-pourers, and the like. On the walls of the Mess Hall are the portraits of all former superintendents

second story of the academic building, where the professor locked himself safely in. The Secretary of War heard of this affair, whereupon he wrote several letters to the cadet, demanding an apology be made to the professor. This the cadet refused to do, and the secretary wrote again, reiterating his demand for an apology, regretting the tone of the cadet's letters, and concluding that if the cadet insisted upon his position the secretary would refuse to carry the correspondence further. Not since has a cadet won such a decided victory over the department of mathematics.

A few years before the War of 1812 the academy was deprived of nearly all means of instruction, and officers and cadets had difficulty in obtaining their pay. There was no graduate in 1810—the only gap in the line of classes. In the spring of the year the War of 1812 started not a single instructor was at West Point—a state peculiarly appealing to cadets, but never again realized; for, shortly before war broke out, the academy was reorganized by act of Congress. This act provided the general principles upon which it has since been conducted; an adequate number of professors was authorized; a maximum limit of two hundred and fifty cadets was fixed; and the age and mental requisites for admission were prescribed. Up to this time eighty-eight cadets had been graduated; they had entered without mental or physical examination, at all ages from twelve to thirty-four, and at any time of the year.

In the War of 1812—the first war in which West Pointers participated—there were sixty-four graduates of the academy, all of junior rank. Of the young graduates who had field service one sixth were killed in action, one



IN THE
LIBRARY

Even soldiers must heed the written word at times. In the library at West Point are all the technical books on warfare that count. The picture shows a corner of the law section

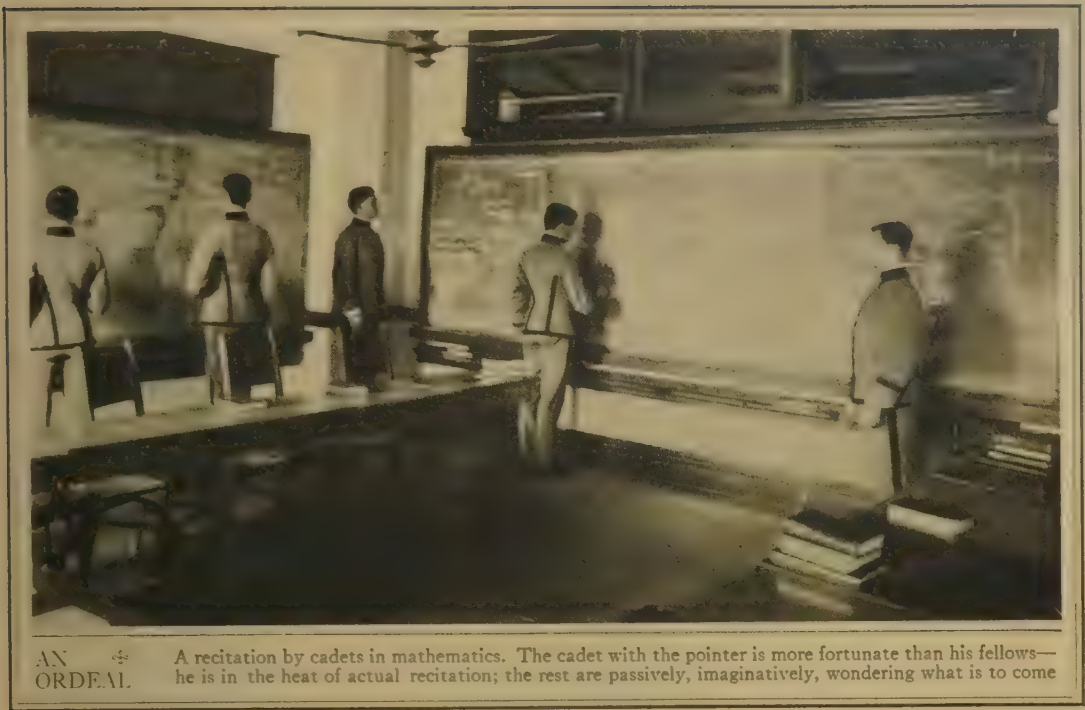
fourth were killed or wounded, and one fifth of the survivors received one or more distinguished brevets.

Two years after peace the uniform of the cadets, previously blue, was changed to gray (in honor of General Winfield Scott, whose regiment, clothed in gray, had distinguished itself in battle) and has since, with slight alterations, remained the same. About this time a cadet was marched up and down the plain with a badge on his back as punishment; cadets were obliged to sit on artillery caissons and study; there were two married cadets in the academy, as, also, a cadet with one arm.

With the advent as superintendent, in 1817, of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, who is known as the "Father of the Military Academy" (himself a graduate, class of 1808), the academy began to take its present form. He had been to Europe to study, and had received five thousand dollars from the War Department to purchase books, maps, and the like. There is a statue of him on the West Point grounds.

Cadets at the time of his arrival were lodged in the "Long Barracks," a Revolutionary structure, which occupied the site of the present West Point Hotel; their classes were held in a wooden building called the "academy" that stood on the ground now covered by the superintendent's quarters; they boarded wherever they might, and took things easy much of the time.

Under Colonel Thayer the academy was organized about as at present. Four classes; small sections for recitation; relative weight of subjects; a mark for each recitation by a cadet; weekly transfers between sections; annual and class standing of the cadet determined from his marks; demerits; a graded



series of punishments; an opportunity to submit an explanation in writing before the imposition of punishment—all these were innovations of Colonel Thayer's time. He organized the Corps of Cadets as a battalion of infantry, with officers selected from the cadets. He introduced a commandant of cadets, tactical officers, an officer in charge, cadet officers of the day and guard, a board of visitors appointed by Congress, and summer camp. The Regulations of the United States Military Academy of 1815 were written on a single sheet of paper (now in the library at West Point); under Colonel Thayer they took a form very much like those of the present day. For sixteen years he directed the academy. When he left it had taken shape.

At this time whenever cadets could report a culinary imperfection in the Mess Hall an immediate betterment in their food resulted.

Cadets wore dress coats to recitations.

The custom of allowing liquors at dinner on July Fourth was abolished.

The patron saint of West Point, Benny Havens, now made his appearance. He was an ex-soldier, who was allowed, for a time, to conduct a sutler's store on the reservation. But when it was discovered that he was rather careless about the liquids dispensed to cadets he was ejected. Then he put up a shack on the cliffs of the Hudson just off the reservation. To this refuge, for many years, cadets, weary with the grind of drills and classes, in violation of regulations, and at unseemly hours of the night, were wont to repair, imbibe, and sing. Here was composed the Alma Mater song of West Point, "Benny Havens, Oh!" which is sung by cadets on solemn occasions, such as the loss of a Navy game.



THE CADET CHOIR ❖ ❖
AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

An annual visit is made by the cadet choir of West Point to Columbia University. Not only do they sing at Sunday service in Columbia's chapel, but they provide an exhibition drill on the campus.

During the superintendency of Colonel Thayer, Edgar Allan Poe entered West Point. He spent eight troublous months there. Very little is known of his cadet days. After taps he was quite prone to slip away from barracks and "run it out" to Benny Havens' tavern. He was court-martialed for absence from roll calls and parades and disobedience of orders, and dismissed March 6, 1831. He was not fitted, temperamentally, for a military career.

While Brevet Colonel Robert E. Lee, whose portrait is in the Mess Hall at West Point, was superintendent there entered the academy a cadet named James Abbott McNeill Whistler, aged sixteen years eleven months. Whistler remained three years at West Point. He stood at the head of his class in drawing. Naturally, the professor of drawing, Robert W. Weir, an artist himself, had a high regard for him. Sketches of cadet life by Whistler are preserved at West Point. But excellence in drawing did not prevent him from being discharged for deficiency in chemistry. In after years, when a great artist, in referring to his failure in chemistry, Whistler said: "Had silicon been a gas, I would have been a major general."

Up to the time of the Civil War no graduate of West Point had been appointed to the rank of general officer. At the end of the war the star of a general's rank had been held by more than three hundred and fifty graduates. All the chief commands on both sides were held by graduates—Grant, Lee, Sherman, Jackson, Sheridan, Early—as, also, the Presidency of the Confederate States. Four fifths of all graduates remained faithful to the Federal government. One half of those graduates from the South fought in the Federal ranks.

Many years of Indian warfare followed, with West Pointers and their families marooned in the West.

THE STORY OF WEST POINT

West Point held a centennial in the first term of President Roosevelt. In his address he made some remarks about West Point which all cadets like to hold in memory. He said: "This institution has completed its first hundred years of life. During that century no other educational institution in the land has contributed as many names as West Point to the honor roll of the nation's greatest citizens. . . . And more than that, not merely has West Point contributed a greater number of the men who stand highest on the nation's honor roll, but, I think, beyond question, that, taken as a whole, the average graduate of West Point during this hundred years has given a greater sum of service to the country through his life than has the average graduate of any other institution in this broad land."

Now there are about 1,200 of the "pampered pets of the nation" at West Point, the maximum number being 1,338. What a pity the limit isn't always met—indifferent congressmen, probably, is the reason—when the education is free! They are organized into a regiment, with companies right through from A to M, and cadet captains galore.

Cadets are appointed as follows: 4 from each state at large (senatorial); 2 from each congressional district; 2 from each territory; 4 from the District of Columbia; 2 from the natives of Porto Rico; 82 from the United States at large, 2 of whom are appointed upon the recommendation of the Vice President (if there happens to be one), and 20 of whom are selected from



WEST POINTERS
IN WASHINGTON, D. C. ❖

On rare occasions, such as the inauguration of a President or a Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York, the Corps of Cadets, or a portion of it, is allowed to be present by the West Point authorities



"PUP" TENT
DRILL

A company of plebes receiving instruction at West Point in the putting up of the small tents that form part of the American soldier's field equipment. In the background is summer camp

among the honor graduates of educational institutions designated as "honor military schools," the balance by the President; and 180 to be appointed from among the enlisted men of the Regular Army and the National Guard, in number as nearly equal as practicable. The Governor General of the Philippines appoints 4 Filipinos, 1 in each class, who get commissions in the Philippine Scouts. Aside from this, as a courtesy among nations, there have been cadets from China, and South and Central American countries.

At the date of admission, a cadet must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years; except that in the National Guard he must be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two years, and must have served in the Guard not less than one year. A cadet enters either by an entrance examination or by submitting a satisfactory educational certificate in lieu thereof. He signs to serve eight years, unless sooner discharged by competent authority. If he graduates, he becomes a second lieutenant.

The sequence of classes is rather inverted at West Point. The first year (freshman year in an ordinary school) one is a unit, a person, of the fourth class, a plebe (of practically no account, except to go to classes and fill in at drills and cry "yes, sir!" snappily, and yet impersonally, to upper classmen); after which one becomes, perhaps, of the third class (sophomoric), a yearling, a nuisance to plebes, and given to furlough songs; then, with furlough behind, one becomes of the second class (junior), a detached, colorless misanthrope; but finally one blossoms into the first class (senior, ordinarily), and even the lowliest first classman feels more important than Napoleon!

As to leaves: In the old days there was but one. It was granted to those cadets who had successfully completed the third-class course of study, and extended from the middle of June to the twenty-eighth of August. In addition to this leave, which is popularly known as furlough, cadets of the first, second,

THE STORY OF WEST POINT

and third classes, under certain restrictions with reference to conduct records and money accounts, are now granted leaves at Christmas. Also, cadets of the first class may get week-end or holiday leaves, not oftener than once each calendar month.

The pay of a cadet is \$780 a year and a commutation of rations (an allowance) of 80 cents a day, to commence with his admission to the academy; total, \$1,072. Upon arrival at West Point, he is credited with mileage at five cents a mile from his home. A cadet, upon entering, is required to make an initial deposit of \$250, or that amount less the amount credited to him as mileage. This initial deposit, with his salary, is sufficient to meet his actual needs at the academy—principally food (and the food is plentiful and good), clothing, and stationery. Cadets, being largely cut off from the world, are prolific letter writers; many of them have as many as two or three dozen female correspondents. The obtaining of money from outside sources by cadets is prohibited.

The aims of the academy are to build or, perhaps, to discover character in the cadet and to give him a technical training that will fit him for war.

Such traits of character as honesty, precision, obedience, efficiency, and promptness the academy aims to make common traits of all its graduates. And these traits are taught at West Point much as mathematics is taught. For instance, take the teaching of promptness. A "late" at a formation brings a demerit. Perhaps during the four years of a cadet's schooling there are 20,000 opportunities for being late. If he accumulates 100 demerits in six months, he is discharged. For the single fault of tardiness, in this period, he might conceivably accumulate 2,500 demerits. In the same general way,



SUMMER
CAMP ❖

In the northeast corner of the plain, on the cliffs of the Hudson. Camp, with its idle afternoons, good comradeship, and hops every other night, is the happiest time in a cadet's life—except furlough

other traits of character are fostered. But, in this connection, it must be taken into account that West Point is a very selective school, the scholastic mortality among cadets amounting to 40%; that is, if a class enters with 300 men, it will graduate with not more than 175.

The technical training is divided, of course, into the academic and practical. The four broad fundamentals governing instruction are: first, that each cadet shall take every subject; second, that before advancement each cadet shall be proficient in every subject taken; third, that each cadet must recite every day in every subject he is taking; fourth, the blackboard.

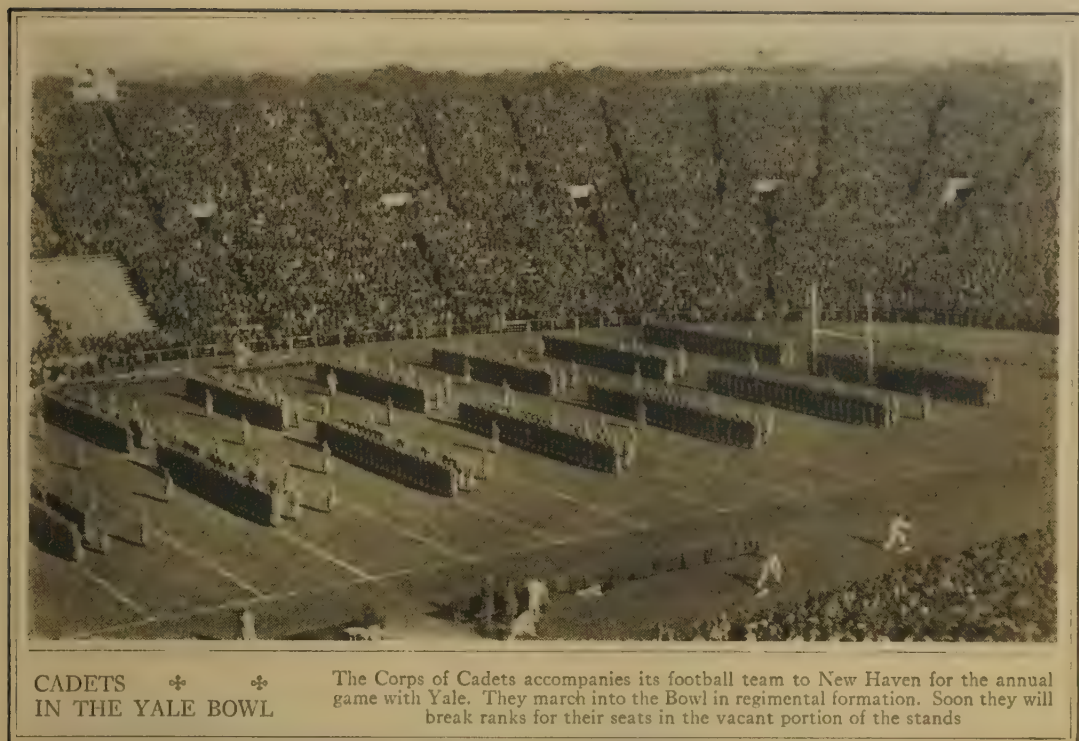
The blackboard is peculiarly pernicious. Soon after entering the recitation-room, cadets draw from the instructor cards with subjects of the day's lesson printed on them, and repair to the blackboard. Upon its blank surface they must outline their subject intelligibly. If they can do this, they take their seats, whereupon the instructor may demand that they return to the blackboard and recite. But if they read fiction or dashed off romantic letters the night before they remain stodgily at the blackboard, making thereupon cryptic signs; and the unwritten law at West Point is that the instructor will call upon all cadets who have taken their seats before calling upon the vacant-minded ones still at the blackboard. The end of the recitation is heralded by the blowing of a bugle outside the academic buildings. Hence, the cadet intransitive verb "to bugle." But rarely does a cadet bugle; the sections are too small—ten or twelve men, at most; and usually, just before the hour is up, when even the feet of the cadets at the blackboard are insensible, the instructor finishes with the wise cadets and calls upon the foolish. The bugle is but sad music then.

Academically, a cadet studies mathematics, military engineering, hydraulics, mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, heat, electricity, drawing, French, English, hygiene, economics, ballistics, and other things—an exacting course.



DRESS PARADE
ON THE PLAIN

In summer the Corps of Cadets parades in dress coats and white trousers; in early spring and late autumn, in overcoats. A parade at West Point—fifes and drums sounding retreat, the evening gun, the Star-Spangled Banner, the immobility and rhythmic marching of the cadets, all in historic, beautiful surroundings—is worth going a long way to see

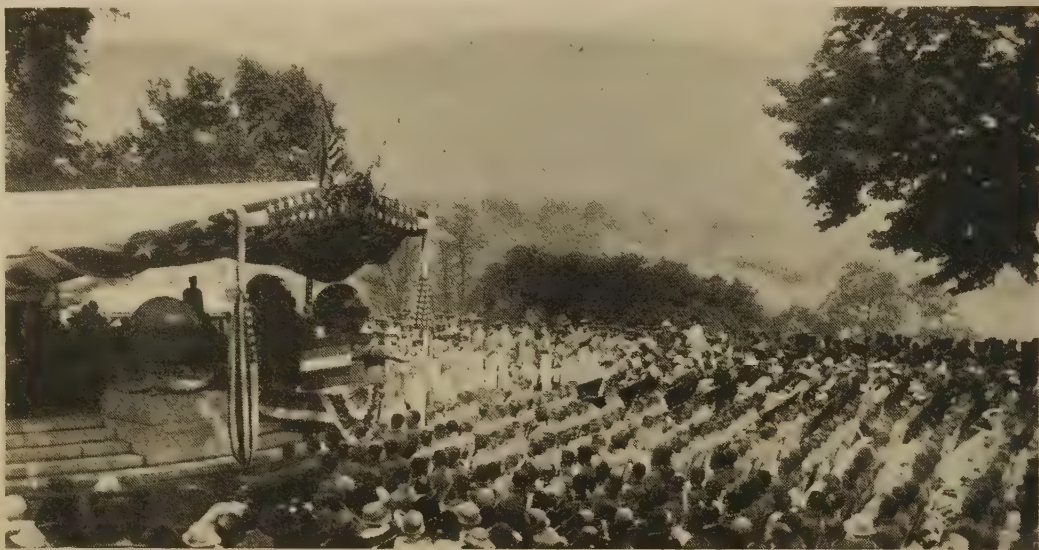


As for the practical training—well, a cadet's life seems made up of drills, under the direction of the functionaries of the tactical department. Year in and year out the grind of the four classes is about as follows:

New cadets (plebes) report July 1st. They are quartered in barracks (first and third classmen are in summer camp; second classmen are on furlough) and receive infantry recruit instruction, military courtesies, map reading, gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, and instruction in all forms of athletics until they join the Corps of Cadets August 28th. The above period is popularly known as "beast barracks."

Practical instruction for the first and third classes is given during summer camp at West Point in infantry, cavalry, field artillery, and coast artillery tactics. Cadets of the first class receive instruction and act as officers in rifle, pistol, and field artillery target practice; they also get instruction in the use of machine guns, special infantry weapons, equitation, signal communications, and in acting as officers in combat problems and maneuvers. Meanwhile, cadets of the third class (yearlings) have been having instruction in equitation and horsemanship, range practice with rifle and pistol, field artillery service firing, minor tactics, first aid, and maneuvers in the field. They also receive instruction in athletics, swimming, and dancing.

Summer camp over, which is the best time at West Point, the four classes are united in barracks. Here, with studies added, they still have drills. Instruction for all classes in the tactics of all arms continues throughout the academic year; as, also, instruction in fencing, gymnastic exercises, boxing,



GRADUATION

June Week at West Point culminates with the graduation exercises at Battle Monument on Trophy Point. Cadets of the first class are receiving their diplomas from General Pershing

wrestling, swimming, and all forms of athletics. Cadets of the first, second, and third classes have instruction in equitation throughout the academic year. For the first class, lectures are given on the tactics and functions of the various arms and corps, and on uniforms, equipment, insurance, finance, and customs of the service. It costs about \$10,000 to graduate a cadet.

The course is hard, and to complete it cadets must lead a busy life—a life that would seem busy enough in itself to satisfy young men's energies, and yet they find time for the manifold side activities of the ordinary college. They have all the main intercollegiate sports; a dramatic performance on the "one hundredth night to June" (one hundred nights before graduation); in summer camp, hops every other night—in barracks, every Saturday night; riding privileges outside the reservation; a choir; a first-class club; a Y. M. C. A.; a literary society; they row on the Hudson, and "spoon."

Hazing is practically a thing of the past at West Point. It never was very severe there, taking the form of ridiculous acts demanded of plebes by upper classmen, such as a rat funeral, trapping black ants, or chasing eagles (English sparrows) from the front of an upper classman's tent with the bayonet—a form of amusement more enjoyed by plebes than upper classmen. Now the plebe is treated impersonally; he is Mr. So-and-So, or is dubbed one of the generic names for plebes, such as Mr. Duflickit, Mr. Dumjohn, Mr. Dumguard, or Mr. Ducrot. Mr. Ducrot is the most popular. The name originated in a French textbook used at West Point years ago. In one part of the textbook it was stated that a Monsieur Ducrot was the father of one boy and one girl; in another part, that Madame Ducrot was the mother of one boy and *two* girls. Which statements, in an otherwise perfectly proper

THE STORY OF WEST POINT

textbook, gave rise to what became known among cadets as the "great Ducrot scandal."

West Point is anything but an aristocratic place. The cadets are a cross section of the country, drawn from all classes. A man's previous life has absolutely no bearing on his cadet life. And his cadet life—since they all wear the same sort of clothing, have the same amount of money, and do the same things—will depend entirely on his individual merit.

Like everything else, West Point was hit by the war. At that time all classes were graduated except the plebe class. This was particularly unfortunate at West Point, for the ways of doing and looking at things and the customs were matters that had grown up in the Corps of Cadets during the past century, and handled by them with very little interference from officers—matters that cadets with only one year at the academy could not know. It was not until 1921 that four classes were once more present at West Point. Since then the instructors, themselves practically all graduates, have made great strides toward implanting again in the Corps of Cadets that invaluable, intangible something known as the "Spirit of West Point." And now the nation can be assured that the graduates of the academy—a good institution to have around in emergencies—will in the future, as they have in the past, live up to the motto of their school: "Duty, Honor, Country, West Point."



VIEW FROM ✚
TROPHY POINT

Every view is a beautiful picture at West Point. The winding Hudson, the majestic Highlands, the densely wooded hills, all help to enhance the setting



TORY OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY— ANNAPOLIS

By

CARROLL STORRS ALDEN
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY



THE SEAL OF
THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

A free translation of the Latin
motto is: "Sea power is insured by
knowledge"

An acquaintance with the Naval Academy must of necessity begin with a glimpse of the old colonial capital of Annapolis.

Shortly before the Revolution the city was among the most distinguished in all the thirteen colonies. It was important not only for its commerce but for its culture and learning. Here King William's School was founded in 1694 (merged in 1784 into St. John's College); here one of the first theaters in America was established; here lovely and accomplished ladies appeared in their town houses during the winter; here famous horse races were run; here the wealthy Charles Carroll lived. Since the Revolution it has slowly declined; but something of its old dignity yet remains, and its quiet, mellow atmosphere is reminiscent of the eighteenth century.

The newcomer who has a few hours at his command will find it worth his while to visit the old state house with its famous senate chamber, where at the close of the Revolution Washington resigned his commission. Of like character, and deserving scrutiny on the outside, even if there is time and opportunity for nothing more, are the several fine old colonial mansions. Prominent on St. John's College campus is the huge, patriarchal tulip poplar, inseparably linked for nearly three centuries with outstanding events in Annapolis history. Many of the streets still cling to their ancient allegiance, as evidenced by their good old Tory names: Prince George, King George, Hanover, Conduit, Fleet, Cornhill, and Duke of Gloucester.

In striking contrast to the sleepy old town is the Naval Academy, comparatively new and throbbing with life. The moment one enters the reservation, one is struck by the evidence of order and military system in every particular. It is always attractive, but perhaps to be seen at its very best it should be viewed for the first time on a bright morning in April or May. The academy band is playing, and interminable columns of midshipmen are on their way to or from recitation, stepping out to a lively march. There is much that is alluring in the open, park-like yard, where grass, trees, walks, all suggest orderliness; with the Severn River, marking the further boundary of the grounds, glittering a few hundred yards to the east, and Chesapeake Bay, disclosing its presence by one or two distant sails that slide into view from

STORY OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY—ANNAPOLIS

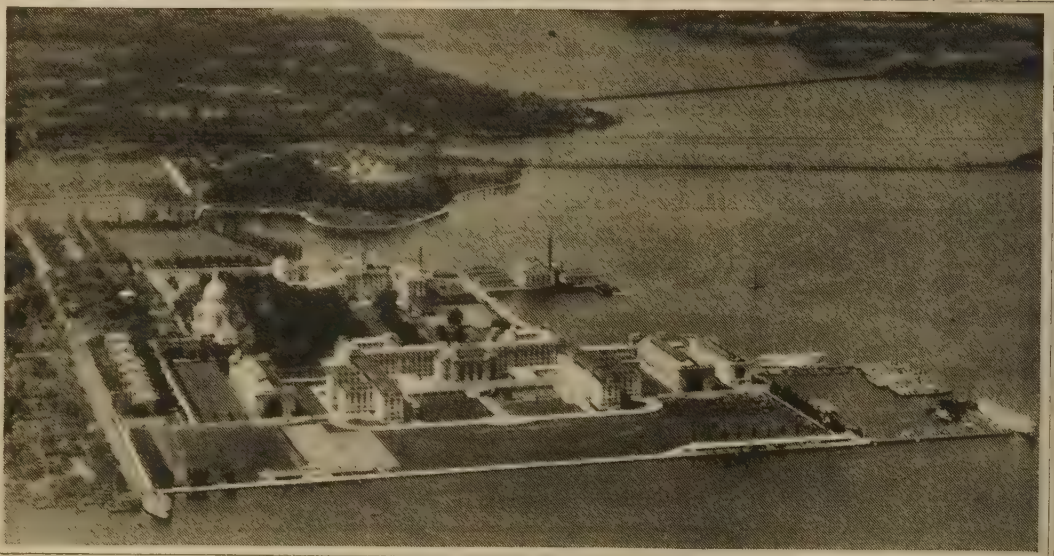
around the massive buildings to the south. It is all attractive, but everything else pales in interest when a group of midshipmen appears.

The academy chapel, conveniently near to Main Gate, makes a logical beginning for seeing the institution, by reason of the fact that in its crypt is the final resting place of John Paul Jones. For one hundred and thirteen years this redoubtable sea rover lay in an unknown grave in Paris. Then, by careful search, his casket was found, his well-preserved body identified, and now it lies in an impressive marble sarcophagus borne along for all time by sportive bronze porpoises. The story of the Naval Academy is the story of the navy, and the navy is commonly reckoned as having had its beginning with Jones. Besides possessing power in action, Jones was remarkable for genius in organization. In 1777 he submitted a plan to Congress by which, at every dockyard, there should be an academy where officers of the fleet might study "the Principles and Application of the Mathematicks, Drawing, Fencing and other manly Arts and Accomplishments"—suggesting in essentials the future Naval Academy.

Bancroft Hall, the midshipmen's quarters, should be next visited. There is good reason why this, the most imposing of the academy buildings, bears its name. For though Jones dreamed of the academy in 1777 and Maury outlined its general features in 1840, it remained for Bancroft, the historian and Secretary of the Navy, to found it in 1845.

In the early years there were two classes: the "Oldsters," who, having been in the navy and at sea for four or five years, were soon to take examination for promotion; and the "Youngsters," who, having just been appointed, were having their first taste of midshipman life. In 1851 the régime was changed to an uninterrupted four-year course at Annapolis, and a four-year course has been the norm ever since that date.





AIRPLANE VIEW OF ❖
THE NAVAL ACADEMY

The Naval Academy is located on the site of old Fort Severn, which was turned over to the Navy Department in 1845 at the instance of George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy. Up until that time midshipmen had been trained at sea under the supervision of naval officers who stood sponsor for their wards' naval training

By the time of the Civil War the academy had become so identified with the navy that all the lieutenants and lieutenant commanders later known to fame entered the service with academy training: as Cushing, Dewey, Perkins, Evans, Sampson; whereas the older officers had all come from the stern school of the ship: as Farragut, Dahlgren, DuPont, Porter. When the academy, with its small supply of guns and ammunition, was threatened with capture in April, 1861, it was decided to transfer the institution to Newport, Rhode Island; there, quartered on the frigates "Constitution" and "Santee" and in the old Atlantic Hotel, midshipmen during the next four years had their training.

With the coming of peace the academy returned again to Annapolis. War and hospital camps had devastated the beautiful grounds. But Vice Admiral Porter, superintendent from 1865 to 1869, secured appropriations for new buildings and brought fresh life to the academy. Porter energized whatever he touched. It was he who stressed gymnasium practice, encouraged more hops, and introduced for the first time amateur theatricals and athletics, with competitions in rowing, baseball, and boxing.

In the twenty years that followed the Civil War there was slow decay in the navy and corresponding lethargy at the academy; nevertheless, there was no thought of abandoning the institution. It was a period when mortality was high, and the principle of survival of the fittest was remorselessly followed. At graduation, a class had shrunk to a fraction of its original size, and, further, more than one half of those graduated were often not given commissions, for the reason that only very few vacancies existed in the navy.

STORY OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY—ANNAPOLIS

In 1883 the new navy had its beginning, four steel cruisers being authorized, and these cruisers were followed by other cruisers and by three first-class battleships. The Naval Academy at once showed a quickening interest in life, with the result that friends and supporters represented to Congress its great need of new and larger buildings and improved equipment. The present massive buildings had their beginning about the time of the Spanish-American War. Roosevelt had been interested in naval affairs even before he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy; before and after the Spanish-American War he was a vigorous champion of the Naval Academy.

The Spanish-American War occurring largely during the summer, the three upper classes were granted their desire and, instead of being sent off on a practice cruise, were placed on real warships engaged in hostile operations. Following the war, insular possessions having been added, the need of a navy was recognized and no slump ensued. Instead, the navy was increased, and the Naval Academy grew by leaps and bounds. During the World War the enrollment was more than doubled, and numbers have steadily increased

up to the present year, 1923-4, when the maximum of 2,500 midshipmen was reached. This number Congress has decided materially to reduce for the coming year, an action that many regret, for there are still vacancies in the officer personnel of the navy; and, further, as some have urged, the difference of expense in operating a small and large academy is relatively slight, and the advantage of graduating some who, even if they do not enter the service, will be available in emergency as a trained reserve is obvious.

But all this is like the old-time extended approach to a gentleman's house. As suggested earlier, more interesting than the buildings of the Naval Academy or its history or its policy are the midshipmen.



THE GOD OF 2.5

The statue is the figurehead of the U. S. S. "Delaware." Midshipmen have named it "Tecumseh;" he is the "god of 2.5," the passing mark. A respectful salute to Tecumseh on the way to recitation or examination is claimed to insure a 2.5 or more, no matter how unprepared the suppliant may be.

STORY OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY—ANNAPOLIS

How does a youth become a midshipman? First, he must secure an appointment. Each senator or congressman during the coming year may have, in all classes, three whom he has designated. In addition, the President may appoint fifteen at large (as a rule, these are officers' sons), and the Secretary of the Navy may appoint one hundred enlisted men from the fleet. The same entrance requirement governs all. They must be between sixteen and twenty years old on admission, and they must pass what is to many a severe mental and physical examination. In lieu of the mental examination, a certificate may be presented showing that the applicant holds a diploma of an accredited high school, and further qualifies by high standing in a course of study conforming to a wise and broad requirement laid down by the academic board.

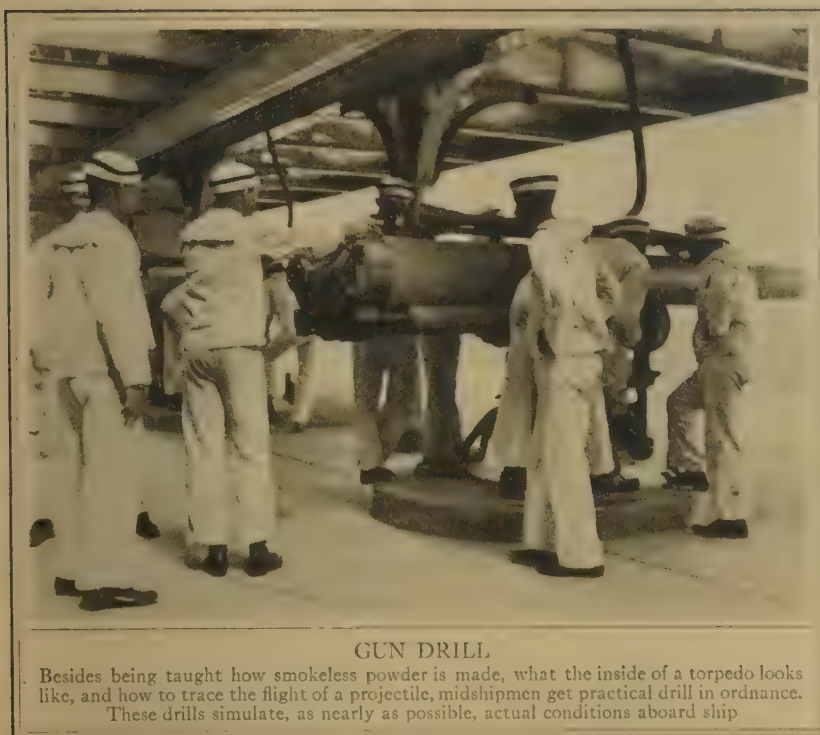
It is commonly about the second week of June that the first group of successful candidates are ordered to report. Sixty to eighty lads will be then seen, as the hour approaches nine, assembled about Main Gate. They have come from all parts of the country, and look little like future officers. For the most part they agree only in this: the effect they present of ill-dressed, awkward, overgrown cubs. And yet, out of just such material is the academy to make, in a few months, a clean-cut, well-set-up class, such as any institution would be proud of. This is the molding process of the navy.

The three upper classes are away during the summer on their practice cruise. So the training of the new fourth class, or "plebes" as they are familiarly known, occupies the time and attention of all officers from commanders to brand-new ensigns, and they give themselves to the task of



MIDSHIPMEN
IN WASHINGTON

Whenever there is a ceremony of particular official importance in Washington, the regiment of midshipmen is invited to attend. The regiment nearly always takes part in the parade at the inauguration of the President



GUN DRILL

Besides being taught how smokeless powder is made, what the inside of a torpedo looks like, and how to trace the flight of a projectile, midshipmen get practical drill in ordnance. These drills simulate, as nearly as possible, actual conditions aboard ship

whipping the raw material into shape with relentless enthusiasm. Their day is divided into five periods of one and a half hours each, the two in the morning and the two in the afternoon being commonly devoted to drills such as rifle range, infantry, seamanship, ordnance, and gymnasium;

also, there is a little instruction in mathematics and modern languages; the period in the evening is devoted to an English lecture or to recreation.

Annapolis, though favored by breezes from the Chesapeake, is not a cool place in summer, and an infantry or artillery drill on Farragut Field may on certain mornings suggest first impressions in the Sahara; nor can very much more be said for cutter drill, when tiny midshipmen blister their hands over prodigiously large oars. But the uniform is of the very lightest, the rests are frequent, and there is opportunity for a cool shower bath at the end. The prevailing color of the class quickly changes to a brilliant red and then to deepening shades of tan and brown; the physical benefit is shown by the marked gain in size, weight, and general health.

The return of the three upper classes, which, after the practice cruise, have been enjoying a month's leave, brings a perceptible quieting to the plebes. The latter suddenly become mutes, and make of marching and all formations a very serious business. It is the duty of midshipmen officers to instruct the plebes how to stand, and the plebes promptly put on such a brace that they are in danger of cracking and falling over backward.

Now, if ever, is the temptation to do a bit of hazing; undeniably the plebes rather invite it by their sentimental longing for the upper classmen's approval. But, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the vigilance of the officers and the good sense of the midshipmen have relegated to past history any brutal forms of this amusement. However, the upper classes make a serious point of surrounding the newcomers with the atmosphere of their

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profession. They are catechized in naval history and seamanship. They learn that their room is not on the first floor or second floor but on the "first deck" or "second deck." No matter how promptly they fall in at formations, they are admonished, "Shake a leg there!" The slightest unnecessary noise is suppressed by a roar, "Pipe down!" and the raw recruit from the farm who has persisted at breakfast in planting his spoon upright in his coffee cup is saved from the error of his ways by the first classman at the head of his table giving the warning cry of "Man overboard!"

Important in the education of the midshipmen is the entrusting of discipline to them, making them responsible to the commissioned officers. Thus the maintenance of order in Bancroft Hall with its miles and miles of corridors is virtually in the hands of the first class. A certain group is detailed for duty each day, the tour lasting twenty-four hours, and they in turn are responsible to the "watch officer" and battalion officers of the executive department—the whole in charge of the commandant of midshipmen.

Reveille sounds at 6:15, and from that hour until the day ends with taps at 10 there is little idle time; and yet for the one who has learned to adjust himself to the routine there is no need of hurry, for everything is so well planned and systematized.

The work is divided among ten departments, of which six are largely technical: executive, seamanship, ordnance and gunnery, navigation, marine engineering and naval construction, and electrical engineering and physics; and four are non-technical, though each is to a large degree



HOLYSTONING
DECKS

✿ The fundamental doctrine of the Naval Academy is that no man is fit to command who has not served under the identical conditions in which his subordinates must live. On practice cruises, midshipmen are required to perform all the duties customarily performed by enlisted men



A HARD DAY'S WORK ❖ ❖

Coaling ship is a necessary evil. In the navy it is considered a drill, for the reason that, in time of war, every minute saved in refueling a ship means that much more time to devote to pursuit of the enemy. On their cruises midshipmen "turn to" shoveling and stowing coal—then spend as long getting themselves clean again

naval in its application: mathematics, English, modern languages, and hygiene. At the very beginning, the fourth classman chooses whether for the next three years he will study French or Spanish. With this slight exception there are no electives. Supposedly the whole midshipman body has made its one and great election when it decides on a naval career. There are sixteen hours of recitation a week, and six hours of drill. Full reports of marks are published each month; and, further, when a midshipman's work even for a week falls below passing (2.5, on a basis of 4.0, or $62\frac{1}{2}$ per cent) he will be informed of the fact by a list posted at quarters. In midshipman language, "He's hit the tree."

After eight months of this rather stiff régime there comes the summer practice cruise of three months, with all kinds of service from swabbing decks and coaling ship to navigation and turret drills—and this too on real battle-ships. During the latter part of the cruise, midshipmen try their skill in target practice. On a recent cruise the squadron went to Panama and then to Honolulu. Letters were filled with stories of fine hospitality at the latter place as well as at Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. On the next cruise the squadron went to the Azores and then to Christiania, where the "bloods" danced with the Queen of Norway at the British Ambassador's party; later the ships visited Lisbon and Gibraltar. At Lisbon a large group of midshipmen attended a bull fight, at which a certain popular picador had his vanity terribly wounded; all the midshipmen present madly *cheered the bull!*



THE SUMMER CRUISE ❖

The "cruise" is always a bright spot in a midshipman's life. The months of June, July, and August, for three years during a midshipman's training, are spent on practice cruises aboard commissioned ships of the navy. These cruises take the midshipman to the Baltic or North seas, to the Mediterranean or the Caribbean or to Hawaii. The blue band on the brim of the white hat is a distinctive mark of the midshipman.

Whatever may be the character of the cruise it has its climax when the ships steaming up Chesapeake Bay come to anchor, the last of August, within sight of the chapel. There are few experiences in life, aside from getting married, that are more universally looked forward to than "Sep. leave." Only those who know the hunger that comes of long separation from home and the monotonous grind of a set routine can appreciate the longing.

Being a part of the service, the midshipman is entitled to pay from the day he is sworn in. This at present is \$65 a month, or \$780 a year. In addition he has eighty cents a day as a mess allowance, and so well is everything organized in the one vast dining hall, the kitchens, and the commissary department, aided by a large midshipmen's dairy, that the \$24 a month provides a table such as is not likely to be found elsewhere for double that amount. Of his pay, \$240 is reserved each year to be applied to his outfit of uniforms when he graduates. He may draw for spending money each month when a fourth classman \$3, and when a first classman \$12. Also, he can obtain a reasonable amount from his balance for outings on the practice cruise or for September leave. Otherwise he sees little or none of his wealth. Even to obtain a new cap or a shirt at the Midshipmen's Store he must have his requisition countersigned by a battalion officer before he can debit his account by drawing these articles.

The Naval Academy exhibits a striking combination of strenuous study and whole-hearted play. Great emphasis is placed on athletics, though not

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at the expense of scholarship. As Admiral Wilson, the present superintendent, has said, "For a man to work hard he must play hard." The time for practice is sharply limited for the most part to the usual recreation hours; yet the academy has turned out teams of superior quality in fencing, boxing, football, swimming, and other sports. When the Naval Academy crew defeated the famous English *Leander* crew, at the Olympic Games in Antwerp four years ago, it made a new tradition in American athletic annals.

Also the midshipmen's recreation is found in society. While they have no relief from the constant grind in week-end excursions to New York or Washington, they have this advantage over students of Yale or Princeton: if they cannot go to the alluring world beyond, much of this world comes to them. Saturdays and Sundays are days of color and gayety. Teachers of girls within a radius of one hundred miles enjoy these days as much as their charges; and often it seems as if the whole school had descended upon Annapolis.

The summit is reached during "June Week," when there are no recitations or study hours to disturb the unalloyed happiness. Little Annapolis is crowded to bursting.

The drills and dress parades of June Week no one would willingly miss, and the girl chosen to present the colors to the winning company would hardly change her lot to be a future queen of England. And there is the Superintendent's Garden Party on one of the evenings, and on the next the magnificent Farewell Ball—all to conclude, the morning after the graduation exercises, with the agony of saying good-by, when midshipmen of three classes embark for the three months' practice cruise. The agony would be insupportable, if many a midshipman with a fine show of fortitude, assumed if not felt, had not already calculated for the "O. A. O." (the One and Only)



INFANTRY
DRILL

During the spring and autumn months, midshipmen are drilled in infantry and artillery. These "drills of precision" form the habit of obeying an order exactly, at a definite time, and without question

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and for his adoring mother the exact number of days and hours and minutes when the cruise would end and the blissful "Sep. leave" begin.

This happy social life, the exacting curriculum, the eager athletic rivalry, the stern discipline with training in the exercise of command—none exists for itself, but all are combined to fit the midshipmen for the profession in which they will soon take an active part. If the Naval Academy can be described by a single term, it is the great School of Leadership.

The one thing the midshipman prides himself on possessing is "navy spirit." No small part of this is of course exploded each season in athletics. Yet it is more than mere noise. Among aims that Admiral Wilson has striven for most effectively has been the deepening of this spirit into an unswerving devotion to the institution and to the service. Traditions of the United States Navy are a rich heritage for officers, enlisted men, and all earnest American citizens.

It may be that in the future, if our ideals of peace are in a measure realized, the Naval Academy will have also, as a part of its mission, the turning out of men who will carry the spirit of these traditions into civil life. An institution that has among its graduates Mahan, the historian; Churchill, the novelist; Michelson, the physicist; Weeks, the statesman and Secretary of War, and Wilbur, the jurist and Secretary of the Navy, shows its possibilities.



A WELL-EARNED
REWARD

After four years under a most rigorous course of study and an exacting disciplinary régime, the fortunate midshipman has the honor of receiving his diploma as a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy from the President of the United States or the Secretary of the Navy. In this picture the late President Harding is addressing the graduating class of 1921

THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK



A SUNDAY MORNING

Soon he will march from North Barracks to the Cadet Chapel
on the hill

West Point is the oldest military post in the United States over which our flag has continuously flown. It was first occupied January 20, 1778.

The class of 1802, the first class to graduate from West Point, had two members. The class of 1924, the largest class ever graduated from West Point, had 405 members. The smallest West Point class was that of 1813, with one member.

When the Continental troops first came to West Point and began the building of fortifications, they were directed in their military engineering work by a young French officer, de la Rاديere. After de la Rاديere's death, from overwork and exposure, a Polish officer, Kosciuszko, became the military engineer. There is a monument to Kosciuszko in the northeast corner of the plain, erected by the Corps of Cadets in 1828.

Of the forts and redoubts that made West Point a citadel in Revolutionary times the stone parapet of Fort Clinton in the northeast corner of the plain, Fort Putnam (now restored) on a hill five hundred feet above the Hudson, and some crumbling redoubts on adjacent hills remain.

From 1904 to 1911 many new buildings were constructed at West Point. They were a riding hall, Post Headquarters Building, Cadet Chapel, East Academic Building, North Barracks, a gymnasium, a power house, cavalry and artillery barracks and stables, and many officers' quarters. This construction is part of a comprehensive plan to be completed later.

All West Pointers do not become army men. Many return to civilian life. There they have held almost every office of honor and trust in the gift of their fellow countrymen. A graduate of West Point has been President of the United States, as also President of the Confederate States. Graduates have been presidents of universities, railroads, and banks; mayors and legislators; principals of schools and heads of minor corporations. They have been bishops and judges, artists and lawyers, successful physicians, noted scientists, and civil engineers. In foreign lands they have been ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, consuls general, and special envoys.



GENERAL PERSHING LOOKS THEM OVER

After the inspection the Corps of Cadets will pass in review for him: first, at quick time, and then at double time. It's a long run around the plain when one is under arms and in a tight-fitting dress coat



HIKING TO DINNER

At West Point dinner is still at midday. No light luncheon would sustain these cadets who have been all morning at all sorts of strenuous drills in summer camp. At the head of the column, in cross belts, are the two reliefs of the guard, not on post. To the right is the East Academic Building, happily unused in the summer months. The Mess Hall is near by



BEFORE DRESS PARADE

Every afternoon, weather permitting, cadet companies fall in along the road in front of barracks. South Barracks is just to the right of the two academic buildings in the background. Here the companies are inspected by their cadet officers. Then, adjutant's call goes, the band plays, and the companies march to the plain for retreat and parade



OUTSIDE THE RIDING HALL

A massive structure built on the cliffs of the Hudson, said to be the largest riding hall in the world. Cadets spend many hours on horseback. If they fall off, the tanbark underfoot helps



THE GYMNASIUM

Besides the regular instruction in all forms of indoor athletics that takes place in the Gymnasium throughout the academic year, many cadets spend all the hours of release from quarters here. They box, wrestle, fence, swim, and "bone muck," as they call it, in numerous other ways. In a hall are kept athletic trophies. The basement is utilized for an indoor small-arms range



GATEWAY TO THE CITADEL

A road from the railway station on the waterfront winds up the cliffs of the Hudson through this gateway of the Post Headquarters Building and on up to the plain. A drawbridge and portcullis would not seem out of place



THE CHAPEL DOMINATES THE WEST POINT LANDSCAPE

It is of medieval Gothic architecture, cruciform in plan, situated on a hill in the rear of the other buildings, and can be seen from miles around. Sunday-morning service is very impressive. A large cadet choir and a splendid pipe organ add to the impressiveness of the ritual in this great church



ON TROPHY POINT

A first question a cadet asks a feminine visitor is, "Have you seen the view up the Hudson?" If the answer is, "No." he conducts her to Trophy Point. There, besides the really extraordinary prospect of the Highlands, are to be seen many battle trophies



CULLUM MEMORIAL HALL

In this stately building, a gift to the academy from Brevet Major General George W. Cullum, class of '33, are housed trophies of our army, battle flags, busts and paintings of and memorials to distinguished graduates of the academy. The large bronze cannon are trophies from Cuba, cast in 1755



ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE CADETS

North Barracks, with the Cadet Chapel in the background, is a new building, constructed in 1908. The hall over the sally port is occupied by the Cadet Y. M. C. A. Half of the Corps of Cadets is quartered in North Barracks. Cadets live three in a room. The rooms are models of neatness—when the tactical officers inspect. Cadets do their own housework



THE AREA OF SOUTH BARRACKS

A view taken from the sally port of the West Academic Building, with the Cadet Chapel again the dominant feature. South Barracks was built before the Civil War. Up and down this area have tramped hundreds of cadets thousands of miles on punishment tours



NORTH GUARD HOUSE

In the North Guard House are the headquarters of the cadet guard for North Barracks and the offices of tactical functionaries. It is also a place where cadets meet their girl friends. A visitors' room is provided, in which they may remain, or they may stroll about the reservation, as seems to be the intent of the present couple



LOOKING ACROSS THE HUDSON

Framed in the gateway of the Post Headquarters Building are the Highlands of Putnam County. But for the ferryboat, which plies to Garrison on the east shore, one could imagine himself looking out from a medieval fortress. Every view from West Point is a beautiful view

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND



LOOKING TOWARD MAHAN HALL

Named after the world's foremost strategist and historian of sea power, Mahan Hall is the center of the academic group of buildings. The upper floor is given over to the academy library, while the lower floor contains the auditorium. This building shelters an exceptional collection of war trophies. Here will be found the ensign of the French frigate "Insurgent," captured by the "Constellation" in 1798, and thirty-five flags captured by the American squadron in the Battle of Manila Bay, and forty British flags captured in the War of 1812. The tower clock strikes ship's bells instead of the conventional hours



DRESS PARADE ON WORDEN FIELD

Infantry drills are an important feature in the training of midshipmen. They serve as one of the best methods of cultivating precision and alertness, and are essential in the development of the military bearing which is required of all midshipmen.



BANCROFT HALL

Used as a dormitory for the midshipmen, the building was named after George Bancroft, the historian, founder of the Naval Academy. It can accommodate 2,500 midshipmen, has a floor area of over twenty acres, and has nearly three miles of corridors.



THE COLONNADE

Bancroft Hall is connected with the Armory and the Gymnasium by two stately peristyles. The central arch of one is reproduced above. At release from drill the midshipmen scurry under these colonnades to their quarters to enjoy the one and a half hours' recreation period, the only leisure they have besides a half-hour before taps, in a strenuous sixteen-hour day



JAPAN'S FIRST GIFT TO AMERICA

This bronze bell, which bears the date 1456, was presented to Commodore Perry by the regent of the Lew Chew Islands on the occasion of Perry's memorable visit to Japan in 1854. Centuries ago it called worshipers to a Buddhist temple; now its hollow clang is only heard on the occasion of a baseball or football victory over West Point



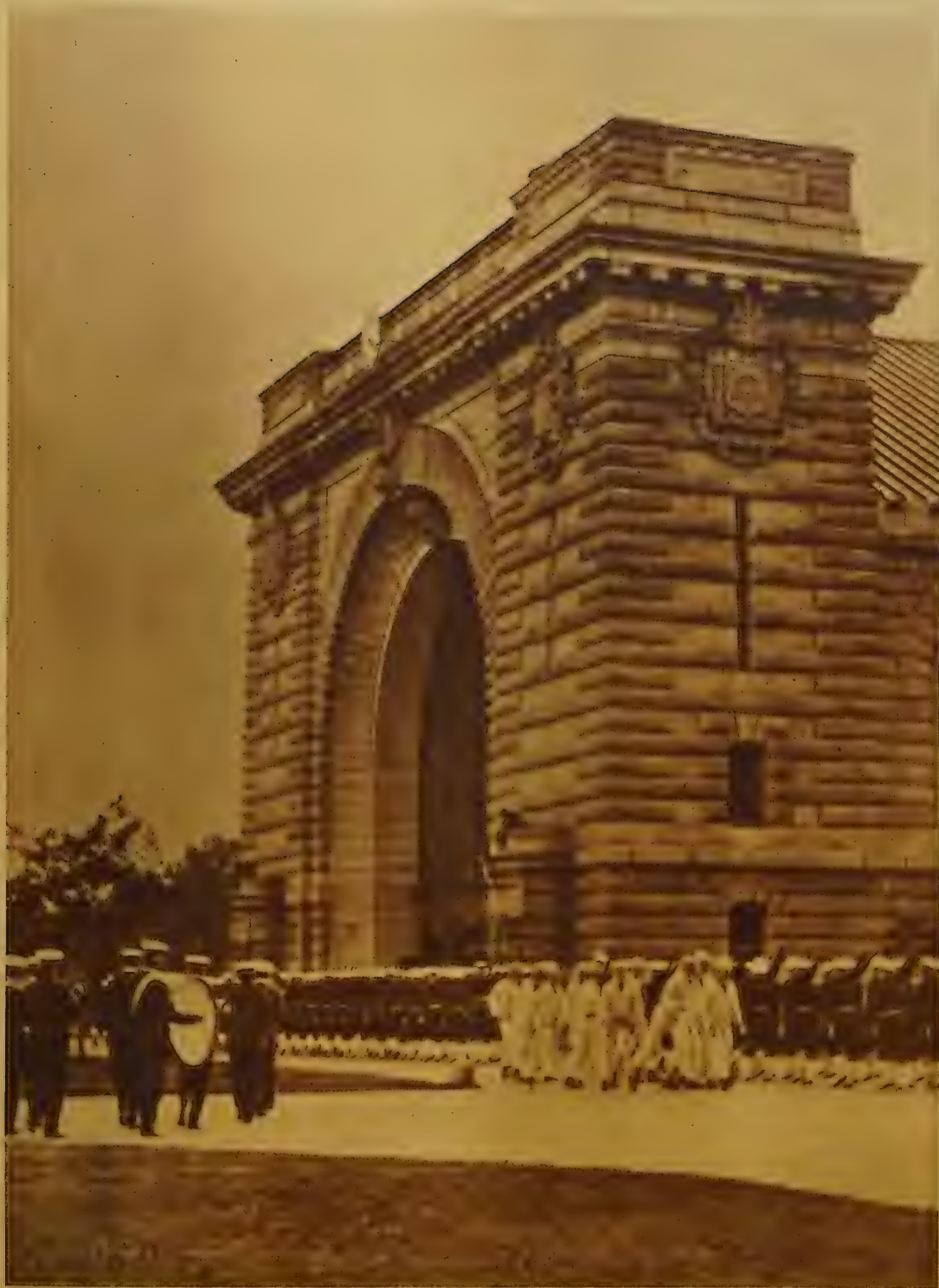
THE CHAPEL

Every Sunday morning the regiment of midshipmen, led by its cadet officers, marches in a body to attend divine services in the chapel. The service is non-sectarian. In the crypt of the chapel is the imposing mausoleum containing the remains of John Paul Jones. Here also may be seen John Paul Jones' service sword which he presented to the daughter of Aaron Burr, and his bust, the work of the contemporary sculptor Houdon



MEMORIAL HALL

The central portion of Bancroft Hall. In Memorial Hall may be seen Perry's battle flag of Lake Erie, on which are traced Lawrence's inspiring words, "Don't Give up the Ship," and many other trophies of a historic value. The statue in the foreground is the figurehead of the U. S. S. "Constitution"



DAHLGREN HALL

The Armory of the Naval Academy is named after Admiral Dahlgren, the inventor of the first large-caliber naval guns. Here the "plebe" (freshman) gets his first drills in infantry and first lessons in fencing, and here many a pampered son hears for the first time the stern orders "Brace up!" "Throw out your chest!" Inside the Armory are all sorts of specimens from stone cannon balls to torpedoes from the German warship "Geier"



SANTEE WHARF AND THE "CUMBERLAND"

Santee Wharf is named after an old frigate which for many years lay here as a school and prison ship for those midshipmen who had received an excessive number of demerits. The "Cumberland" is named after the frigate sunk by the "Merrimac" and is used as a training ship for enlisted men



A SPANISH WAR RELIC

The "Reina Mercedes" was seriously damaged by the fire of Sampson's squadron and was sunk by the Spaniards in the harbor of Santiago in an unsuccessful attempt to block the entrance after the sortie of the Spanish fleet. After the Battle of Santiago it was raised, repaired, and taken to the United States



THE "HELL CATS"

The midshipmen's well-earned eight hours' sleep is suddenly cut short at half past six in the morning by the blare of bugles and the beating of drums. Hence the name. These enlisted drummers also beat time for the midshipmen as they march to and from recitation as shown in the above illustration



THE MAIN GATE

The most fascinating thing in a candidate's life and the most annoying thing in a midshipman's. A "candidate" is the proud possessor of an appointment to the Naval Academy but has not yet passed his entrance examination. His ambition is to be able to enter these gates as a midshipman. Once a midshipman, the state of mind changes and the erstwhile candidate wishes that he might be permitted to walk out through the gates more often than the regulations permit



MIDSHIPMEN HONOR MIDSHIPMEN

The Vera Cruz Monument, erected by midshipmen in memory of their comrades Midshipmen Clemson, Hynson, Pillsbury, and Shubrick, who lost their lives in the Mexican War. Shubrick was killed while sighting a gun in the naval battery erected ashore before Vera Cruz. The other three gave their lives to save those of enlisted men under their command



A COLONIAL GEM

Annapolis is the capital city of Maryland, and the State House located in the center of the city of Annapolis is a relic of colonial days. It was built in 1772-1774, but the tower was not added till after the Revolution. In this building Washington resigned his commission as commander in chief, and it was here that the treaty with Great Britain was ratified in 1784



MARCHING TO RECITATION

Along these two parallel walks the midshipmen go to and return from recitations. Each period is divided into two halves of one hour each; while one battalion is reciting the other is studying. They pass one another at the mid-interval. Then it is that those who are on their way to the recitation-rooms try to get a forecast of the likely subjects to be assigned from the ones who are returning from their academic encounter with the instructors



CONSTITUTION ISLAND

BY CHARLES H. DORR

In the Hudson, opposite West Point, is a famous little island that recalls heroic days of the Revolutionary War. From one end a great chain was stretched across the river to the cliffs below West Point, to keep back the British fleet. The links of the chain were forged in a blacksmith shop at New Windsor, New York, and were carried down the river on a log boom. A part of the chain is to-day on view at Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh, New York. Another section of the chain is to be seen at West Point.

Constitution Fort on Constitution Island was one of the first defenses erected to guard the American soldiers fighting in the war for liberty. In 1775 it was built on what was called Martelaer's Rock. Partly obscured by the trees behind the fort was a little white house which Washington frequently honored with his presence during the execution of his campaigns in this historic country. Remains of the fort can still be seen, and the old house, which also played its part in the dramatic events of that period, still stands.

In this sequestered retreat, overlooked by Crow's Nest and Storm King and other wooded eminences of the Hudson Highlands, two distinguished American women made

their home for many years. Their names were Anna and Susan Warner. Both of them wrote books very popular in their day, and two novels by Susan Warner, "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," are still in demand, though the author has been dead thirty years and more. The younger sister, who wrote under the pen name of "Amy Lothrop," lived on alone in her island home until her death in 1915. For many years the two sisters frequently offered hospitality to officers and cadets who rowed across the Hudson from West Point. They also conducted a Sunday-school class in the old Cadet Chapel back in the seventies and eighties. Greatly loved by their neighbors, they were laid to rest in the Cadets' Cemetery at West Point. A portrait of Anna Warner was hung in one of the halls at the Military Academy, with formal ceremony. It was painted by a young American artist, Orland Campbell, when she was nearly one hundred years old.

In 1908 Constitution Island was deeded by Anna Warner to Mrs. Russell Sage, with the understanding that she should retain the use of the house and surrounding premises during her lifetime. Mrs. Sage conveyed the island to the United States of America, subject to the reservations contained in the prior deed for the benefit of Anna Bartlett Warner.

And so, once more, Constitution Island has come into the possession of the government.



THE WARNER HOUSE ON CONSTITUTION ISLAND
Scene of hospitalities from Washington's time down to our own



THE WALLOONS— WHO THEY WERE AND WHAT THEY WERE

BY WILLIS STEELL

The origin of the name Walloon is not altogether certain, but authorities state that it comes from Old High German, "Walah," an adulteration of Volca, the name of a Celtic tribe in northern Italy—the first one that the Teutons found on their migrations south. The name was given to them by Teutons. The Walloons are the remnants of the Romanized Celts of northern Gaul, the so-called "Belgæ" of Julius Cæsar's time.

There are now between three and four million Belgian Walloons, and over four million Flemish, and they speak a number of dialects—French or Dutch.

We are now celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the appearance of the Walloons in the Western Hemisphere. Thirty families came over in 1624—a small incident apparently, but one of real significance in American history.

The Walloons did more than contribute "thirty families" to the settlement of New York in 1624. They spread at once to the sources of the Hudson and to the Delaware, planted a tiny colony on the Connecticut River, and overran the western end of Long Island. It is scarcely too much to say that these brave, industrious, hardy people, by their example and their precept, gave the four middle states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware—early lessons in law, in government, and in religious tolerance that were accepted by men of other speech and diverse ancestry, and not forgotten either when the time arrived to form an American Union.

The ship that brought the first colonists of New York over was not so unlike the caravel of Columbus, and, with its broad bottom, high poop, and low galleys, sailed not much faster. Wearying of wars and persecutions, it is not wonder-

ful that the Walloons dreamed of emigrating from a continent where there was a Duke of Alva and an Inquisition. So they asked permission of the King of England to go and find homes near his Virginia colony. This king was "Jamie," son of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, if history tells the truth about him, was silly and stingy.

The humble petition of the Walloons was refused. At that time a rich burgher of Amsterdam, Killiaen Van Rensselaer—whose descendants keep the name alive in New York to-day—was engaged in forming the Dutch West India Company. In order to control the rich fur trade of Holland's terri-

torial possessions in America, this company pledged itself to colonize them. And there, all ready to go on board, were thirty families, "mostly Walloons." What could better suit the company's plans? Dutchmen who had visited the province of New Amsterdam up to this time had been mere traders and sojourners; the Walloons were destined to be the first real colonists.

In March, 1623, the ship "New Netherland" sailed from Amsterdam and, in the following May, the sea-worn passengers saw with rejoicing the long island of Manhattan, with a river on either shore. At once, on landing, the little company was scattered, only

eight remaining on Manhattan Island. Four couples who had been married on the trip, along with eight sailors, were sent to South River (the Delaware) where they founded a settlement near the site of the present



© Keystone

THREE CENTURIES' METAMORPHOSIS
The Walloon Monument in Battery Park, New York, surrounded by the skyscrapers which have mushroomed on the spot where the Walloons landed in 1624

THE MENTOR

Gloucester. Another small party continued up the Hudson to the site of what is now Albany. A larger group, headed by George Jansen de Rapelje, crossed a river to the east and built homes on a bay which they called Waal-bogt, or Walloon's Bay. In these names we recognize Wallabout Basin on Long Island.

1625 was a year memorable to the Walloons, for in that year arrived three ships and a yacht from the Netherlands bringing seven families, household furniture, and 103 head of cattle. The seven families landed on Manhattan and the cattle were put ashore on Governor's Island, then called "Nuttens Island," but, as there was no water on it, the bewildered beasts had to be carried in small boats next day to Manhattan. With the arrival of two more vessels in this year the colony had increased to two hundred persons, and this total was "mostly Walloons." Among this people there was no poverty of the birth rate.

Four brides who found husbands on the first ship that brought Walloons to this country presented those husbands with children ere they had lived for a year in that settlement on the Dela-

ware River to which the young families were sent on a yacht around by sea. Also in 1624 children were born in the Walloon families in that remote settlement on the upper Hudson which is now Albany.

Steadily and quietly, so quietly that history scarcely hears of them, these little settlements, so far apart, grew and flourished. Two families and six men established a colony on the Great Fresh River (the Connecticut) and built Fort Good Hope; Verhulsten Island in the Delaware was settled, and from these far-flung outposts came reports of peace and prosperity. Their history, in contrast to that of the Puritans, was quiet; but they were successful as colonists—due to their ingenuous, brave, and industrious nature. They had a wide knowledge of horticultural arts, and they were wise and seasoned farmers.

In the making of New York the Walloons happily assisted. They quickly assimilated themselves with the Dutch and afterward with the English. Clever

and kindly, without jealousy, free from intrigue, eager to live and let live, this hardy and thrifty people justly take rank among the best of our "first" Americans.



A WALLOON DESCENDANT

Miss Priscilla de Forest unveiling the Walloon Monument presented to the City of New York by Belgium. She is of the ninth generation of the de Forests



THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL HUGUENOT CHURCH

Dedicated at Huguenot, Staten Island, New York, on May 19, 1924, three hundred years after the landing of the Walloons in America



THE STORY OF CARLISLE INDIAN MILITARY SCHOOL

BY CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

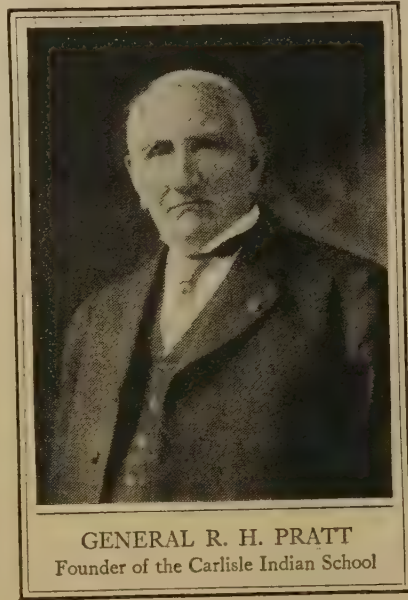
(Carlisle, Class '12)

This unique American institution began in 1879 with a student body of Indian prisoners of war, fresh from a series of battles against the United States. It ended in 1917 when the male student body—many of whom were the descendants of the original war prisoners—joined the colors of Uncle Sam and left the buildings empty. It was turned into a war hospital, and since that date Congress has made no appropriation for its resumption.

War was the inception of Carlisle, and war was its end. Even the buildings of the institution were built for war. In the early history of the American colonies, Carlisle had been a frontier military post and Carlisle school was founded by a famous American general who had been trained solely to fight Indians. This was Brigadier General Richard Henry Pratt, who died in San Francisco last March.

In 1875 Lieutenant Pratt, then a gallant young officer of the American cavalry, was detailed by the War Department to take seventy-two Indian prisoners of war from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, to St. Augustine, Florida. At St. Augustine the captive braves were placed in confinement in the old Spanish fort, San Marco, under Lieutenant Pratt.

The warriors had been taken to San Marco in chains, but it was not long before Lieutenant Pratt found it possible to remove their irons and put them to doing useful work within the walls of the old fortress. Then, one day, he conceived the idea of teaching them the alphabet and the English language. With the help of the prisoners he converted one of the compartments in the basement of the fort into a passable school-room, and here, in this dismal enclosure, he began the education of the North American Indian.



GENERAL R. H. PRATT
Founder of the Carlisle Indian School

Three years later Lieutenant Pratt's prisoners of war were all released and those who desired were returned to their homes in the West. But twenty-two of the younger braves, now imbued with an earnest desire to become really educated, asked to be allowed to remain in the East and continue their learning. They were turned over to Lieutenant Pratt, who was instructed by the War Department to take them to Hampton Institute and remain there with them, in cooperation with General Armstrong, head of the institute.

But this arrangement did not satisfy the young cavalry officer, who had been convinced by his experience that a special school should be set aside for the Indians of the United States.

Lieutenant Pratt therefore went to Washington and suggested to Mr. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, that Carlisle Barracks—near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—then unoccupied, be handed over to him for an Indian school. The secretaries of both the War and Interior departments fell in enthusiastically with Lieutenant Pratt's suggestion, but this was only the beginning of a long battle between these

three worthy men and Congress—which showed little interest in the idea. Lieutenant Pratt was instructed by the above secretaries how to "lobby" for the passage of the bill necessary to transfer the barracks from the War Department to the Department of the Interior. But the bill, after many weeks of fruitless effort, was finally shoved too far down on the calendar to be reached during that session.

Then Secretary McCrary decided to take a chance on a favorable action by Congress. He got General Hancock, who commanded the military district in which Carlisle Barracks was located, to write a statement that the establishment was of no further use to him; and he asked General Sherman to endorse the idea of converting it into an Indian school. General Hancock responded nobly, and General Sherman endorsed the statement with pen and ink: "Approved, providing both Indian boys and girls are educated at said

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school." With this, the secretary issued the necessary order for the transfer—counting on a favorable decision from Congress, which ultimately came.

The Indian Bureau then instructed Lieutenant Pratt to go to the Sioux agencies in South Dakota and select seventy-two boys and girls, and to bring from the tribes in Indian Territory a quota sufficient to make a total of one hundred and twenty pupils. The former prisoners of war whom Lieutenant Pratt had taken in chains from Indian Territory to Florida were secured from Hampton to assist him in organizing the new school. He sent Making-Medicine, one of the former prisoners, to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agencies to select and bring back pupils; and Etahleuh, another ex-warrior, to the Kiowa and Comanche agencies. "These two men," said General Pratt, "selected excellent parties of pupils, among whom I was much gratified to find a number of the children of my Florida prisoners of war."

Carlisle opened on November 1, 1879, with one hundred and forty-seven pupils.

During my four years at Carlisle I often saw the photograph of this first group of pupils. They were all feathered, beaded, and heavily painted; but a fine-looking lot of Indians. When I said farewell to Carlisle in 1912 there were one thousand students

there, representing eighty different tribes and languages. Though I have seen many happy faces, I have never seen a more joyful expression than that which the venerable General Pratt used to wear when he paid his annual visit to the school at commencement time. A perpetual smile of kindly satisfaction would play over his rugged, red, clean-shaven features as he made his way about the campus—always serenely alone. Though Indians seldom tip their hats to anyone, I never saw a student pass General Pratt without touching the brim of his cap.

As much as General Pratt may have realized the importance of his early efforts on behalf of the Indian, it is not likely that he grasped the full significance of what he was also doing for the United States of America and the army; for practically every able-bodied Carlisle student answered the national call in 1917, and many of them attained to commissioned rank in the American forces. Carlisle's remarkable athletic records are still known the world over, but its solid intellectual accomplishments will be apparent long after these sport records have been forgotten.

Though I have gone through the classrooms of two higher institutions since leaving Carlisle, I confess that Carlisle will always remain my most cherished Alma Mater.



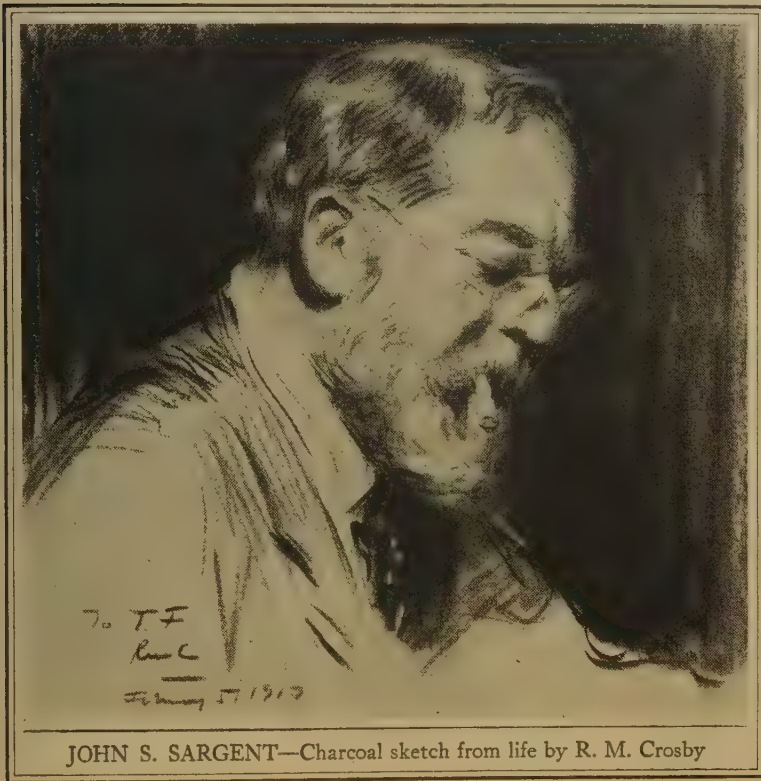
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THE DINING HALL AT CARLISLE

Carlisle students, male and female, marching to mess in the dining hall

JOHN SINGER SARGENT MASTER PORTRAIT PAINTER

BY WILLIAM STARKWEATHER



JOHN S. SARGENT—Charcoal sketch from life by R. M. Crosby

"SARGENT belongs among the great portrait painters of all time, his pictures revealing the mysterious but unmistakable stamp of genius. In fact, everything he does shows this quality, which makes his painting the envy of competitors, and the pride and glory of American art. He has no successful living rival, but is in a class by himself."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.



PORTRAIT GROUP, By John Singer Sargent
Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane: "The Three Graces"

The MENTOR

Vol. 12
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SERIAL
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OCTOBER, 1924



THE ART OF JOHN S. SARGENT

By

WILLIAM STARKWEATHER
ARTIST AND ART CRITIC

John Sargent at sixty-eight recently did what many people considered a brave and very risky thing in exhibiting a large collection of his celebrated portraits in New York.

The exhibition was really a challenge from his genius to the art world and to Time itself. It is now forty years since a first dazzling success made his work familiar. In exhibiting to-day, he was certain to meet a public calm, poised, and appraising. It is as a portrait painter that he has earned his enormous reputation; it was by his portraits that he was certain to be judged. Now, as he has not painted portraits in any number for many years, most of those shown were several decades old, the same pictures, indeed, that so excited the art world in the late eighties and during the nineties. Would they still enthrall us; would they sustain their maker's great reputation; would they, as the artist puts it, "hold up"?

Thirty years after a portrait is painted it is apt to appear at its worst. The art styles change constantly; in a few decades the general manner of a portrait, its technic, its color, even its drawing, are not likely to be quite in line with current art thought. Many of the personages represented are somewhat dimmed to the public eye, while the sitters' costumes are just out of style enough to appear a little amusing or grotesque, without having attained the age that lends the romantic glamour of historic costume. We delight in Grandmother's portrait done in 1845 in a tight satin bodice, voluminous skirt, and ringlets, but it will take another twenty years before we can tolerate Aunt Emma in the bustle and draped overskirt of the eighties, or Cousin Louise in the leg-of-mutton sleeves, bell skirt, and towering



SELF-PORTRAIT OF
JOHN SINGER SARGENT
In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence



pompadour of the early nineties.

For all the dangers that beset the Sargent show, it is fair to say that the painter escaped with unscathed reputation. He completely sustained his position as the greatest living practitioner of his own kind of art, as being indeed one of the foremost practitioners of the style that has ever lived. He will carry his great reputation to the grave with him, but it will not be interred with his bones. How many superb portrait painters have not succeeded in retaining to the end of their lives the contemporary fame they so dearly won; into what obscurity and poverty, for example, changing art tastes plunged the declining years of Rembrandt!

Cosmopolitanism has been one of the keynotes of Sargent's life. "An American, born in Italy, educated in France, who looks like a German, speaks like an Englishman, and paints like a

Spaniard," is a phrase that largely sums him up. Born of American parents in Florence, January 12, 1856, Sargent's early career was smoothed by family means, if not large, at least ample. In 1874 he began his studies at Paris with Carolus-Duran, a teacher extraordinarily fitted by his smart worldliness of style, his realistic viewpoint, his direct painting and interest in manipulation to Sargent's own aptitudes. Through Carolus, Sargent learned much of Velasquez; an early trip to Spain increased the Spanish influence to be noted in much of his work, a notable example being the portrait of "The Lady with the Rose" (See page 9), which is very Velasquez in its general arrangement, its sobriety of color with a large use of black, its flatness of mass, subtlety of values, and bold silhouette. In Madrid, by the way, Sargent was the first boarder to come rapping at the door of the newly opened Carmona pension. Lucky himself, he brought fortune to Doña Dolores. Thousands of artists have swarmed there since, while the dear shrewd old lady has sold tons of fans and mantillas eagerly snapped up by her boarders, on the ground that they were "bought by my dear friend Sargent for his London



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

PORTRAIT OF MRS. DAVE HENNER MORRIS AS A GIRL

studio when he was last here, but just couldn't be got into his trunks."

On his return to Paris, Sargent made a notable success with a picture of Spanish dancers, and followed this by creating a tremendous sensation in the Salon of 1884 with his portrait of Madame Gautreau, painted at Houlgate in 1881 when he was but twenty-five. This portrait is now exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum under the title "Madame X." It is said not to have pleased the subject, whose Gallic spirit it so remarkably preserves. The celebrated beauty found it too severe. She was painted a number of times and was not always treated more tenderly. Courtois painted her some years later in white, and also in profile, making rather cruelly apparent her use of rouge on the ears. In the year of the uproar of praise and denunciation caused by this portrait, Sargent moved to London, where he has since passed the major part of his life. There he painted portrait after portrait; and was enormously successful. He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1894, and a full member three years later.

He made occasional trips to America. It was during one of these trips that he painted in his Sherwood studio the famous picture of Carmencita, the

Spanish dancer then appearing in New York. Carmencita was at the height of her beauty and success: she had a charming personality and was immensely popular with the art set of her day. Mrs. Jack Gardiner of Boston was anxious to see her dance, and proposed that Sargent give a studio party at which the dancer might appear. There were but two gas jets in Sargent's studio, so he arranged with Chase to give the party in Chase's studio on Tenth Street. It was the day of autograph albums—scores were left at her residence for her signature. When she became tired autographing albums herself she would get some of the younger artists to sign her name for her, a little joke on the public that caused a good deal of mirth in her circle. Sargent's portrait of Carmencita shows her at the moment of her entrance for dancing. It is



In the Luxembourg Museum, Paris

CARMENCITA

A dazzling example of Sargent's skill as a portraitist



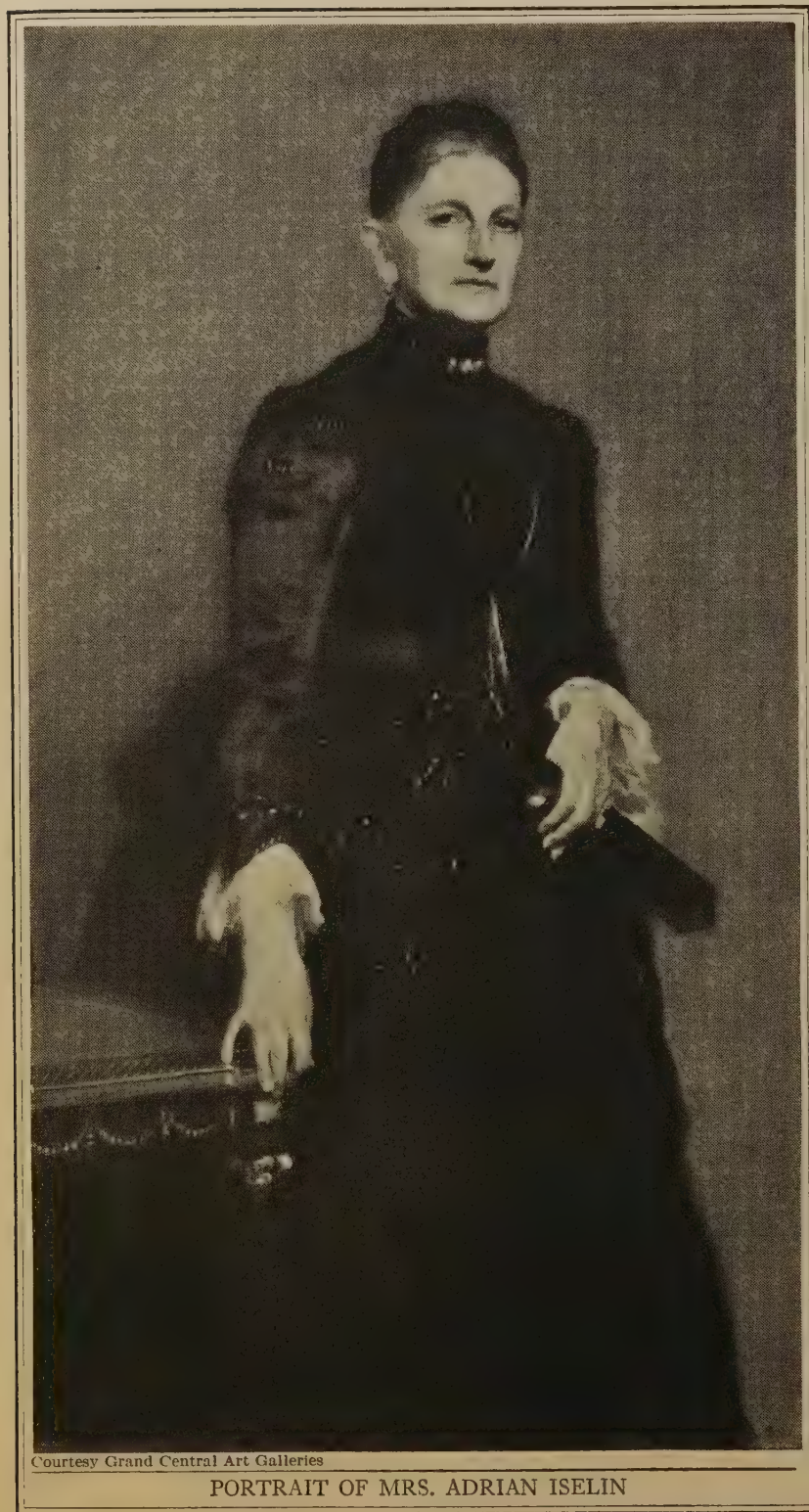
Courtesy American Federation of Arts, Washington

PORTRAIT OF CAROLUS-DURAN, By Sargent

Mr. Sargent began his studies under the guidance of the celebrated French artist in 1874

one of his most famous pictures, being purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum. It is technically a very daring canvas; broad brush work could hardly be carried further than in this portrait.

If the stroke were made larger it would not be possible to turn the edges of the arms and legs so as to make them "go round," as an artist puts it. Carmencita's period of success was brief, and so indeed was her life. She died



in Spain, comparatively young, in obscurity and deep poverty, but her portrait remains to celebrate forever her splendid noonday of popularity and opulent beauty.

At times Sargent broke his periods of portrait painting by sketching trips to Mediterranean countries. A bachelor, he was often accompanied by his sister. Through her interest in water color—she is an accomplished aquarellist—he took up that medium and made superb sketches in Portugal, in Morocco, in Spain, in Italy, in Palestine. In the great world Sargent's portraits were the fashion; a procession of celebrities passed before

his easel. In our own country, he painted Roosevelt, Wilson, Rockefeller, Choate, Ada Rehan, Leonard Wood; in England, Lord Russell of Killowen,

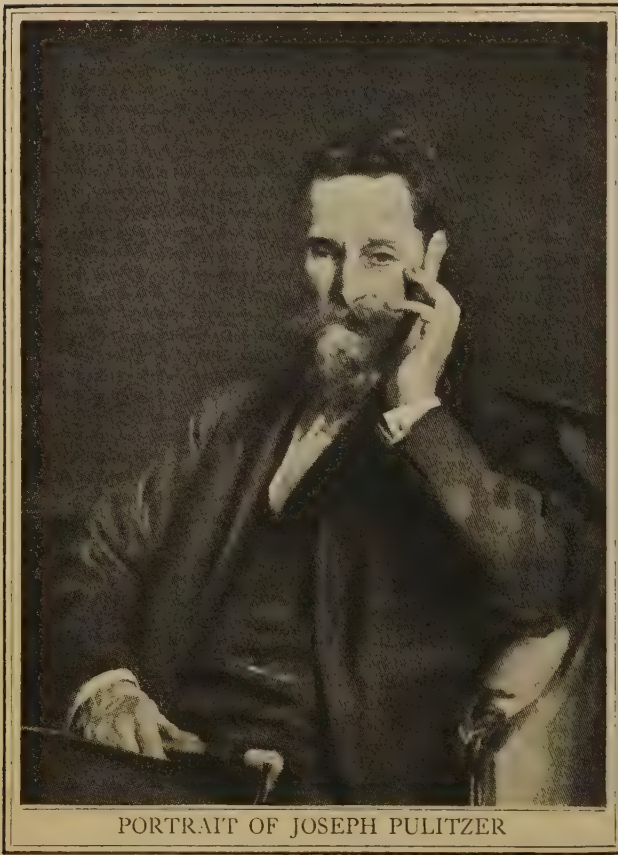
Ellen Terry, Eleanora Duse, Coventry Patmore, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Ribblesdale, half the English notables, in short. He has painted a number of very large group portraits, a distinguished one being the "Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane," a picture of three beautiful English women, that became known immediately upon exhibition as the "Three Graces;" and a somewhat similar canvas of three sisters, the Misses Hunter. Although extremely striking and adroit, Sargent's large group portraits are generally considered to lack the unity and style of his single figures, a common and



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.

THE LADY WITH THE ROSE

Painted by Mr. Sargent in 1882 when in his twenties



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH PULITZER

almost unavoidable fault in large group portraits, which offer one of the most difficult problems in art. Sargent has executed some lovely child portraits, but his smartness, his dazzling and sudden technique, his lack of tenderness, made him, as a whole, less successful with children than with grown people. In 1898 he exhibited what many consider his greatest picture, a likeness of Asher Wertheimer. It is a superb characterization, marvelously painted in somber tones, almost the only note of color being the pink tongue of the curly poodle that is shown beside his master. Following this came eleven other portraits of members of the Wertheimer family, a splendid

series in which the painter's genius appears to delight in the abundant vitality of the sitters.

Nine of these portraits have recently been left to the British nation and placed in the National Gallery, an unprecedented honor for a living painter.

During his busy years as a portrait painter, honors and medals of every description were showered upon him, and the money returns for his work were very great. During many years he received \$5,000 a commission, and he had the curious habit of charging the one price for a portrait whether merely a bust, half length, or full length, instead of charging, as most artists do, a larger price for the larger sizes. During later years he was frequently paid very considerable sums. His solid reputation has held up the values of his work and made it, for those who are interested in that aspect of art, a good investment. The portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, painted for Sir Henry Irving's collection, when sold, brought \$6,000, and then only a comparatively short time after was resold for \$15,000. Two years ago the Chicago Art Institute paid about \$30,000 for his splendid full-length portrait of Mrs. Swinton. The artist starving in his garret is a stock figure of caricature greatly beloved by the public, which in general has let him starve and been extremely cheerful about it. But once in a while an artist is found of sufficient power and fortune to turn the joke against the pub-



In the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia

PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. FIELD



In the Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF
WARWICK AND HER SON

lic by taking away large quantities of its money. It is safe to say that Sargent, has spent much more time cutting coupons in the safe deposit vault than he has in any cupboardless attic.

If the world has greatly rewarded Sargent, it has certainly worked him very hard; celebrity is a bitter taskmaster and, at the best, a doubtful blessing. During his great portrait-painting period in London he was one of the busiest men in the world. A series of appointments filled almost every moment of each day, and his engagements extended for weeks ahead. The first of a series of daily portrait sittings generally began at eleven o'clock, and often this was preceded by a number of important business appointments. Sargent is like most of the celebrated direct-style

realistic painters, a man of robust physique and simple tastes. He has remained unmarried, giving his whole life to art. He is generous in his praise of contemporary artists and has written and published a paper dealing enthusiastically with the work of Zuloaga. He has met almost everybody in his day, but few people have really known him. Who has ever heard a Sargent story, and who has *not* heard scores of Whistler stories? At Florence on one of his sketching tours you could see him folding his stool and disappearing from the Piazza della Signoria just about the time the other artists were

THE ART OF JOHN S. SARGENT

getting to work. If during your European vacation you see a somewhat stout, florid man painting water color, and looking very much like a substantial banker might if he decided to rest from high finance by messing about in aquarelle, do not go up and tell him all about his picture. It might be Sargent—it was, on one occasion in Venice, when a certain chatty old painter resident there was appalled to find that the unknown artist who had humbly listened that morning to large chunks of unasked-for advice was the most celebrated portrait painter of his day.

Sargent is one of the very greatest figures of the realistic school of painting that developed during the last half of the nineteenth century. Genius for characterization and phenomenal virtuosity are the dominating characteristics of his work. There are really two great schools of painting. One, the smooth, indirect method, using flat underpaintings and glazings, making no particular effort for brush work and generally concerned with beauty of surface, is the manner commonly used by most of the old masters, particularly the Italians. The other method is rougher and more direct. The effort is to put the paint down at once, at the first touch, and leave it, and to let the brush stroke remain apparent for its decorative value, its freshness, and its service in rendering the planes and construction in realistic painting. Raphael used the first method, Hals the latter; Rembrandt frequently combined both. Of the direct method Sargent is everywhere acknowledged as the



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HENRY WHITE



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

PORTRAIT OF MRS. AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY

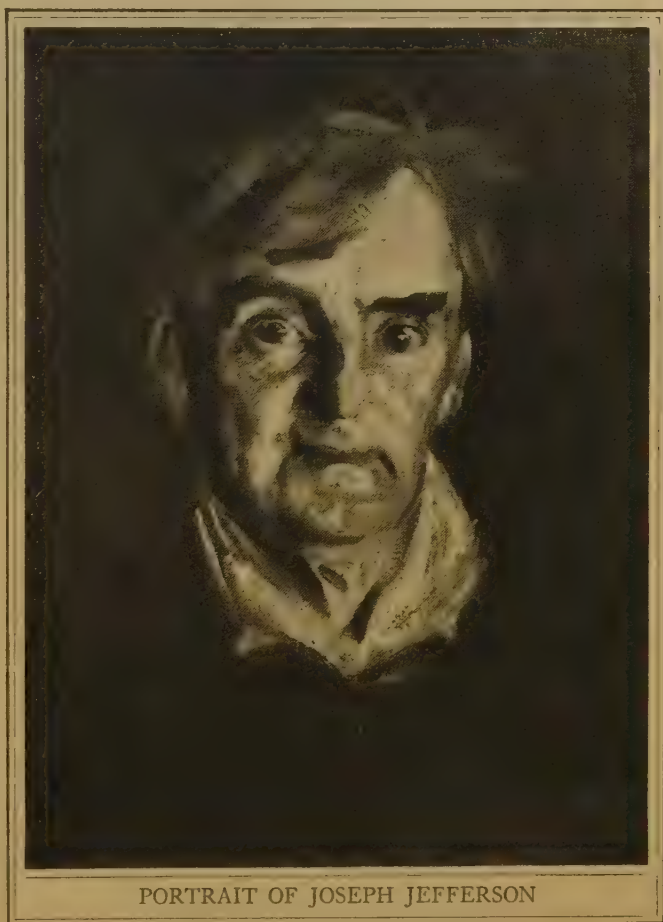
supreme living exponent; his manual dexterity, his certainty, his brilliance, are unparalleled in our times. His range is very great; he has painted portraits of all sorts of people, nudes, indoor and outdoor scenes of every description in a dozen countries—everything, in short, that interested him,

the whole held together as one man's work by his unvarying point of view, realism presented with bravura. His great contemporaries in his school were the Spaniard, Sorolla; the Swede, Zorn; the Frenchman, Besnard; Boldini, an Italian resident at Paris; and the Englishman, Brangwyn, who, although largely giving himself to mural decoration, has painted many realistic easel pictures of extraordinary brilliance.

The work of these men is a product of extraordinary natural manual facility combined with almost scientific knowledge of what they are about and interminable incessant practice. In 1906, for example, Sorolla held a large exhibition of his work at the George Petit gallery in Paris, and, as a result, for six weeks was unable to work. Upon the conclusion of the exhibition he spent the summer at Biarritz, and there for some weeks questioned all those about him anxiously as to whether his technic had fallen off during his six weeks of inactivity.

Collier, in his book on portrait painting, states that Sargent, when asked to describe his process of work, replied: "As to describing my procedure, I find the greatest difficulty in making it clear to pupils even with the palette and brushes in hand and with the model before one; to serve it up in the abstract seems to me hopeless."

An interesting light in Sargent's method has been given in a brief paper by Dr. William H. Welch, who, with Drs. Osler, Halstead, and Kelly, sat for the famous portrait group painted for Johns Hopkins University. The first sitting was taken up with trial groupings, then came sittings singly and by pairs. "We each averaged two sittings a week," he writes, "which, owing to the artist's press of work, frequently conflicted with the sittings of others, one of whom was Lord Roberts, who broke in on us several times. At one of our group sittings Sargent seemed in despair, saying, 'You all seem so much



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

alike—four white spots on a canvas. It is not a picture!’ Suddenly he had an idea. ‘There is a big Venetian globe in my other studio; if there is no objection on medical grounds, I will use it and it will make the portrait a picture.’ At the first regroupment with the globe, Sargent declared it was just what was needed. My head he painted in a single impression; Dr. Osler gave the artist the most trouble. The present portrait of him is the third attempt. The artist did not attempt to niggle the first two into acceptability but rubbed them out each time. By this I am reminded of the following incident: I had expressed my delight at a certain picture of Gainsborough’s. Sargent said: ‘Now, there’s a man; he did not attempt to tease a mistake into an acceptable picture as Reynolds did, but let it go honestly as a bad job.’” Chase, who placed much importance upon manual skill in art, and who posed to Sargent in London for the familiar portrait in the Metropolitan Museum, never tired of praising the precision and beauty of Sargent’s technic. He commented on the astonishing amount that Sargent accomplished at each sitting as a result of his extraordinary dexterity and surety. Only one thing about his portrait disturbed Chase, which was the mahlstick. Chase never used one and rather despised the implement. He realized that Sargent had introduced it for purposes of composition, but always considered it an uncomfortable note in an otherwise fine picture.

The effect of Sargent’s work upon painting in general has been enormous and healthy. Those interested in direct painting who have had the eye to see and the brain to understand have learned a great deal. Occasionally, of course, one sees artists or students entirely without natural manual ability throwing brush strokes madly about without realization that the strokes should express the drawing, that they should convey an almost scientific setting-forth of the planes of the figure. This kind of painting cannot be done, of course, without a mastery of drawing; in short,



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

“POINTY”

A dog portrait, vital and appealing, that betrays the touch of the master



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FISKE WARREN AND DAUGHTER

if one insists upon taking the rabbit, the eggs, and the goldfish out of the silk hat, years of practice behind the scenes before a début is necessary—else hisses and a most sloppy omelette are a sure result.

Sargent's marvelous hand has been for a lifetime the servant of an eye that is a close and subtle observer. He has been content for the most part to see and to do, to see clearly and keenly, and then record with a sort of passion for splendid workmanship. Critics quarrel as to just how much psychology there may be under the brilliant exterior characterization of his portraits.



Painted for Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore

"THE FOUR DOCTORS"

Dr. Welsh, Dr. Halstead, Dr. Osler, Dr. Kelly

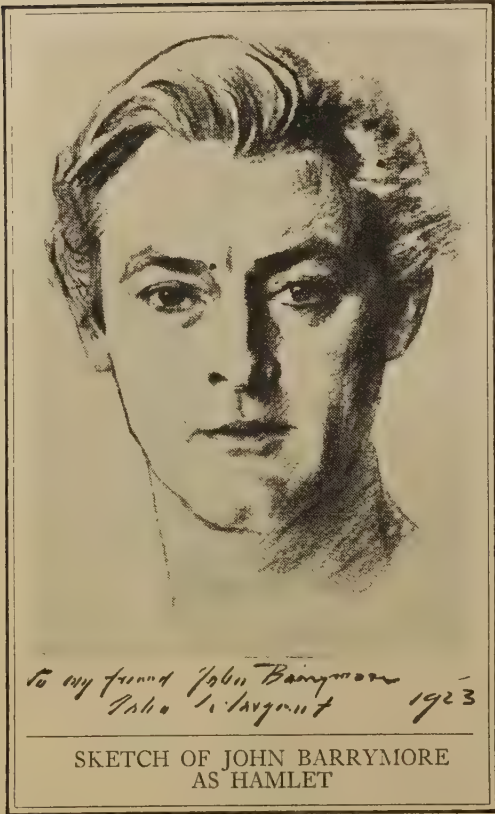
Is it psychology, or is it merely physiology? Certainly he does not brood over his portraits. There is no time for meditation, for long contemplative analysis with a technic so sudden, so fast. His portraits have a sort of instantaneous quality that lends them a restlessness very much of the age. Occasionally he has obviously tried for instantaneity, as in his picture of Mrs. George Batten, shown singing the last note of one of Tosti's songs. This he probably did better than anyone else in the world could have done it,



In the John Harron Institute, Indianapolis

PORTRAIT OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

but he apparently tried the impossible, and the picture has been widely criticized as giving the sitter the appearance of sneezing. He is not a person given to brooding mood or subtle analysis; he seems simply to put the sitter before us in a manner that is rather impersonal, and has sometimes been criticized as a trifle heartless. "Well, here's what they look like: do your own thinking," he appears to say. Sargent's technic is a marvelous slave; as with every slave, while serving, it somewhat limits the activities of the master. Direct painting is apt, like other forms of brilliance, to be somewhat



thin and brittle. A technic so rapid and audacious is naturally more suited as an interpreter of the hand and eye than of the heart or soul. But this, after all, is but another way of saying that Sargent, like every artist that has ever lived, has the defects of his splendid qualities.

How very great those qualities are is evident from even the most cursory examination of his work and is amply proved by the deep pleasure his superb pictures have given to artists, critics, and the great public during nearly half a century.

John C. Van Dyke, art critic, in considering the genius of Sargent, has this to say:

"If I apprehend Sargent rightly, such theory of art as he possesses is founded on observation. Some fifteen years ago, in Gibraltar, at the old Cecil

Hotel, I was dining with him. That night, as a very unusual thing, Sargent talked about painting—talked of his own volition. He suggested his theory of art in a single sentence: 'You see things that way' (pointing slightly to the left) 'and I see them that way' (pointing slightly to the right). . . .

"A painter who has been looking at human heads for many years sees more than the man who casually looks up to recognize an acquaintance on the street. I do not mean that he sees more 'character,' . . . but merely that he sees the physical conformation more completely than others do. Everyone sooner or later molds his own face. It becomes marked or set or shaped in response to continued methods of thinking and acting. When that face comes under the portrait painter's eye, he does not see the scholar, the banker, the senator, the captain of industry; but he does see, perhaps, certain depressions of the cheek or lines about the eyes or mouth in contractions of the lips or protrusions of the brow or jaw that appeal to him strongly because they are cast in shadow or thrown up sharply in relief of light. These surface features he paints perhaps with more emphasis than they possess in the original because they appeal to him emphatically, and presently the peculiar look that indicates the character of the man appears. . . . If a painter sees and knows his subject thoroughly, he will have little trouble in telling what he sees and knows; and to say of Sargent that he observes rightly and records truly is to state the case in a sentence."

A GROUP OF PORTRAITS
BY JOHN S. SARGENT



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHARLES INCHES



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HENRY G. MARQUAND



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF HENRY G. MARQUAND



PORTRAIT OF MISS CAREY THOMAS—President of Bryn Mawr College



PORTRAIT OF LORD RIBBLESDALE

A distinguished English sportsman. Lady Ribblesdale was formerly Mrs. John Jacob Astor



ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF MISS ADA REHAN



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.

MADAME X; PORTRAIT OF MADAME GAUTREAU



In the Art Institute, Chicago

PORTRAIT OF THE HONORABLE MRS. SWINTON

SIX MODERN AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS

ABBOTT H. THAYER
JOHN W. ALEXANDER
WILLIAM M. CHASE

CECILIA BEAUX
GEORGE DE F. BRUSH
GEORGE W. BELLOWES

AMONG American portraitists there is none whose work offers greater contrast to that of Sargent than Abbott H. Thayer. Sargent may be said to be a portraitist of the body. With a technic unparalleled in our day for swiftness, surety, and brilliance, he has shown us exactly what his sitters looked like, bedecked and surrounded with comforts and luxuries of life. Thayer is a portraitist of the soul. He was not clever at all; although he produced some pictures of technical excellence in their entirety, he was not a great technician; certainly nothing was further from his thoughts than brilliance. As a whole he was laborious, uncertain of results, interminable: many of his pictures remained unfinished at his death. He tells of destroying work on which he had labored for two years, and in a letter to Royal Cortissoz writes of preoccupation which "helps the pictures to get born without being mauled by my lifelong vice of morbid overstraining." But he was a great artist, a very great poet in paint, an earnest worker and seeker for beauty.

Born in Boston in 1849, Thayer was painting and drawing before he was ten years old. During boyhood years at Keene, New Hampshire, he made remarkable studies of birds, foxes, and deer. After brief study in the

National Academy, Thayer, at twenty-five, became a pupil of Gérôme at Paris, although more largely influenced by the example of Bastien-Lepage than by any other painter. From 1879 to 1890 Thayer lived at or near New York. These

were years of great art activity for him, during which he produced decorations, portraits, and a number of his large decorative figure subjects. In 1901 he moved to Dublin, New Hampshire, close by his boyhood home. There, although he painted some superb pictures, the naturalist in Thayer dominated rather than the artist. Ornithology had been a passion throughout his life. In association with his son his later years were devoted largely to study of concealing coloration in the animal kingdom—American army camouflage during the great war being based at first wholly upon his data and suggestions. He died in 1921.

The portraits of Thayer are contemplative, brooding, slow. He sought noble models and searched in them for the qualities that gave them spiritual grandeur and significance. He was an idealist. With keen and delicate intuition he waited the mood, the expression, that revealed the essential spirit of the man or woman before him. In one of his remarkable letters to Cortissoz he wrote, "Let the painter once look upon a person



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM M. CHASE

By John S. Sargent



© Paul Thompson

JOHN W. ALEXANDER IN HIS STUDIO

who has, beneath no matter how many surface defects, one dominant greatness, purity at heart and fiery love of truth and beauty, and in his own heart the image of such a personality wakes into brilliant, ringing clearness and takes the helm, saying, 'Watch this being! Thou wilt surely see, now and then, the being she really is beam forth and come in sight. Watch then, and take in how she looks, for in those aroused moments she dominates the whole face and body, ruling all their details into her heavenly form.'"

The fact that mood was so essential to Thayer's work made his pictures slow to build and results uneven and by no means certain. He employed during the last of his life a very peculiar method. He wrote that, after spoiling many canvases with his furious persistence, he gradually learned how to use himself. "I learned," he wrote, "that I really have nothing but three-day powers! So I now keep reverently every start, have it copied by an assistant while I paint something else or go up Monadnock or write on

birds, anything to get as far as possible from my work; then pounce on the copy, give it a three days' shove again and actually have that further result copied again, and soon and on . . . it is like keeping one's foot always planted firmly as one climbs a dangerous cliff, never jumping after the first three days."

An interesting contrast to the profound and searching portraits of Thayer are the delicately sensitive and highly decorative portraits of John W. Alexander. It was Paris that first fully recognized what Alexander had to offer. After years of struggle that had won only partial success, the artist, then thirty-four years old, went abroad for a short stay largely with a view to recuperating from an attack of grippe. He stayed eleven years, principally in the French capital. There, in the Salon of 1893, he showed three portraits that were the sensation of the year, a "Portrait in Gray," a "Portrait in Black," and a "Portrait in Yellow." These mature works completely revealed for the first time

the essential characteristic of his portraiture, the emphasis placed on the picture as a decoration rather than as a document of character. For decorative effects of line and mass in these works he sacrificed realism, arranging garments in graceful and arbitrary lines to fill spaces; he flattened values to obtain pattern, was preoccupied with color schemes and delicate tonalities, and showed that special sense of feminine grace, that charm and refinement, that restraint that marked his work during the rest of his life.

John White Alexander was born in Allegheny City in 1856.

In this Pennsylvania town he passed all his childhood. At twelve he was a telegraph messenger; at eighteen, with a small portfolio of drawings, he rapped at the door of Harper's, the New York publisher, and asked for a position on the art staff. The only opening was for an office boy, and this Alexander accepted, finally working his way to the art department, where he was associated with such men as Abbey, Frost, and Reinhart. After three years at Harper's, and fortified with three hundred dollars' savings, he went with Reinhart to Munich, where he studied briefly at the academy and then worked for a longer period in the little village of Polling in Bavaria. With Frank Duveneck he journeyed to Florence; at Venice he profited

by acquaintance with Whistler. Upon his return to America he resumed work for Harper's and painted occasional portraits much in the realistic manner of the Munich school, dark in color with emphatic lighting of the head, pictures which gave but little indication of what his work was to become. It was at about the end of this period that

he painted, in two sittings, his famous "Walt Whitman." The portrait was executed under difficulties. The poet was averse to being painted at all; the work had to be done in a small poorly lit room with a ceiling so low that an easel could not be used, and the canvas had as a result to be balanced against a chair that moved unsteadily as the painter worked. After Alexander's Parisian success his vogue became great. He was an international celebrity when he returned to America where, until his death in 1915, he added to the practice of his art a multitude of official art duties that eventually helped to wear out a physique never too robust.

Alexander's delicate productions are delightful works of decoration. He painted on very rough canvas, putting his color on, for the most part, in thin decorative stains. Such a method is naturally better suited to women's portraits than to portraits of men. In his work there was nothing extreme or violent—the refinement, the restraint and subtlety of his work being eminently characteristic of the man himself.

William Merritt Chase succeeded in being exactly what he wished to be in life: a painter first, last, and all the time. Born in Williamsburg, Indiana, in 1849, at twenty-four he was a favorite pupil in Munich of Piloty, painter of



© Curtis & Cameron, Boston

PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER

By William M. Chase

enormous and theatrical historical pictures. At Munich, Chase profited by a solid academic training. He broadened his taste by a trip to Italy before he returned to New York in 1878 and established himself in the old studio building still extant at 51 West 10th Street, where, with macaws and wolfhounds, servants in Oriental costumes,

Venetian antiques, and his own paintings, he had the most celebrated show-studio of his day. After a trip to Spain in 1881, Chase became a disciple of Velasquez, in whose path he followed during the rest of his life. Under the influence of many trips to Europe and incessant painting, he gradually abandoned his dark color and the heavy and somewhat dry Munich manner. He became a brilliant realist, deeply interested in manipulation, in good craftsmanship. the accomplished technician, in short; teaching that good method was in itself art, that subject was not important, that manner was more important than matter, that salvation lay in clever brushwork, in manual dexterity. America was eager at this time to learn the craftsmanship of good painting. Chase was a splendid teacher of technic; his students were numbered by hundreds. During the last of his life he said that he could not throw a stone into the air without hitting a pupil. His life was extraordinarily active and remained so until



In the Art Institute, Chicago

PORTRAIT OF ALICE, By William M. Chase

his death in 1916. He ferried back and forth to Europe, taking whole classes with him; he collected, buying anything he fancied, from a villa at Florence to an antique ring, at times cramping himself financially as a result. His was a delightful and sympathetic personality; he looked like an artist; his stories became famous. Often the joke was on himself. With what gusto he told of two young American ladies who, entering a railway carriage in Spain in which he was alone, looked him over, one finally commenting aloud to the other in English, "Just look how that Frenchman is all fixed up. Doesn't he think he is just too lovely for anything!" Chase was a painter to the end. When taken in an incurable condition to Atlantic City

only a month before his death in 1916 he had brushes and colors packed with his luggage in the hope of sketching there.

Chase's work, particularly in his portraits, frequently rose beyond his theory that art is simply a matter of workmanship and quality. Good workmanship and quality always marked his productions, but in such a superb performance as his "Woman in a White Shawl," in the Pennsylvania Academy, there is real art emotion, real feeling and

thought, a subtle and sympathetic understanding of the refined woman before him. The picture has a certain delicate reserve, a feeling of reverence for womanhood that was one of Chase's best qualities. Never do we find in his feminine portraits that cynical, half-contemptuous, half-mocking attitude toward women characteristic of the work of many celebrated Continental painters. Chase's portraits of women are painted with the eyes and the understanding of a gentleman.

Like Alexander and Chase, Cecilia Beaux is a direct

painter who puts great emphasis upon craftsmanship. A Philadelphian of French descent, her first art work after very brief instruction was the drawing on stone of fossil forms for a geological survey. She then became a pupil of Van der Nielsen and of William Sartain at Philadelphia, in 1889, going to Paris for further study. There she worked at Julian's, then under Courtois and Dagnan-Bouveret, but finally, as she herself declares, received the most help from Robert Fleury and Charles Lasar. It is clear that she studied the work of Carolus-Duran and his celebrated pupil, Sargent, although she never received any direct teaching from either of them. In 1891 she returned to America, where she made her way rapidly as

a portrait painter. In 1896 Miss Beaux exhibited six large portraits in the Salon at Paris, which were hung in a group and made a very great success. "Composition, flesh, texture, sound drawing, everything, is there without affectation and without seeking after effect," wrote one critic of her work. Miss Beaux paints to-day in her Gramercy Park studio when not living in her country home near Gloucester or in Paris.

The work of Cecilia Beaux has undoubtedly a certain kinship with that of Sargent. She is less brilliant than Sargent, somewhat more studied. But she sounds unquestionably her own individual note with force, simplicity, and directness. The people in her portraits are rather more "homey" than those in Sargent's pictures. More American and less cosmopolitan in appearance, more such people as we are apt to meet in everyday polite life. Miss Beaux has said that imagination, insight, and design are the substance of good painting. Her pictures are frequently painted very slowly, although they do not appear so; she sometimes works weeks on a picture that looks as if it were painted in a few hours. Her general practice is to completely remove with oil at the end of each session everything that is not right and so build up the portrait plane by plane with an art that conceals art and effort. In an amusing professional chat on portrait painting she has said that on the whole men are more vain when having their portraits done than are women. She stated that in the plain garb worn by man to-day there is little for him to fuss about save his collar and necktie, but that he is very particular about that. She added that it is difficult to make an in-

teresting portrait of a thoroughly insignificant-looking man, but that with a woman of insignificant appearance something could be done, she "could at least be drowned in her clothes."

Chase, Alexander, Miss Beaux, and, of course, Sargent are all direct painters. The work of George de Forest Brush offers an example, rare in our time, of an artist's using in masterly fashion the indirect method of oil painting employed by most of the old masters. Instead of putting on his paint in thick fresh touches, leaving it touch by touch as first placed, Brush builds his pictures up with the use of under-paintings and glazes. A robe, for example, that is to appear red when finished will be first painted in a tone of yellow or orange, and the red then applied in a thin

wash over it. This method gives a luminous beauty, a transparency of color, that the direct method cannot equal. It is surer than the direct method; one can work slowly with much time for thought and know exactly what one is doing. It of course lacks the spontaneity and sweeping brilliance of direct painting, but it is a method that permits of the most careful meditation and deliberate study of the composition. As a matter of fact, there is nothing spontaneous at all in the pictures of Brush. They are works of jewel-like beauty, organized, considered to the least



Courtesy the artist

PORTRAIT OF JOAN—Granddaughter of the artist,
By George de Forest Brush

particular, made with the care of a lapidary. The method which he employs has stood the test of time. Pictures made in this way by a master of the process last well. The process has been criticized as not being of our day or suited to our nervous era. But in two thousand years who but students of art history will know whether Brush lived five hun-



PORTRAIT GROUP By George de Forest Brush

dred years earlier or later than this period.

Born at Shelbyville, Tennessee, in 1855, he was for a brief period a pupil in New York of the National Academy, and in his early twenties was already at Paris studying under Gérôme. Upon his return to New York he devoted himself to Indian subjects, his manner, trim and hard, reflecting much of his

master's accomplishment. In these early Indian pictures Brush showed much poetic imagination, he attained a certain romance, an air of elevation and of solemnity that lent his work great distinction. His most notable picture of this period was "The King and the Sculptor," representing an Indian artist showing to his chief the heavily carved stone



EMMA AND HER CHILDREN, By George W. Bellows

screen which he had created. Brush made an early marriage, and probably under the influence of his family environment turned from his pictures of Indians to portraits of his wife and of his children. He has lived much at Dublin, New Hampshire, and at Florence in Italy. The Italian influence upon his work is obvious. To-day he is painting again in New York.

The many portraits which Brush has painted of his family are not only superb examples of his method but very fine works of art. They have a grave and touching beauty, a certain great nobility. The mother in these pictures has passed her youth; the portraits frequently suggest the sacrifices that motherhood brings as well as its rewards, but through these lovely pictures there is a charm, a dignity, a deep calm

beauty, a peace, that gives them that haunting quality that is one of the characteristics of great art.

Very different from the work of Brush are the canvases of a much younger and less developed man, but a man of great talent, George Bellows. Bellows is one of the most brilliant of the younger American painters both in accomplishment and promise. It is not to be expected that he should have as completely found himself or as definitely placed himself as have men of the ripened years and talents of Brush. Bellows is all force, freshness, energy; his work, harsh at first and often lacking in reserve and proportion, is steadily changing and developing into something deeper and finer. He is a product of the Middle West, where he was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1882. A pupil of

Robert Henri, he made an early success with a series of pictures of New York dock and street scenes, views of our parks, of a Coney Island beach, of tenement-house neighborhoods; a series of clamorous and somewhat rowdy canvases full of talent, of fresh observation, of sweeping unconventionality. He made the success that his fresh vigor and great endowments merited. At thirty-one he

was a member of the National Academy. Now he no longer exhibits at the Academy, but is rather allied with the radical camp, being a director of the Society of Independent Artists and a chief factor in the New Society. He is an enormous worker and organizer, a vivid and vital note in American art.

His portraits, always abundant in energy,



PORTRAIT OF MISS HELEN BEATTY, By John W. Alexander



In the Art Institute, Chicago

PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER, By George W. Bellows

have been criticized at times as being vigorous to the point of brutality, and as lacking in beauty. But toward beauty, toward subtlety, toward reserve and distinction of style he has steadily been moving.

In such works as his "Portrait of My Mother" and in his "Emma and Her Children" he reaches a great height and makes a very valuable contribution to the splendid sum of American art.



Courtesy Thayer Estate and Milch Galleries, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF YOUNG WOMAN IN GREEN VELVET, By Abbott H. Thayer



"OTHER DAYS," By John W. Alexander



A PORTRAIT STUDY—Ernesta Bullit, niece of the artist—By Cecilia Beaux



In the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence

Photograph courtesy Macbeth Gallery, N. Y.

MOTHER AND CHILD, By Abbott H. Thayer



SITA AND SARITA, By Cecilia Beaux



In the Library, Princeton University

PORTRAIT OF DR. PATTON—Ex-President of Princeton University—By John W. Alexander



HOUSES, SIGNS, AND PORTRAITS PAINTED!

BY J. PENNINGTON

In the early part of the eighteenth century the "South Carolina Gazette" carried a notice "to gentlemen *and others*" that portraits, engraving, heraldry, and house painting would be undertaken and performed by a native artist "at the lowest rate." This was

the usual rather than the unusual thing in the days before and just after the Revolution. Only a fashionable painter could make a living by painting portraits, even though, in those pre-photographic days, that was the only means whereby a man might preserve his image for posterity. Nor could an artist hope to make a living in any one place, because commissions were too rare and competition too keen. He had to go from place to place, painting likenesses at a furious rate, working eight or ten hours a day, and resorting to every kind of time-saving device in order to keep the wolf from the door. If he were not a well-known artist his lot was even

harder. He dared not even hope to make a living by his brush, but must eke out his livelihood in more practical fields of endeavor.

A painter whose services were in demand usually received about twenty-five dollars for a portrait; and it is recorded as an evidence of phenomenal success that one artist painted a hundred likenesses at this price in six months. A modern photographer would close up shop if business were as poor as that. The usual rate, however, was even lower, as the following advertisement from a Boston paper of 1790 shows:

The public are respectfully informed that the artists who took the most correct likeness of the President of the United States and executed a medal of him are at the house of John Coburn in State Street and will continue for one month only to make the most correct likenesses in two minutes' sitting and finish them for one dollar to three.

Samuel B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, made his living in his youth painting miniatures. His price was five dollars if the sitter provided his own ivory; the rate for profile drawings was one dollar. Morse afterward made several full-size likenesses, among them a well-known portrait of General Lafayette. John Wesley Jarvis, nephew of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, devised two ingenious schemes for saving time in making likenesses. In his early days he invented a machine for drawing profiles on glass, the reverse then being blacked in very quickly.

Later on, when he became more successful, he spent his winters in New Orleans executing commissions for portraits, and took with him a lesser light named Inman. Jarvis would paint the head and face and then turn the canvas over to have the background and drapery completed by Inman.

Sometimes the artist survived the struggle, and sometimes he did not. The scarcity of orders, the low prices paid, and the keenness of competition were not the only obstacles in the path of the artist. Puritan prejudice against them was strong. In the "Records of the Selectmen of the Towne of Boston," this entry appears: "Lawrence Brown,

a Limner, asks admittance to be an Inhabitant of this Towne, which is granted on Condition that he gives Security to Save the Towne Harmless."

There was also the difficulty of securing the materials of one's craft, which had to be imported and were therefore expensive. Benjamin West, called the father of American portrait painting, secured his colors and brushes in this way: The Indians taught him to make the reds and yellows they used for painting themselves, and his mother gave him some indigo. He had never seen a camel's-hair brush, but it had been described to him; so he took a goose quill and fastened to it some hairs from the cat's tail. Another ambitious youth who lived in the backwoods fashioned a palette from a piece of board in which was ranged a row of thimbles filled with various colors.



Signboard of the Three Crowns, painted about 1771 by Benjamin West. The Three Crowns was a noted hostelry that stood on the King's Highway in Salisbary Township, Pennsylvania

There was one unfailing expedient to which the Colonial artist could resort, and that was the painting of signs. In the days when shops and houses were not numbered, every business street presented a succession of golden balls, blue gloves, crowns and scepters, dogs, elephants, and horses. These signs very often had no relation to the nature of the business they represented. In Philadelphia, particularly famous for its signs, there was a representation of a cock in a barn-yard "which for many years graced a beer garden in Spruce Street. The execution of this was so fine and the expression of nature so exactly copied that it was evident to the most casual observer that it was painted by the hand of a master."

The master whose hand had painted this sign, and many others in Philadelphia, was Matthew Pratt. From childhood Pratt had been interested in painting and so he was apprenticed to his uncle to learn all branches of the business—that is, sign, house, and portrait painting. His first known portrait is one of Benjamin Franklin. After some months of study under Benjamin West in London, Pratt returned to Philadelphia. In spite of a reasonable number of commissions he was compelled to resort to sign painting as a means of supporting his family. Pratt's signs were a source of great pride to his fellow citizens. He painted the Federal Convention, showing "a group of personages engaged in public discussion," with the venerable head of Dr. Franklin

conspicuously displayed in the foreground. Under it was the following rhyme:

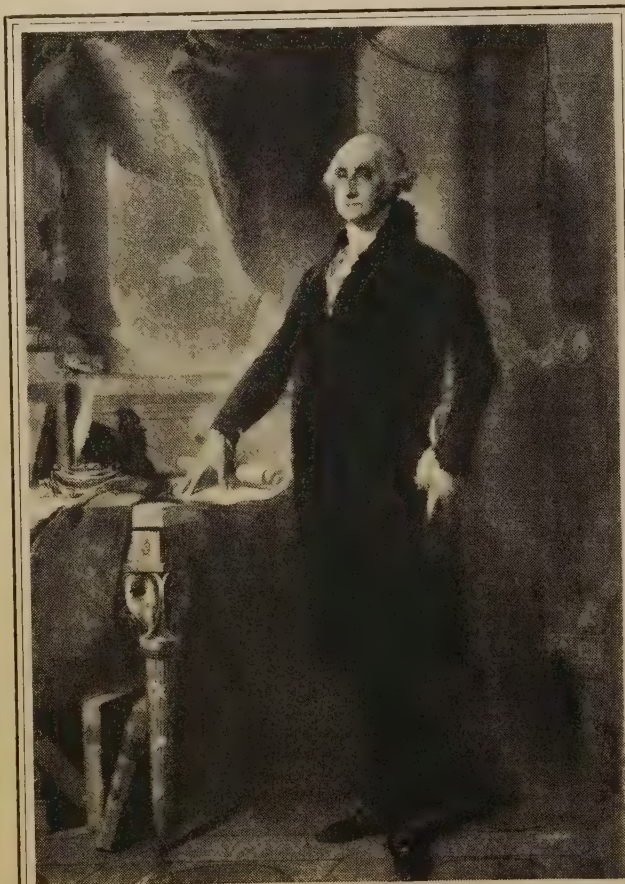
These thirty-eight great men have signed a powerful deed
That better times to us shall very soon succeed.

Citizens crowded about busily engaged in identifying the figures in the group. Pratt's portraits were often excellently done. At his best he was the equal of Benjamin West, and a number of his paintings have been attributed to Copley. His picture "The London School" shows West's studio. In it the master is criticizing a picture held by Pratt, and in the foreground is a picture of Dela-
noy, the artist son of a Philadelphia oysterman.

There were other interesting figures among the early American painters. Charles Willson Peale was apprenticed to a saddler and subsequently worked as a coach builder, a clock and watch maker, and a silversmith.

When a portrait painter came to town Peale decided to try his hand at the same craft; so he went to Philadelphia and purchased the materials he needed and a book of instructions.

While studying, unaided, Peale also learned to model in wax and to cast in plaster. He painted miniatures, engraved plates, and taught his brothers the art of painting—even as he was learning it himself—and one of them actually became a fairly good miniature painter. Peale was a soldier in the Revolution, founded a museum of natural



GILBERT STUART'S "LANSDOWNE" PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

Showing the distinguished subject wearing a set of false teeth made for him by Charles Willson Peale, who numbered among his varied professions that of painter, engraver, modeler, lecturer, silversmith, watch maker, saddler, and coach builder

history, and then went on a lecture tour. As he began to lose his teeth he found speaking difficult, so he gave up lecturing and began making dental plates—at first a set in ivory for himself, and then porcelain teeth for his friends. Among his clients was Washington, and in several of his portraits the Father of our Country wears a strained expression around the mouth due to an ill-fitting set of teeth made by Peale. Peale had many children, all named for famous painters. One of them, Rembrandt Peale, became a good painter in his own right. The elder Peale founded the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Another man to achieve unusual things was William Dunlap, one of the first to paint Washington and his wife. In addition to the vocation of portrait painter, Dunlap was a theatrical manager and playwright, an editor, author, poet, soldier, and farmer. He had only one eye, but his infirmity did not prevent his painting some large canvases of historical and Biblical scenes, in imitation of those of Benjamin West. The public paid twenty-five cents to see them when they were sent on exhibition.

Chester Harding was one of the most romantic figures of the period. A giant well over six feet tall, until he was twenty-one he lived the rough life of a pioneer. When the ambition to paint first struck him he left his father's farm, floated down the Allegheny on a flatboat, and set up shop as a sign painter in Pittsburgh. Finally, encouraged by Gilbert Stuart, Harding opened a studio in Boston. The backwoodsman-artist received so many commissions that even Stuart became envious.

There are countless others who deserve mention, who suffered for the sake of art and pursued it at all costs. Edward G. Malbone, the famous miniaturist, at one time painted theatrical scenery. Bass Otis, a scythe-maker's apprentice, painted many portraits and made the first lithograph ever printed in this country. Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, painted portraits, landscapes, and miniatures in his early manhood.

The work of these early American portrait painters had "power and serenity." As a whole, their art may be summed up by a phrase used to describe the worthy Matthew Pratt's signs: "Here is no niggling in style or touch."



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE BIRTH OF AMERICAN ART

Benjamin West, the American painter who later became president of the Royal Academy in London, is standing at the left. The figure holding the canvas in his lap is Matthew Pratt, the sign painter-artist who painted the original of this picture

THE STORY OF A PICTURE

JOAN OF ARC, BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE

EDITORIAL NOTE: This is one of a series of stories about famous pictures and their painters that will be told in The Mentor from time to time.

Living in the little out-of-the-way village of Domremy, Joan of Arc had for years feasted on the tales of passing soldiers and had watched playmates go off to war. She prayed so fervently and thought so much about her country's danger that she seemed to hear the saints giving her, a poor illiterate girl, the courage and inspiration to lead France's armies to battle.

Loving simplicity and peasant types, Bastien-Lepage chose as the model for his celebrated picture of the French heroine a young girl who was a descendant of the same stock as Joan of Arc, and painted her in simple peasant dress near the cottage where the real Joan lived. He was criticized at the time for his treatment of the subject, as it had been the custom to portray the girl warrior in armor with gleaming shield and banner.

Jules Bastien-Lepage was himself born in a small village in France. When at the age of five he showed talent in drawing, his father encouraged him because he thought it would help his son in a coveted career as overseer of forests, bridges, or highways. He sent him to college by great sacrifice, hoping that

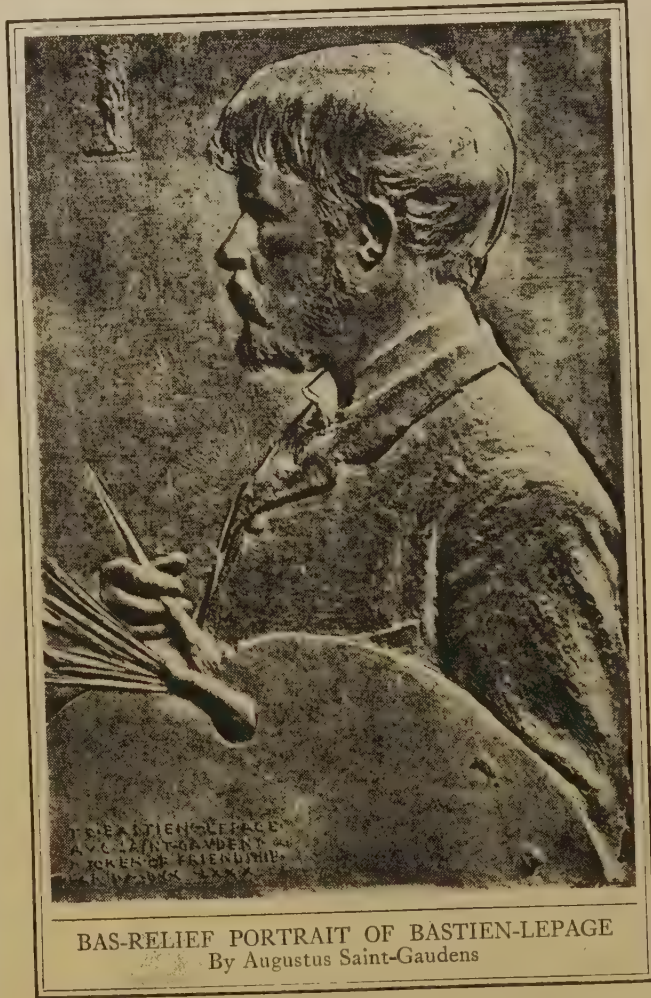
his education would procure him a comfortable government position. This plan of the father's took the course of other plans of mice and men when Jules announced his intention of becoming, not an engineer, but an artist, and of studying in Paris. Being a determined young person, he gained his point and set out for the city, where he worked for a while as post-office clerk. He soon gave up this arrangement, however, as it did not allow time for his studies. His

mother, sympathetic with his aims, obtained work in the fields so that she could send him a pittance; also, his town voted him a monthly allowance. Jules was always very grateful for this aid, and later, when he had achieved success, he brought some of his friends to Paris for a visit. Indeed, he quite overwhelmed his mother by taking her to a shop and buying her the stiffest black silk dress they could find.

Lepage suffered many disappointments. Several times when he competed for medals or for the *Prix de Rome*, with the fond hope of pleasing his family and friends, he failed to win.

His painting was not conservative enough for the judges, but he had the solace of knowing that he had the support of his fellow students. Once, when he failed to get a much-desired prize, his friends kept his painting decorated with laurel wreaths and flowers, which they renewed every time the officials of the exhibition removed them. Sarah Bernhardt put a wreath on one of his paintings.

No one looking at Lepage's characteristic "Portrait of My Grandfather," "In the Hay-



field," and "The Potato Gatherers" can fail to perceive the influence of Millet, who, above all other subjects, preferred to paint peasants in attitudes of work or rest. It was in tribute to his mother's father that, born Bastien, the artist added the name Lepage.

The painting of Joan of Arc was much discussed when first exhibited, and, to the artist's great chagrin, it too failed to win a medal of honor. But in the course of years it has prevailed against those who originally found fault with it, and the public at large has adopted the canvas as its own. Critics once said the picture was too full of details. To-day the average observer finds in these very details much to interest and compel admiration. There stands the Maid of Orleans by her old home, looking very young

and serious as she leans against a tree in the sunny orchard of Domremy. With rapt gaze she is trying to see into the future as her spirit responds to the voices that beseech her to "Save France! Save France! Save France!" The picture was painted in 1879, in his native village, when the artist was but thirty years old.

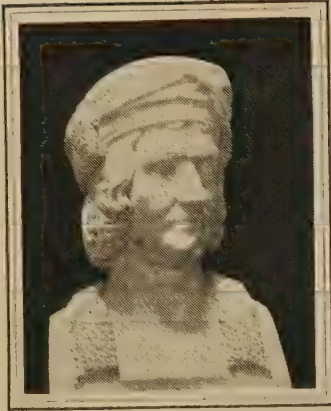
Bastien-Lepage had a very intense personality. We get to know him well through the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, a talented young Russian artist of noble family, who worshiped him as a genius and hero. She glorifies and praises him in her journal and tells how, much to her joy, she became one of his intimate friends. Strange to say, they died in the same year, Marie Bashkirtseff at the age of twenty-four and Bastien-Lepage at thirty-six.



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS

Pictured by Bastien-Lepage as a peasant girl in her garden at Domremy, listening to the "voices" urging her to save France. Behind her, among the leaves, the artist has dimly indicated her vision: St. Michael in armor extending a sword; St. Catherine with hands clasped; St. Margaret weeping

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LETTER FROM CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

BY PAUL TEN EYCK

A precious bit of printing—some say the most precious anywhere to be found—has recently been on view in the New York Public Library. Old and fragile, its keepers protect it under glass for fear the ragged yellow leaves will crumble to dust. If this should happen, the whole world would be the loser, for the antiquated relic is nothing less than the first printed copy of Columbus' account of the finding of the New World.

The story of the document and its discovery after four hundred years is as romantic as its origin. Columbus was returning from the Indies in February, 1493, when a terrific storm threatened his frail caravels and filled him with alarm lest he should never reach shore to relate the sensational results of his voyage. Hastily he consigned to the waves a casket containing an account of the expedition, which he hoped might be picked up and sent on to Spain. This narrative was reported found in Mexico City within the past few months; similar rumors have repeatedly been current since Columbus first told of having cast the parchment overboard.

While the storm still raged the navigator sat down in his cabin and penned a letter to Luis Santangel, the courtier who had plead the cause of Columbus after he had left the presence of Ferdinand and Isabelle, thinking all hope lost. It was Santangel that had won the queen's consent to support the expedition. So the first personal letter Columbus wrote was to this good friend, knowing that he would "have pleasure in the great victory which our Lord hath given

me in my voyage." Though writing under stress, the discoverer took pains to give a clear impression of the appearance of the islands he had found, of the gentle, timid character of the natives, who thought he and his men were creatures from the sky; also, he spoke of "the birds of a thousand sorts"—among them the nightingale. The communication—a priceless page in the history of discovery and exploration—was signed, "At your command, The Admiral." When the winds died down and the sea was calm again, Columbus prepared a more conventional report for the chancellor of the king's treasury, Gabriel Sanchez. He kept both communications by him until he reached Palos, and from there, about a month later, sent them north by messenger, together with an official statement of his return to the king.

Shortly after the arrival of Admiral Columbus, whom now all Spain was agog to see and hear, the Santangel letter was received and eagerly passed about. The court advocate himself would have thought it indiscreet for him as a private individual to give out the colossal news that Spain had of a sudden acquired an overseas empire. Probably he was unaware that one of his confidants took the Columbus letter to a Barcelona printer and had a few copies struck off for secret distribution. The none too skilful printer to whom the job was entrusted composed the brochure in the Catalan language, used in and about Barcelona, and printed it on a folded sheet. Conceive the excitement when the copies were delivered to a favored few.

The Gabriel Sanchez letter, issued later with royal consent, eventually went through many editions in several languages. The Columbus Diary was not printed till 1825, but students who had access to manuscript copies were well acquainted with the fact that Columbus had addressed to Luis Santangel the first announcement of his successful voyage to the isles of the Indies. They did not know, however, that this letter, long lost to sight, had ever been set up in type. Four centuries after it was printed a copy of the Barcelona transcript turned up in a Paris bookshop. It was compared with an authentic copy of the Sanchez letter in the Ambrosian Library, Milan, and its genuineness fixed beyond a doubt. James Lenox, a New York collector, bought it for \$8,500, or about three times more than he paid for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. The sum the Columbus item would bring to-day can scarcely be estimated. Only one copy is known to exist.



SEADIR por que se que aurca plazer dela grando vitoria que nuestro señor me ha dado en un viaie vos escríbio esta por la qñ sabreys como ensemte dias pase a las ioras cō la annada q los illustri ilinos Rey e Reyna nros señores me dieron odoeyo falle muy muchas Yslas pobladas cō gente sin numero : y dellas todas de tomado posesion por sus altezas con pregon y uadera real estenoida y non mechu e cōtadicho Alla primera q yofalle puse noubre sant saluador a comenoraçen desu alta images tat el qual marañillofamente todo esto andado los idios la llaman guanabari Alla segūda

La chrisiandad deue tomar alegriay fazer grandes fiestas y dar gradās solēnes ala sancta trinidad cō muchas oraciones solēnes por el tanto en talcuniento que bauran en comādo se tantos pueblos a nuestra sancta fe : y despues por los bienes tēporales q no solamēte ala espēria mas atodos los chrisianos ternan aqui refingēto y ganancia esto segun el fecho a si embese fecha en la calpuera sobre las yslas de canana a xv de febreiro año Mdl. cccclxxiii.

Faza lo que mandareys El Almirante

"As I know that you will have pleasure of the great victory which our Lord hath given me in my voyage, I write you this, by which you shall know that in twenty [typographical error for thirty-three] days I passed over to the Indies with the fleet which the most illustrious King and Queen, our Lords, gave me: where I found very many islands peopled with inhabitants beyond number. And, of them all, I have taken possession for their Highnesses. . . . On the first which I found I put the name Sant Salvador. . . . As I did not find any towns and villages on the seacoast . . . I went on farther, thinking I should not miss great cities or towns. At the end of many leagues I sent two men into the country to learn if there were a king or any great cities. They traveled for three days, and found interminable small villages and a numberless population; but naught of ruling authority; wherefore they returned. [Columbus here goes on to describe the coast, harbors, rivers, and mountains of islands that he visited.] . . . mountains most beautiful in a thousand shapes and full of trees of a thousand kinds, so lofty that they seemed to reach the sky. I am assured that they never lose their foliage, since I saw them as green and as beautiful as they are in Spain during May. . . . In the earth there are many mines of metals; and there is a population of incalculable number. The people [of the island he called Española] have no iron or steel, nor any weapons; nor are they fit thereunto; not because they be not a well-formed people and of fair stature, but that they are most wondrously timorous. . . . Every headland where I have gone I gave them of everything which I had, without accepting aught therefor. . . . Since they have become more assured, they are artless and generous with what they have. Of anything they have, if it be asked for, they never say no, but do rather invite the person to accept it, and show as much lovingness as though they would give their hearts. And whether it be a thing of value or one of little worth they are straightways content with whatsoever trifle of whatsoever kind may be given them in return for it. I forbade that anything so worthless as fragments of broken platters and pieces of broken glass and strap buckles should be given them; although when they were able to get such things they seemed to think they had the best jewel in the world, for a sailor could get, in exchange for a strap, gold to the weight of two and a half castellanos. They took pieces of broken barrel hoops, and gave whatever they had. I forbade it, and I gave gratuitously a thousand useful things I carried, in order that they may conceive affection and may be made Christians. . . . They believed that power and goodness are in the sky and that I, with these ships and crew, came from the sky; and in such opinion they received me at every place where I landed. . . . They went running from house to house and to the neighboring villages with loud cries of 'Come! come! to see the people from heaven!'"

"I took possession of a large town, which I named the city of Navidad [he reached this spot on Christmas Day, 1492], and I have made a fortification there; and I have left therein men with arms and artillery, and provisions for more than a year. . . . In conclusion, to speak only of what has been done in this voyage, their Highnesses may see that I shall give them as much gold as they may need, spices and cotton at once, and as much as they order to be shipped of mastic—which till now has never been found except in Greece; and aloe wood as much as they shall order to be shipped; and slaves as many as they shall order to be shipped. And I believe I have discovered rhubarb and cinnamon, and I shall find that the men whom I am leaving there will have discovered a thousand other things of value."

"Christendom should make great festivals and give solemn thanks to the Holy Trinity for the great exaltation they shall have by the conversion of so many peoples to our holy faith; and next for the temporal benefit which will bring hiher refreshment and profit, not only to Spain, but to all Christians. This briefly, in accordance with the facts. Dated on the caravel, off the Canary Islands [actually the Azores], the 15th of February of the year 1493."

At your command,

THE ADMIRAL.

COLUMBUS' FIRST REPORT OF HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA

Above is reproduced the beginning and the end of a letter written by Columbus in Spanish describing his visit to the New World. The original copy, printed in Barcelona in 1493, is in the Lenox Collection of the New York Public Library.

Below the facsimile are extracts from the letter translated into English



N THE TRAIL OF THE LIGHTNING

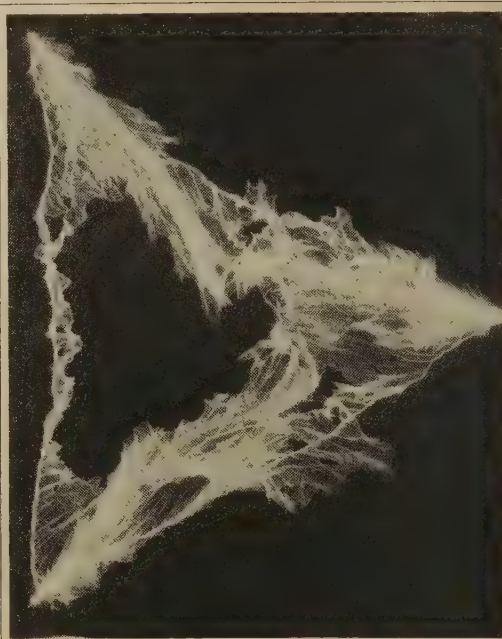
BY C. E. TALMAN

Our forefathers asked, "What is lightning?" and Ben Franklin supplied the answer in the year 1752 by means of his famous kite experiment, which proved lightning to be a discharge of electricity. Nowadays we ask a host of questions about lightning instead of one.

The latest ideas about the cause of lightning are due to Dr. George C. Simpson, director of the British Meteorological Office, who conducted his researches on the subject about fifteen years ago in India. Simpson's explanation starts with the fact, previously determined by laboratory experiments, that when drops of water are broken up there is a separation of negative and positive electricity. Without going too far into technicalities, it may be stated that this process occurs on a large scale in thunder storms, where the falling raindrops are repeatedly broken, before they reach the earth, by the powerful uprushes of air that occur in such storms. Positive electricity tends to remain in the drops, while negative electricity, in the form of "ions," is carried aloft by the rising air and eventually gives a strong negative charge to the higher parts of the clouds. The two kinds of electricity have a tendency to reunite and neutralize each other, but they are kept from doing so for a time by the intervening air, which is a poor conductor. However, when the opposite charges become strong enough they suddenly break a path through the air, and we have a stroke of lightning. In a majority of cases this occurs between the upper and lower parts of the clouds, but sometimes it occurs between the positively charged base of a cloud and the earth beneath, which, for some reason not yet understood, normally carries a charge of negative electricity.

Why is a discharge of lightning luminous? We used to be told—and still are in most reference books—that the discharge heats the air to incandescence, just as an electric current does the filament of an electric lamp. However, no physicist has been able to make air incandescent merely by heating it, and so the visibility of lightning, and of electric sparks in general, remains a mystery.

The history of a lightning flash is recorded in an ingenious way by means of photography. The camera is mounted on a ver-



"CLOSE-UP" OF MILLION-VOLT ARC

The lace-like effect is due to the movements of the sparks in air currents. An absolutely instantaneous picture would show a single wavy line connecting the three terminals

tical axis and turns rapidly from side to side by clockwork. The photographs are taken at night, the shutter being left open until a flash occurs. The movement of the camera tends to spread out the image of the flash on the plate, and the longer the duration of the flash the more widely is the image spread. The most interesting fact thus revealed is that a great many lightning flashes consist of several discharges occurring in rapid succession along a common path. Photographs of such "multiple" flashes taken with the revolving camera above mentioned show several parallel streams of light, more or less distinctly separated by darker spaces. As the speed with which the camera turns is known, it is possible to time the whole process. Thus we find that a multiple flash may last for half a second or more. Each of the successive discharges of which it is composed is practically instantaneous—lasting perhaps two or three hundred-thousandths of a second—while the intervals between the discharges vary from a few thousandths to one or two tenths of a second. The flickering appearance that we often observe in lightning is due to these multiple flashes.

Another fact disclosed by the revolving camera is that the lightning discharge takes a certain amount of time, as a rule, to build

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up its path through the air; the electric current *feels its way*, so to speak. The first feeble discharges extend only part way along the ultimate path; then comes a sudden and powerful discharge along the whole path.

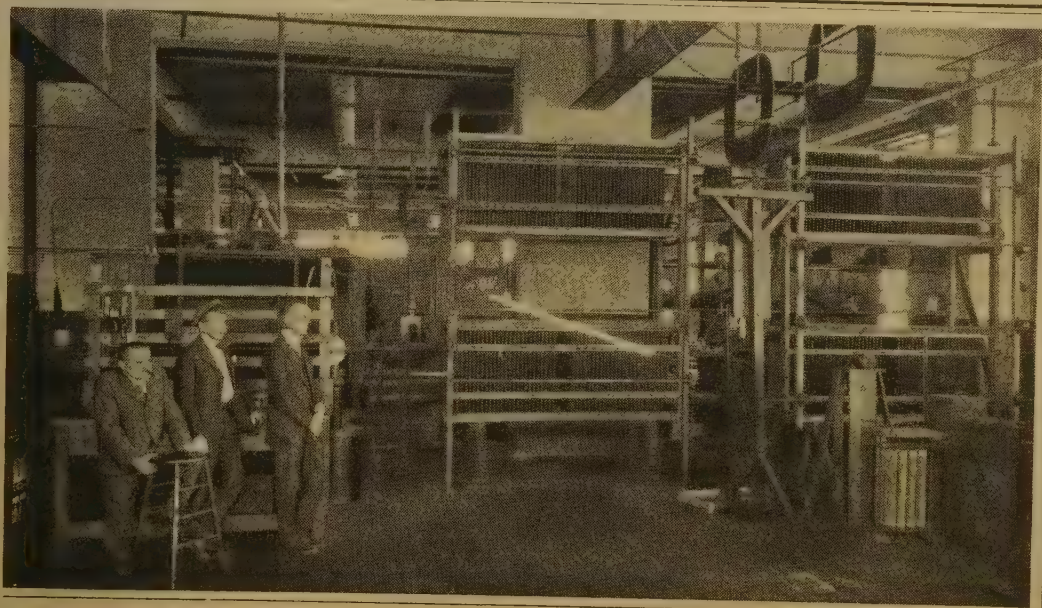
How strong is lightning? In Franklin's time this question would have had no definite meaning, because electrical measurements were unknown. To-day we measure an electrical current in amperes, and differences of "potential," which supply the motive power for the current, in volts. Startling figures used to be given in authoritative books concerning the voltage of lightning. Sir Oliver Lodge thought that something like 5,000,000,000 volts would be required for a flash a mile long—and some flashes are much longer than this. What has just been said about the gradual growth of the lightning path, as recorded by the camera, is one of the reasons why physicists have recently revised these estimates. One of the latest estimates is that of Mr. F. W. Peek, Jr., of the General Electric Company. From the currents induced in transmission lines by lightning discharges at known distances from the lines, he concludes that the voltage of an average lightning flash is about 100,000,000 volts. Rough estimates have also been made of the strength of current in lightning, giving values ranging from 10,000 to nearly 100,000 amperes.

Much has been heard of late about experiments in the production of "artificial light-

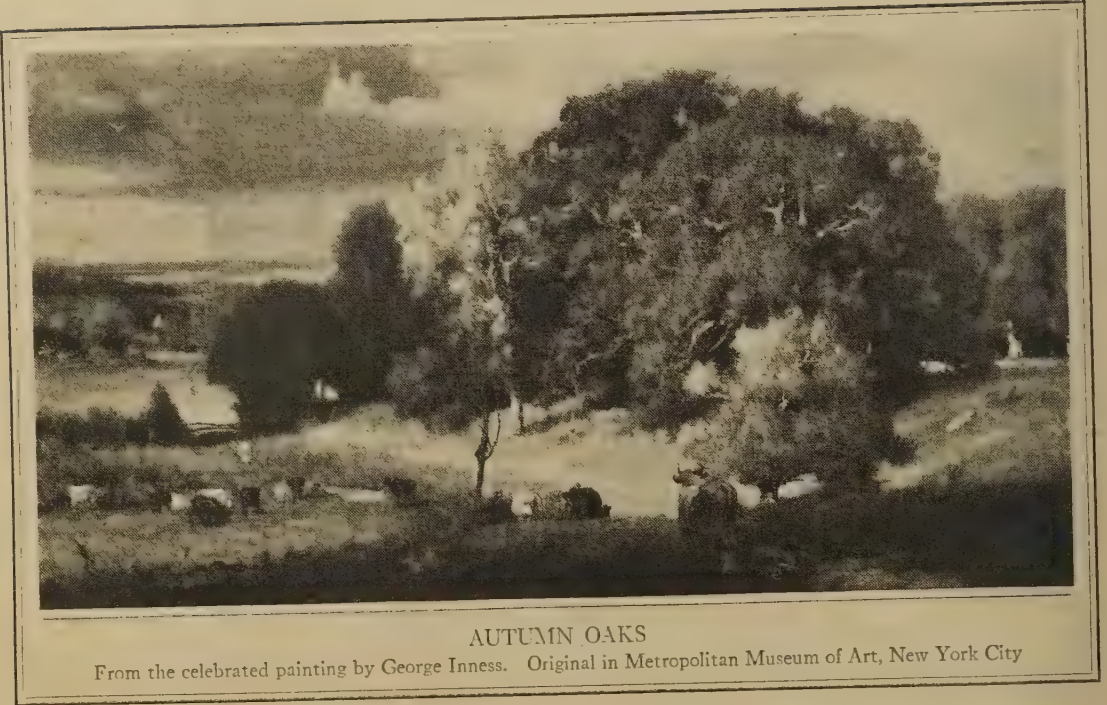
ning," by Steinmetz, Peek, Faccioli, and others.

The experiments are still in progress and are performed in a special steel-lined brick building, equipped with enormous condensers, transformers, and other electrical apparatus. Spectators stand for safety on a steel platform built out from one of the walls. The current used in these experiments is "stepped up" by the transformers to voltages never before produced in the laboratory. Two years ago a million volts had been obtained, and recently this has been more than doubled. Huge flame-like sparks ten to fifteen long are sent crashing through the air. Sometimes a miniature village is set up in the path of the discharge in order to test the efficacy of lightning rods installed on the doll-size houses.

The imitation lightning is produced for two purposes. Although it is not supposed to attain the voltage of real lightning, its effects are enough like those of the genuine article to afford much information about the proper construction of lightning rods and arresters. Another purpose is to test the behavior of high voltages as used in the transmission of electric power. A generation ago it was considered a remarkable feat to send electricity thirty miles at 10,000 volts. To-day there are giant systems in California which send 220,000 volts over distances of more than two hundred miles—and nobody knows what the coming age of "superpower" may bring forth.



THE "ELECTRICAL WIZARD" IN HIS LABORATORY
The late Charles P. Steinmetz watching a test of his lightning generator



AUTUMN OAKS

From the celebrated painting by George Inness. Original in Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City



OW AUTUMN LEAVES GET THEIR COLORS

BY RICHARD DEAN

It is a common belief that sharp frosts color the autumn leaves. As a matter of fact, such frosts are far more likely to turn leaves black or dull brown than to give them the gorgeous tints we admire.

The coloring of the leaves in the fall is a chemical process that is favored by *gradual cooling* rather than sudden cold. It is not entirely confined to the autumn. Bright red and yellow leaves are often found on the swamp maple and other trees, even in summer.

Through the season of growth the leaves serve as food factories for the trees. In their tiny cells the carbon of the air is combined with materials brought up by the sap from the roots to form the starch, sugar, and other substances by which the whole tree is fed. The food-making process is performed by sunshine with the aid of a substance called *chlorophyll*. Chlorophyll is a mixture of several pigments, or coloring matters. One of these is green, and gives the leaves their ordinary color. Another is yellow, and is the same substance that, on account of its abundance in growing grass, makes butter particularly yellow in the spring.

When the cool weather sets in and the

growth of vegetation slows down, the trees need less food, and gradually suspend work in the leaf factories. Both the food and the chlorophyll in the leaves are *drawn into the body* of the tree and stored up for use in the spring. This transfer involves many chemical changes. One of them is the breaking up of the chlorophyll into the substances of which it is composed. The green pigment passes out of the leaves before the yellow. Thus yellow becomes one of the prevailing hues of the autumn foliage.

The reds, which also prevail in the autumn, do not come from the chlorophyll, but from pigments contained in the sap. Their appearance indicates an excess of sugar in the leaves, after the withdrawal of other materials. It is supposed, also, that the reddening of the leaves protects the food materials from the harmful effects of strong light during their passage into the tree. The same red coloring is seen in the buds of many plants in the spring, where it probably also serves a protective purpose.

While the color of the leaf is changing, a special layer of cells forms at the base of the leaf stalk. By the time the leaf has become a mere skeleton of its former self, deprived of all substances useful to the tree, this new formation has weakened its connection with the branch, so that it is easily detached by the wind or by its own weight, and has also provided a healing scar where the separation occurs.

DOWN THE ISLANDS

A WINTER TRIP THROUGH THE WEST INDIES
TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERRIL SCHELL



A GLIMPSE OF GUADELOUPE

THE dull, cold northern skies of winter make sun worshipers of most of us—and our minds turn naturally toward the south. Calm seas call us; green islands, tropical vegetation, and white cities call; the romance of the “Spanish Main,” the “Antilles,” and the “Windward Passage” calls—and strongest and most compelling of all is the call of the warm sunshine.



TOWN SQUARE, OR CIRCUS, BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITTS

St. Kitts is short for St. Christopher, the name given to it by Columbus. For years it was a favored spot in British colonial life, and was called "The Mother of the British West Indies"

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DOWN THE ISLANDS

*A Winter Trip
Through the West
Indies*

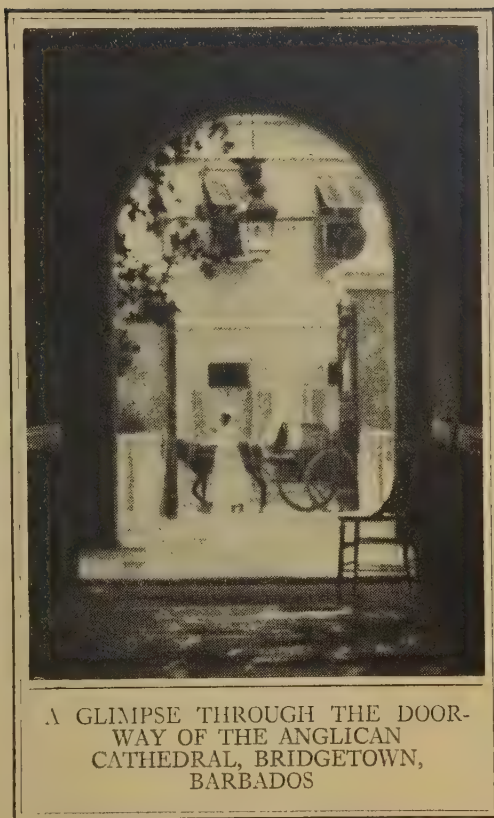
By SHERRIL SCHELL

We leave the North Wind behind us and sail down to a summer sea where islands of enchantment stretch in a broken semicircle of stepping-stones from Porto Rico to the coast of South America. These stepping-stones, we are told, are the peaks of a submerged mountain range which eons ago connected North and South America, a chain that outrivaled our own Rockies in loftiness and grandeur of scenery.

Porto Rico is our first landing, and we reach that picturesque island on the third morning.

"It's a stage setting!" exclaims one of our passengers as we glide into the harbor of San Juan. His remark echoes something of our own mood, for, in the early morning light, the scene spread before us is like a painting. On the one side the rainbow panorama of San Juan with its Moorish-looking houses, its grim fortresses, and its domes and towers gleaming against the tropic vegetation; on the other, islands and the beautiful mountains of Porto Rico. It is not until we see the multitude of launches and motor boats nosing their way among the shipping, the automobiles and trolleys rushing along the water front and through the narrow streets, that we realize that we are in the modern world.

A great deal of the fascination of Porto Rico lies in this intermingling of past and present. Take San Juan for example, with its palaces and fortifications which antedated the crudest log cabins and stockades of our New England ancestors. Much of the massive old wall still remains and not a few of the ancient palaces with their prison-like façades, balconies, and grilled



A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE DOOR-
WAY OF THE ANGLICAN
CATHEDRAL, BRIDGETOWN,
BARBADOS

DOWN THE ISLANDS

doorways. All of this provides a romantic, Old World background, but the spirit that animates it is that of Young America. In the business section some of the old buildings have been torn down to give room to more modern edifices (happily in the prevalent Spanish style, in spite of their utilitarian features) or have been remodeled throughout with elevators and plate-glass windows the better to display American goods. The natives of San Juan are carried from their suburban homes to their offices by electric street cars of the most modern pattern or are driven luxuriously in motor cars of the latest manufacture.

We are struck by the cleanliness of the streets and the healthy, happy look of the inhabitants. Even the negro cabins are neat and clean to-day, where before they were hardly fit for human habitation. The improved sanitation all over the island has had its effect in a great lowering of the death rate, with the result that Porto Rico is now the healthiest of all the West Indian islands.

We visit the fortresses of San Cristobal and San Sebastian and old Morro, those vast citadels with their mazes of tunnels, galleries, and dungeons; the cathedral which contains the bones of the city's founder, Juan Ponce de Leon; the governor's palace, Casa Blanca; and the great Balleja barracks, capable of housing two thousand soldiers. All interesting historically—but the country calls us. We step into an automobile and are soon spinning over a splendid highway lined with laurel, almond, and royal palms, through fields of sugar cane, bananas, pineapples, and tobacco, with groves of oranges, lemons, and mangoes on each side. Although Porto Rico is only eighty-five miles long and thirty-five miles wide it has almost a thousand miles of fine roads which connect all the important towns and villages, the most famous



FORTRESS OF SAN CRISTOBAL, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO
Some of the fortifications of the town date back to the sixteenth century



RESIDENCE OF A PROSPEROUS PORTO RICAN, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

the one we are on now, built by the Spanish chiefly for military purposes. The road, constantly changing from level stretch to steep mountain, affords never-ending vistas of smiling valley and peaceful red-roofed town, of green hill and exotic grove, with glimpses every now and then of the sapphire sea beyond. But the picturesque and motley cavalcade that meets us on the way claims a great deal of our attention also: motor trucks, army wagons, donkeys carrying incredible loads of sugar cane and grass, creaking ox carts, negroes with baskets of fruits and vegetables on their heads, touring cars of all kinds—a continuous stream of vehicular and perambulating incongruities, until we finally roll into the old town of Ponce (pone'-thay) at the other end of the island. We have our dinner and then stroll over to the plaza to listen to the band and watch the people. On a corner near the plaza is an imposing drug store with a soda fountain of astounding size and magnificence. This is obviously the great social center of the town, the place where Ponce society meets of an evening, mantilla-crowned señoras who gossip over their nut sundaes, and youngsters who make eyes at each other over their glasses of soda. A generation ago the Porto Rico youth could only court his inamorata by standing for hours, in heat or rain, on the other side of her iron-barred window. To-day he takes her to the big drug store near the plaza, where he treats her to *refrescos Americanos* unabashed by the head waggings of the local Mrs. Grundys. Naturally the old people still cling to the Spanish customs, but they are ready to have their children Americanized.



A STREET IN CHARLOTTE AMALIE, VIRGIN ISLANDS
On the hill is the so-called "Bluebeard's Castle," supposed to have been the domicile of a celebrated buccaneer

VIRGIN ISLANDS Ponce is a town of undeniable charm—pretty houses, beautiful vines and flowers, a delightful place to linger in; but our steamer takes us on our way.

The coast range of Porto Rico is still visible behind us as we approach the Virgin Islands, the next calling place in the journey down the stepping-stones of the Caribbean.

The town of Charlotte Amalie, the port of St. Thomas, rises on its three hills above the rim of the sea, its white houses embowered in

tropic gardens rising tier on tier like seats in an amphitheater. Field and opera glasses are focused on two towers crowning the high hills above the town, Blackbeard's and Bluebeard's castles. At last we are in the real pirate's domain, the romantic country of our youthful dreams! These castles, the legends tell us, were once the strongholds of two intrepid buccaneers whose very names in those spacious, colorful days struck terror to the boldest heart, and whose deeds, set down so entrancingly in the story books, will ever thrill mankind.

It is difficult, however, to reconcile the peaceful scene spread before us with tales of bloodshed and derring-do. Charlotte Amalie is a sleepy old town, and its inhabitants, mostly negroes, the most gentle and courteous people imaginable. We walk along the main street, the Kronprindsens Gade—the streets still bear their Danish cognomens—and are saluted by black men and women whose soft voices and deferential manner recall the South of "befo' de wah" days. The hurricane shutters of the shops are wide open, displaying the native products, basket work, "Panama" hats, beads of coral and seed, and huge bottles of bay rum made from the bay tree grown in the neighboring island of St. John—all at prices far from piratical.

Sugar was once the principal industry of the Virgin Islands; now bay

rum, intermingled with the scent of tropic blooms, is ever present in Charlotte Amalie. Said a facetious member of our party as we stepped ashore, and the heavy scent assailed our nostrils: "Someone must have wrecked a barber shop!" Every variety of exotic plant seems to grow here; in fact, to run riot. Every red-roofed house nestles in a jungle of flamboyant bloom; every street and alley is lined with palms, red and purple bougainvillea, or lime and orange trees. Little black boys offer us great bunches of rare flowers for a quarter that we could not duplicate in New York for ten dollars. Strange and delicious fruits, seldom if ever seen in the North, like the sugar apple, *sapodilla*, and shaddock fill great baskets in the market place, and the *avocado*, or alligator pear, is so common and so cheap as almost to be despised.



A HEAD-FULL OF PRODUCE
All West Indian negresses carry heavy loads on their heads, which accounts for their graceful carriage



A BARBADIAN BOATMAN

A type of the good-natured boatman that rows one ashore and back to the ship

A sail of a few hours brings us to Saint Croix, the largest of the trinity of Virgin Islands, and its seventy-four square miles of soil the most fertile. It is an enchanting green isle of waving palms and sugar cane that cover valley and hill with a velvet carpet. Against this luscious background lies Fredericksted, a long, graceful line of white buildings close to the water. The massive doorways and arcades give an Old World air to the town, more suggestive of Spain than of Denmark. The dazzling glare of the houses and coral roads make smoked glasses as much a necessity here as in Bermuda.

We drive into the green countryside, along stretches of orange and bananagroves, pineapplefields, through stately avenues of royal palm and mahogany. We pass the great sugar



VIEW OF BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITTS

Basse-Terre was completely destroyed in 1867 and has been rebuilt in a greatly improved style

plantations, patches of brown where they have just been planted, a fresh, tender green where they are bearing. The names of these estates are as varied as they are amusing: "Whim," "Slob," "Work and Rest," "Hope and Blessing," and "Bethlehem," the last-named having the largest sugar mill in the Virgin Islands. We catch glimpses of many quaint old windmills that once ground the cane before modern methods were introduced, antiquated treadmills, and slave-house villages, some of them still occupied by laborers.

A warning whistle from the harbor makes us hasten to the wharf, where the laughing negro boys of Fredericksted are waiting to carry us back to our ship. The setting sun bathes the sea in crimson dye as we glide toward the steamer, and the mountains of St. Croix take on a purple hue. The lights of Fredericksted twinkle good-by. Early the next morning we are in St. Kitts, our first stop in the Leeward Islands.

ST. KITTS AND NEVIS

St. Kitts was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. He called it St. Christopher, because, so the story goes, he saw in its configuration a resemblance to that of the saint carrying the Christ. St. Kitts furnished the stage on which a century-long war for the sugar lands was fought out between France and England. In 1782 the French laid siege to St. Kitts and captured it. The island, called "The Mother of the British West Indies," as it was the first of the Lesser Antilles settled by the British, was finally restored to England by the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, at the time that the independence of the American Colonies was recognized.

We drop anchor off Basse-Terre, a town of some eight or nine thousand inhabitants. It straggles along the shore under the shadow of a volcano,

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Mt. Misery. Brimstone Hill, the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," which played an important part in the struggle between the French and English for the control of the Caribbean, stands alone among the surrounding cane fields. Wild monkeys, descendants of those pets brought over by British soldiers and sailors a hundred and more years ago, scramble over its heights that once shook with the reverberation of cannon.

Certainly with Basse-Terre it is a case of "distance lends enchantment." The town is shabby and down at the heels; most of its black population, ragged of garb, live in lop-sided hovels in a state of abject poverty. "Give me penny!" is the constant cry of black "Kittefonians," as the inhabitants of St. Kitts are called.

St. Kitts' sister island, Nevis, is only a few hours away from Basse-Terre by native sloop. It is chiefly interesting to us for its memories of Alexander Hamilton and Nelson. The house where Hamilton was born still stands in Charlestown, the capital. Here also in the Old Fif Tree Church the entry of Nelson's marriage to Mrs. Nisbit is preserved, and the ruins of Montpelier where the ceremony was performed are still pointed out.

ANTIGUA The lofty mountains of St. Kitts and Nevis fade slowly into the distance, and after a forty-mile run we find ourselves off Antigua, the seat of government of the Leeward Islands. St. Johns is



A STREET IN ST. JOHNS, ANTIGUA

The towers of the Anglican Cathedral rise high over the roofs of the town and can be seen many miles out at sea. The interior of the church is made of wood as a precaution against damage by earthquake

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beautifully placed at the head of its harbor, the twin towers of its imposing cathedral soaring above the houses and trees that cluster round it: The cathedral, erected as late as the middle of the last century, has the time-stained, mellow appearance of a much older edifice. It is really two churches, the stone structure enclosing one of wood as a protection against earthquakes. Years ago, during a severe quake, the old church tumbled down while a wedding was in progress. It was noticed that the stones fell inward, so it was decided to make the new structure of wood and surround it with a shell of masonry. The efficacy of this ingenious idea has not yet been put to any great test, but the natives of Antigua have every confidence in it. We drive over a pretty road to English Harbor to see the historic naval dockyard where Nelson refitted his fleet in preparation for the battle of Trafalgar. The massive buildings that once served as soldiers' and seamen's barracks are now deserted except for caretakers, and an air of melancholy seems to pervade the place.

To the southwest of Antigua we see Montserrat, sometimes called the "Emerald Isle of the West," its mountains towering above the blue Caribbean.

This tidy little island of thirty-two square miles is one of the cluster of West Indian island gems "collected" by Christopher Columbus. He discovered it in 1493, and England colonized it in 1632. As it is triangular in shape and thrusts its peaks up three thousand feet high, it might be appropriately classed as a diamond in the "collection." Though picturesque in its features, it has no special interest, historic or scenic, to hold a traveler



STREET IN FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE



MT. PELÉE,
MARTINIQUE

The volcano that destroyed the town of Saint-Pierre in 1902, with its 30,000 inhabitants—all within the space of a few minutes. Saint-Pierre has never been rebuilt, its site being a grim, tragic scene of ruins overgrown with vegetation

there, so we sail on the next day to the Gallic isle of Guadeloupe.

GADELOUPE Here in Guadeloupe, as later in Martinique, we have a bit of France transported to Caribbean water. Everything is French, names of towns, mountains, bays, and rivers. Of the two islands to which the name of Guadeloupe is given, the mountainous island to the east is Guadeloupe proper, while the other is known as Grande-Terre, and the two are separated by the Rivière Salée. The two principal towns are Basse-Terre and Pointe-à-Pitre. The great volcano is called the Soufrière, which means a sulphur mine. Happily for the inhabitants of Guadeloupe, the Soufrière has been better behaved than Mont Pelée of Martinique.

Yet, though practically nothing of the Spanish civilization remains in Guadeloupe, Columbus, flying the flag of Spain, discovered it in 1493, and, long before the French came, it was under Spanish domination. Columbus, needing slaves for his ships, found evidence of cannibalism among the natives of Guadeloupe. Queen Isabella had ordered that the ordinary Indians of the islands should be left alone, but permitted the explorer to do what he pleased with cannibals. So Columbus pronounced the natives cannibals and proceeded to fill his ships. But the Caribs proved unexpectedly formidable in their objection to the plan.

DOMINICA Twenty-five miles south of Guadeloupe lies Dominica, a beautiful island and one of the most interesting in the world. It is the highest peak of the Lesser Antilles, its mountain, Morne Diablotin, stretching over five thousand feet into the tropic sky. William Palgrave, the writer and traveler, has said of Dominica: "In the wild grandeur of its mountains, in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests,



in the gorgeousness of its vegetation, the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival, not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined."

There are said to be 365 rivers in the island, or one for every day in the year. These streams, teeming with fish, flow down the mountains and form lovely cascades and waterfalls on their journey to the sea. Dominica has the richest soil of all the fertile West Indies group. It would be hard to conceive of more luxuriant or more varied vegetation than that which covers its valleys, tablelands, and hills. Outside the towns there is no sug-

gestion of a clearing anywhere. Every inch of soil is productive of cocoa, coffee, rubber, limes, oranges, and spices. Nearly every tropic tree and plant that one can think of may be seen in the Botanic Garden of Roseau, the capital, often thriving better there than in their own habitat.

The struggle for the sugar lands between France and England came to an end with the great fight off the rugged coast of this island, where in 1782 Rodney sank the French fleet, composed of those frigates that had sailed up the York River the year before and made our victory at Yorktown possible.

We have just time enough to take a motor-boat trip to Marigot, where the last pure-blooded remnants of the vanishing Caribs still live. There are about fifty of these aborigines in Dominica, a peaceful little community that spends its time fishing or making baskets. For many generations a similar tribe lived in the island of St. Vincent, but the eruption of the volcano destroyed the colony, leaving not a single survivor.

MARTINIQUE AND ST. LUCIA

Volcanic tragedy brings Martinique vividly to mind—and that historic island is the next one that we touch.

Everyone landing in Fort de France goes first to gaze upon the statue of Empress Josephine, Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife. It stands in the *savane*, or public square. It is carved from pure white marble and has

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been pronounced the loveliest creation of its kind in the West Indies. Lafcadio Hearn spent two years in Martinique, and paid glowing tribute to the marble memory of Josephine. "It seemed to me absolutely lovely. Such is the human charm of the figure that you almost fancy you are gazing at a living presence. . . . When you look up into the sweet creole face you can believe that she lives; all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there."

With the dawn of the present century Martinique had been long slumbering in happy peace. The buccaneers had passed from memory. The sight of a man-of-war flying an alien flag no longer caused disquietude. In the streets of Saint-Pierre the creole negresses went about attired in the quaint costumes of Josephine's time. The city was one of the most attractive in the West Indies. There was a fine cathedral and bishop's residence, a splendid theater, the best hotels in the island, and stores Parisian in excellence. The hills sent down their cleansing streams. The botanical gardens were a tropical paradise. Saint-Pierre was the fine flower of the island; there gathered the cream of Martinique's culture and wealth. Hearn compared it to the French quarter of New Orleans. To-day only a few stones remain to recall that happy period. The city had been laughing in the shadow of an enemy more sinister than any of its enemies of old. Grim old Mont Pelée had been grumbling, but few heeded the warning.

Then, on May 8, 1902, came blasting destruction. The mountain opened, and scalding steam, stifling gas, and liquid fire burst forth. The boiling, blazing mass fell upon the doomed city, upon the vessels in the harbor, even upon ships far out at sea. When dawn broke that May morning there were about 30,000 people in Saint-Pierre. At noon there was but one living person in the desolated city; he was a negro prisoner confined in a subterranean dungeon.

One never loses sight of land on a cruise through



STREET IN CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

The woman in the foreground is wearing the costume of a hundred years ago



HARBOR OF CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

Castries Harbor is one of the most beautiful in the West Indies. It enjoys the advantage over most others of having modern wharves, so that steamers are able to come alongside and discharge cargo and passengers without the aid of boats

the Lesser Antilles. When one beautiful island is left behind, another appears before us to the right or left or straight ahead. Soon after we leave Martinique all eyes are directed toward a huge, precipitous rock thrusting itself abruptly from the sea. This is the historic Diamond Rock. Here, during the war with France in the beginning of the nineteenth century, 120 boys under Lieutenant Maurice remained for a year and a half defying the French ships, shelling every vessel that came near enough and resisting all efforts to dislodge them. Only when they were on the point of starvation and their powder was exhausted did they surrender to the French squadron. The rock has been entered in the official lists of the British Admiralty as "H. M. S. Diamond Rock, in honor of the brave defeat—the only rock in the world that has ever become a battleship."

Before Martinique is quite lost in the clouds that cling to her summits the curious irregular mountain line of St. Lucia shows itself on the rim of the sea. St. Lucia is the only island of the Lesser Antilles where the steamer discharges its passengers at the wharf. Castries, our port and the capital of the island, sits peacefully on the edge of what once was a volcano crater, with extinct volcanoes surrounding her on every side. Not many miles away, however, is an active crater, the Soufrière, famed for the curative powers of its hot mineral waters. Near by in the same district are the Pitons, two great cone-shaped peaks that ascend straight up from the sea to a height of nearly three thousand feet. St. Lucia was once infested with that deadly



WOMEN LABORERS

A sugar plantation, St. Kitts. Men laborers are paid a shilling a day—women, ten pence

serpent, the *fer-de-lance*, which sometimes reached the length of seven feet. This snake, together with a constrictor eleven feet in length when full grown, has practically been exterminated.

Castries is a pleasant place in which to while away a few hours. The streets are clean and the houses with their quaint overhanging balconies attractive to the eye. The town is an important coaling station. Here, as in Japan, the women load the ships, carrying heavy baskets of coal on their heads, chattering and singing hymns and old chanties as they run up the gangway to discharge it.

BARBADOS The island of Barbados seems very flat and uninteresting after the loftiness and luxuriance of the

other islands we have visited. It is nearly all of coral and limestone formation, with the exception of one part that is a result of different eruptions from the volcano in St. Vincent, whose ashes, carried a distance of a hundred miles, have repeatedly fallen here. The last shower of ashes from Mount St. Vincent took place about twenty years ago.



LOADING SUGAR CANE, BARBADOS



Barbados has an area of only one hundred and sixty-six square miles, upon which some 160,000 people have to be supported, making it the most densely populated country on the globe, with the possible exception of some districts in China. The struggle for existence is tremendous. The native has had to fight hard for his living, and this has developed within him an energy and initiative lacking in his black brothers on the other islands.

Our ship has hardly come to a stop when it is surrounded by a flotilla of rowboats manned by shouting crews of black Barbadians. Pandemonium reigns as the passengers descend from the ship.

Bridgetown with its 30,000 population is a bustling metropolis. The streets are crowded with people—white, yellow, and black—donkeys, automobiles, ox carts, and curious mule-driven street cars that

seem like survivals from American towns of fifty years ago.

Every good American visits one house in Bridgetown: Washington's residence. In 1751 the Father of Our Country accompanied his brother, Lawrence, to Barbados, hoping that the soft climate would cure him. From his diary we find that he had some difficulty in finding lodgings, until "We pitched on the house of Captain Crofton, commander of James' Fort. It is very pleasantly situated near the sea and about a mile from the town. The prospect is extensive by land and pleasant by sea, as we command a view of Carlyle bay and the shipping."

Unfortunately Lawrence received no benefit from his sojourn here and George fell ill with smallpox that marked him for life.

Although the glaring coral roads of Barbados are trying to the eyes, their

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smoothness makes them a delight to ride on. There are many delightful and interesting spots to visit in the country: fine bathing beaches, charming old gardens, and great sugar estates with picturesque old windmills used for grinding the cane. There are no lakes or rivers in the island except those that flow underground, but from these a sufficient supply of water is furnished by means of pipes that carry it to all the towns.

TRINIDAD Trinidad, the West Indian island nearest to the coast of South America, and by reason of its location a port of call for the great steamers plying between Brazil and the Argentine and the North American cities, presents in its inhabitants a strange cosmopolitan aspect. Turbaned Hindoos are conspicuous at the landing. The island is said to have a greater diversity of population than any inhabited land of equal area in America.

There are vestiges of the aborigines whom Columbus found when he landed here on his third voyage to America in 1498. Then came the Spaniards, then the French, and then the English. From the mainland migrated many Venezuelans, a curious mixture of negro, Indian, and Spanish. Of course the negro had been added by the inevitable recruiting from the slave marts of Africa. Finally, in the last century, problems of labor brought Portuguese, Italians, Chinese, and the picturesque East Indian coolies. These coolies now constitute nearly a third of the entire population.

A local historian has truthfully called it "a land of wonders." Its forest-covered hills offer a blaze of color. It is the happy hunting ground of the naturalist. "We have," says its historian, "lakes of pitch, streams of tar,



RAPID TRANSIT IN BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

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oysters growing on trees, an animal resembling a fish that produces its young alive, crabs that climb and feed in fruit trees, another fish that entertains us with a concert, and, lastly, one kind that is clad in a complete suit of armor."

All of which is literally true. With the high tide the oysters attached themselves to the mangroves and remained there when the waters receded. The soldier crab is said to climb trees with ease. The trumpet fish gives forth a resonant sound. The armor-clad fish is the cascadura.

CURAÇAO Even more intensely than Guadeloupe and Martinique are French, than the various possessions of the British Empire spotting the Caribbean are English, the island of Curaçao, lying some forty miles off the Venezuelan coast, is Dutch. Were it not for the blazing sunshine the town of Wilhelmstadt, Curaçao's capital, with its yellow stone walls, brick courtyards, and red tiled roofs, might well be a town on the Zuyder Zee.

Passing between two forts, Fort Riff and Fort Amsterdam, we enter what is held to be the safest and most securely landlocked harbor in the West Indies. To the right is the town proper. It is cut in two by a canal crossed by an

arched bridge. The canal is obviously artificial, and to the eye of the visitor the need of it is not perceptible. Perhaps the main reason for putting it there was the desire to make the good Dutch colonists feel at home.

As the great ship works its way into the harbor, the pontoon bridge being opened to make the necessary gap, and approaches the dock, the native band drawn up on the wharf blares forth its welcome. Yes, certainly, the message that the strains convey is that there is a dearth of a certain fruit of tropical origin! The lack of



MARKET PLACE IN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD



WHARF AT PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD



TYPICAL NATIVE SETTLEMENT ON A COUNTRY ROAD, TRINIDAD

bananas; that is the burden of our musical greeting, and that is the burden of our musical farewell—sung and played here in the Caribbean, as we have heard it almost daily for months past in our home towns up north.

In the old days, when South American revolutions were more frequent than they are now, Curaçao was, by reason of its proximity to the mainland, a favorite resort of the Venezuelan revolutionists after an unsuccessful uprising. Here they came in great numbers to save their heads and their funds, to remain until assurance was given that their political sins had been forgiven or forgotten.

A clergyman of the Church of England whom I met by chance in Trinidad was most eloquent on the subject of life in the West Indies. He had left England when very young, and for forty years had been in service in the various islands belonging to the British Crown. There had been a time long before when there had been occasional twinges of homesickness, days when he yearned for the English fog and the grayness of the English winter. For months he had looked forward to the day that was to begin his brief vacation at home. But he had not been in England a week before he heard the voice of the tropics calling him back. He returned, and after that he had been content—always content with the sunshine and the kinder, simpler life of the Caribbean islands.

At Trinidad and Curaçao we are close to the shore of South America—a land that we have reserved for a special visit later on, so we turn our way north again, and in the course of days—all too few and too short—we leave the soft air and gentle waters of the Caribbean behind us, and our trip has gone like a dream.

LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES

PHOTOGRAPHS MADE SPECIALLY FOR
THE MENTOR BY SHERRIL SCHELL



OLD DOORWAY IN PONCE, PORTO RICO

Ponce has many picturesque old houses that date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A glimpse through the doorway discloses the patio, the open-air living-room of the Porto Rican family

PENCILINGS ALONG THE WAY

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

There has been a great deal written about the buccaneers of the West Indies, but the original source of it all is the book of the Dutchman Esquemeling, who was himself a pirate and participated in the bloody deeds that he describes. The only virtues of the pirates were a furious fighting ability and adherence to their agreements about the division of the spoils. Esquemeling claimed that one pirate in action was equal to two soldiers of the line. They were trained for the particular kind of warfare they practiced, and, neither giving nor asking quarter, they went into battle with the sole idea of selling their lives as dearly as possible. When they captured a city they sacked it and subjected the inhabitants to the most inhuman tortures to make them tell the whereabouts of hidden treasures. At times the spoils divided were great, but, living as he did in the hour, the most affluent pirate soon found himself penniless and obliged to embark upon some new adventure to replenish his purse.

A curious legend of romance has grown up about the old pirates of the Spanish Main. As a matter of fact, they were no more romantic than the London Hooligan of to-day, or the Paris apache, or the gunman of New York's East Side. Most of the buccaneers were the scum of the earth of their day. They were bloodthirsty scoundrels, and the only word that can be said in extenuation of their foul deeds is that many of

them had suffered cruel injustices before turning to piracy. L'Olonnais, one of the most savage of them all, had been kidnaped into slavery, and had been forced to work under the lash. Some of the English pirates were victims of the Monmouth Rebellion of 1685. The infamous judge Jeffreys sentenced hundreds of the defeated rebels to death, and

hundreds more to be sold into slavery in the West Indies. To-day, on the north side of the island of Barbados, there is a colony that lives apart, having nothing to do with the other inhabitants of the island. They are known as "white niggers" and are the direct descendants of those unfortunates of the west of England who were involved in the Duke of Monmouth's uprising and were deported as slaves in the seventeenth century. The law that eventually freed them came too late. They had sunk into a degeneracy from which neither they nor their descendants ever recovered.



A PORTO RICAN BOY

Porto Rican boys are like their American brothers in many ways. They take the keenest interest in baseball, football, tennis, hockey, and other outdoor sports

What are the novels and short stories that should be taken along as companions for this West Indian trip? There is such a wealth of choice that only a brief survey of the field is feasible. The island De Foe had in mind in laying the scene for "Robinson Crusoe" was Tobago, northwest of Trinidad, and a few miles from Tobago was the real Treasure Island of Stevenson's famous story. Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" described Panama and Cartagena in the days of the buccaneers. Victor Hugo's "Bug Jargal" was a tale of

Haiti in the days of the insurrection of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Turning to modern writers: Honduras was the scene of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings" and Richard Harding Davis' "Captain Macklin." The real Olancho of Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" was said to be Santiago de Cuba. Havana as it was in the days of Spanish occupation, and as it is since Cuban independence, has been pictured by Joseph Hergesheimer in "The Bright Shawl" and "Cytherea" respectively. Joseph Conrad's "Romance" is a tale of Jamaica, and Sabatini's "Captain Blood" treats of Jamaica, Barbados, Tortuga, and Cartagena. Gertrude Atherton's "The Gorgeous Isle" and "The Conqueror" are stories of the island of Nevis.

* * *

In these lands under the Southern Cross there may be currents of discontent, but these are beneath the surface. To the eye it is all a life of the lotus eaters, with no voice shrill save the voice of the seller of lottery tickets. Somehow it does not seem quite right. There has always been in the United States the impression that in these republics a revolution was a daily occurrence, and that the governments changed at least twice a week. Perhaps the idea has been due to the Ameri-

can spirit of riotous exaggeration. Perhaps the inhabitants declare a closed season on revolutions in the months when North American tourists visit. A revolution might interfere with the sale of souvenirs, which, with the sale of lottery tickets, is the perceptible industry. But if conspiracies are hatching they are kept carefully out of sight. Another impression, perhaps also erroneous, is that in the standing armies of these little republics the proportion is six gorgeously attired generals to one barefooted private. The private is in evidence, but what has become of the generals?

* * *

Visiting these islands on a jaunting trip—wandering through luxurious tropical vegetation, and gazing upon monuments that recall the turbulence and strife of former centuries, and then, with nightfall, returning to the ship and the cabin that, in the course of the weeks, has become a temporary home—is thoroughly delightful. But inevitably the question arises: Would we like to live permanently in any of these islands, severing home ties, and adapting ourselves to the new environment? If so, which islands would we choose, and why?

The American could settle in the Ber-



MARKET SCENE IN ST. KITTS

West Indian markets are always most interesting to the tourist for the crowds of chattering negroes that assemble there every morning to traffic with each other and gossip over the events of the day

mudas or on the island of New Providence and enjoy much the same companionship that he has had at home. These spots have become at least partially Americanized. People there talk more in the dollars and cents of the States than in the official pounds, shillings, and pence. In Hamilton and Nassau the American coast line seems very near, and the ports of England very far. Added to that, English and American residents are closer together in habits and sympathies than anywhere else in the world. Each seems to have learned a certain tolerance from the other. In fact, throughout the West Indies there is the spirit of a fine Golden Rule which says: "Think as you please, act as you please, wear what you please; so long as what you do works us no harm and does not interfere with our own mode of living, it is none of our business."

A modified American phase of life with a thoroughly American social environment might be had in Havana and particularly in its suburb Marianao, though of course a residence in any of the smaller towns of Cuba would mean adopting Spanish customs and acquiring some knowledge of the Spanish language. In Porto Rico it would be a mere matter of adopting the clothes made necessary by the climate, otherwise the American there is as much at home as in Florida. Haiti, as the republic where black rules white, would have its drawbacks, but in Trinidad or Barbados, with a certain knowledge of French in Martinique, life would probably prove very comfortable indeed, provided Mont Pelée did not threaten to repeat its grim performance of twenty-odd years ago. In Curacao one can find all the flavor of

Holland, with the addition of a sunshine that is rare in Amsterdam or Rotterdam or beside the Zuyder Zee.

Everywhere it is a life that on the surface at least seems care-free. The bitter struggle for existence is not in evidence. Extreme poverty must exist, but it is not the miserable, squalid poverty that we see in the cold cities of the North. Europeans and North Americans resident in these islands will laugh-

ingly refute the visitor's suggestion that they do no work, or very little work, and will refer to the statistics of import and export, and point to the well-kept streets and the fine houses. "Nature did not provide these," they say; "the main difference is that we do not make an ostentatious display of work as you do back in the States. Also, our work is near at hand. We do not spend long hours going to it in the morning and coming away from it at night. Nor is it laziness that keeps us idle in the heat of the noonday—merely discretion."

One thing that is likely to impress the American

visitor everywhere in these islands is the absence of anything like a race problem. Many years ago the aftermath of slavery was terrible in its aspects. Haiti and San Domingo were drenched with the blood of slaughtered whites, who paid the penalty of previous harshness. To-day white and black live side by side in amity. White domination in Jamaica, for instance, does not seem to be threatened in the least, and yet the proportion of population is sixty negroes to one white. In Cuba whites and blacks sometimes share the same roof. In the Cuban cavalry white man and black man ride stirrup to stirrup. Nor is it merely a mingling of



TRINIDAD MARKET WOMAN

The Trinidad market woman still clings to her picturesque turban. On Sunday mornings, however, she blossoms forth with more modern headgear



A STREET IN CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

The streets of the town are clean and well cared for. It used to be said during the Danish régime that visitors who imbibed and were disorderly were compelled to expiate their offense by sweeping the streets the morning after



ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN ANTIGUA

Burros provide the chief means of locomotion for the natives of Antigua

white and black, or of those sprung from a fusion of the two races. What a mingling of races is to be found in Trinidad! Here are Venezuelans of Indian origin, Chinese coolies, and, most impressive of all, gorgeous-

ly turbaned natives of the East Indies. An American, deciding to make his home somewhere in the groups of West Indian Islands, has a delightfully wide range of choice in living conditions.



VIEW OF FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, FROM THE STEAMER
Fort de France, formerly Fort Royal, is the capital and chief commercial town of Martinique



MAIN STREET, CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

Castries, the capital of St. Lucia, was named in honor of the Marshal de Castries, French colonial minister of the day. It is one of the most important coaling stations in the West Indies



PEDDLERS OF GUADELOUPE

The negro women of Guadeloupe ride out on the lighters to the steamers to sell their stock of perfumes and liquors imported from France



A ROAD IN BARBADOS

Barbadian roads are excellent and the delight of motorists



ROYAL PALMS IN PALL MALL SQUARE, BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITTS

This square is the prettiest feature of the town, with its graceful fountain and majestic royal palms



AN ARCADE IN FREDERICKSTED, ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

Suggestive of a Spanish town, the arcades in the vicinity of the market are like those of some Cuban or Porto Rican city

HAVANA, OLD AND NEW

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIVE LEGENDS

BY SHERRIL SCHELL



VIEW OF HAVANA FROM CASA BLANCA

This is an unusual view of Havana from Casa Blanca, a suburb reached by ferry from the old city. The district shown is the one containing the most ancient monuments: La Fuerza, the cathedral, the Franciscan convent, and El Templete. Casa Blanca is a fishing village, terraced on the steep hillside under La Cabaña



THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

The cathedral, erected in the early part of the eighteenth century, was originally the church of the Jesuits. It is commonly known as the Columbus Cathedral, but its name is Cathedral of the Virgin of the Conception. Authorities say that here for more than a hundred years rested the remains of Christopher Columbus. Whether the coffin containing the bones received from San Domingo were or were not those of the great discoverer is still a question in active dispute. In 1898 they were removed to the Cathedral of Seville. Certain dignitaries of San Domingo claim that other bones that lie in their cathedral are the genuine



THE PLAZA DE ARMAS

Memorials of old Havana cluster around the Plaza de Armas, the oldest square in the city. In the background is shown the old Presidential Palace where Spain's captains-general and American governors of Cuba had their residence. The palace was the official residence of the President of Cuba until the new palace was built. The final act in the surrender of Spanish authority took place within these walls. Three years and five months later the flag of Cuba was hoisted and the republic proclaimed



CHURCH OF THE HOLY ANGELS

The Church of the Holy Angels has been likened by the irreverent to the porcupine, on account of its cluster of prickly spires. The church was founded in 1679. It was partially destroyed during the great hurricane of 1846, but has been completely restored



HAVANA'S FASHIONABLE DRIVEWAY

The Prado is Havana's favorite and most fashionable promenade and drive. The part of the Prado which lies between the Parque Central and the Malecon was originally the Calle de Prado, named after the famous Prado of Madrid, celebrated by Lope de Vega and other Spanish poets. The Prado was built during the rule of Governor Tacón, by convict labor; but it was greatly improved by the Americans, who laid the fine concrete walks. It always presents an animated scene, especially on Sunday afternoons, when it is crowded with multitudinous motor cars and a vivacious and smartly dressed throng.



AN OLD ARCADE

The Havanese are a friendly and vivacious people, who believe in combining pleasure with business. Wherever one goes in the old city he finds a group of laughing, talkative men and women under the shadow of some old church or arcade. The servants who are sent out to do the marketing usually take the time to visit their friends of the fruit stalls along the way. The *manana* tradition is almost as strong with the *Cubanos* as it is with their kinsfolk in Spain.



HAVANA IS A CITY OF COLONNADES

Its architecture has been determined by the climate. One can wander nearly everywhere in the old part without exposing oneself to rain or sun. The colonnades of the houses along the Prado are particularly beautiful, and for the most part are made of marble



EL TEMPLETE

This monument was dedicated in 1828, on the Spanish queen's birthday. It marks the site where the first mass was said in Havana, under the foliage of a ceiba (say-ba) tree. The place is a greatly venerated one and has been marked in some way since the earliest days. In 1747 a stone obelisk was erected as a permanent reminder. When the remains of Columbus were brought to Havana from San Domingo they were first placed under the historic tree before being transferred to the cathedral. The present tree is not the original ceiba but is said to be grown from a slip of it



THE OLD AND THE NEW

Old Havana is gradually disappearing before the ruthless march of progress. Many old buildings were demolished to make room for the new Presidential Palace, and more are to be torn down to make way for other governmental edifices. The new palace was designed by a Belgian architect. It is of the classic, Colonial, and French Renaissance style. It has a frontage of 175 feet, and encloses a patio 80 by 180 feet



LA FUERZA

Said to be the oldest inhabited building in the New World. It was built by Hernando de Soto when he was Governor of Cuba, and is the very oldest of Havana's fortifications. It was on one of its parapets that Doña Ysabel de Bobadilla waited and watched for four long weary years for De Soto's return, and it was here that she received the news of his death. La Fuerza was for many years the official residence of the governors and captains-general, among them Pedro Menéndez de Aviles, who founded St. Augustine



AN OLD GARDEN, HAVANA

There are many beautiful old gardens in Havana. Besides the native tropical plants, many trees and shrubs were brought over by the Spaniards as early as the sixteenth century. Flowers bloom the year around, filling the air with fragrance



AN OLD ARCH

Old Havana is unending in its charm. A well-known artist said: "Its very walls are stained with romance." There is much to remind one of Granada and Seville in the narrow streets, with their prison-like facades, arcades, and plazas



CHURCH OF SAN AUGUSTIN

The church of San Augustin is the oldest in Havana. It was built in the early part of the seventeenth century as a monastery. It is noted for its Stations of the Cross in twelve high-reliefs. The religious orders of Cuba were exceedingly rich, for they drew revenue from vast coffee and sugar plantations that had been bequeathed to them. These estates were confiscated long ago. The property of San Augustin was appropriated to the use of the state and the monks driven out of the church.



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, OLD PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

A fine statue of Columbus stands in the main patio of the old Palace of the Captains-General, directly in front of the entrance. The interior of the building is most dignified. It was partially remodeled by the Americans after the Spanish-American War. The transfer of government from that of the United States to Cuba, formally declared in a document signed by President Roosevelt and received by President Palma, was made in the main room of the palace



MARCO POLO, PATHFINDER OF ASIA

BY M. B. LEVICK

Just six hundred years ago Ser Marco Polo started on the longest of all his journeys and was laid to rest with the honors due a rich man of Venice. Even as he lay in his coffin there were some who regarded him as an old fraud. But Marco was no Munchausen. He had come back to Venice from unpenetrated China with trophies of a wonderful journey.

Twenty-four years he spent in strange lands, and for a good part of that time he was virtually a prisoner in golden chains in the court of one of the richest and most powerful monarchs the world had ever known — the Mongol, Kublai Khan.

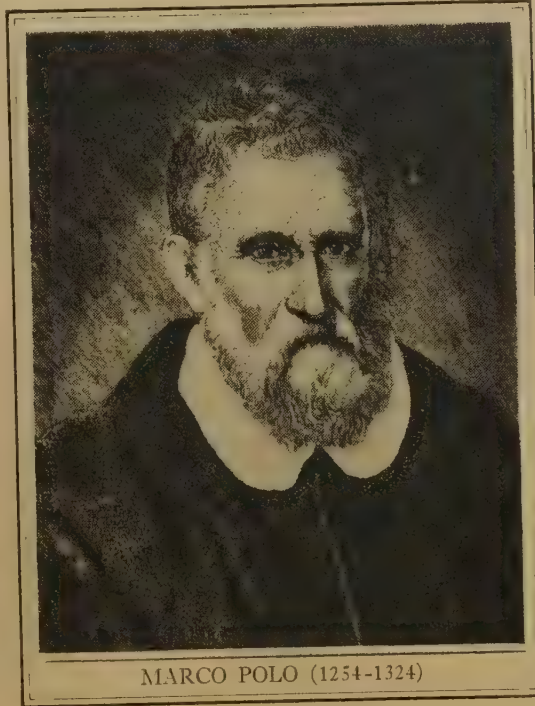
In Venice, men forgot the lad that had left, in his teens, to go adventuring—and he was given up for dead. A man of middle age returned, and made his townsmen gape or scoff with tales of the jeweled East and the marvels of a hundred Asian lands through which he had wandered, sometimes in tatters and sometimes as the envoy of a rich and mighty ruler. He had seen the tomb of Adam, had passed through the land of Gog and Magog. He had been told of the "roc," a bird that flies off with elephants in its claws. He had heard of men with heads like dogs, and had passed trees that prophesied. He brought word of valleys of diamonds guarded by monstrous serpents—such valleys as we know to-day only in the Arabian Nights. With all this, and more, he was no mere romancer. When he reported what he thought perhaps too strange, he said bluntly that he gave only hearsay. Some things that he told as truth stand forth now clearly as fables, yet they were believed in his day; other things that his con-

temporaries doubted have become commonplace facts in the course of these six centuries.

In his book Marco Polo says little of the dangers he faced from man, beast, and nature. Yet he had more courage than is common even in eager youth when, at seventeen, he set out for the unknown world. He trudged across the deserts and plains reaching out over an earth that folk then thought flat; marched into the heart of Asia, and came out on the other side.

In his own time men read his book for the amazement of it: for the stories of an oil that burned as it came out of the earth (the same oil that is the prize of

to-day's economic struggles); for his tales of sorcerers who caused golden goblets to rise of their own accord to the lips of kings; and for the accounts of lions, and of the great dogs of Tibet, as big as donkeys, whose descendants menace wayfarers even now. It was a wonder book filled with pearls and pirates; of "ivory, apes, and peacocks." In a later day curious and daring men turned to this volume for its facts, and in it they found inspiration for the whole age of discovery. Marco Polo became the dominating influence of the explorers who later



MARCO POLO (1254-1324)

widened the margins of the world.

Century by century the story of discovery is the story of men seeking a sea path to the islands that Marco Polo described.

When the first manuscript of that account was put in circulation (it was before the day of printing) the eyes of the western world were turned on the East. From Asia had come the menace of conquest, and the Mongol Empire already ruled a vast portion of the earth. To the court of the Great Khan went Marco Polo; from off the high desert of central Asia he passed into the region of the rude Tangut tribe, who had made their chief, Genghis, the first khan, and thence, at the end of his eastward journey, Polo came to an Oriental court shining and magnificent.

THE MENTOR

It was the summer court at Shangtu, the Xanadu of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's famous poetic rhapsody "Kubla Khan."*

Marco Polo, who, on the long journey across central Asia, had grown from a lad of seventeen to a young man of twenty-one, emerged from the waste lands into a land of silk and music, ruled by a war lord who, with his outposts reaching to the Danube, saw in the furtherance of commerce the promise of a lasting empire. The Venetian found not the court of a bloody monster, as the Mongol khan was pictured in Europe, but a center of civilization in some respects superior to that which then prevailed in the capitals of Europe.

It was in the year 1275 that Marco Polo arrived at Shangtu, and within two years he was in favor as a court functionary. He advanced rapidly in the service which was, to some degree, an imprisonment for many years, for the khan was loath to let him go.

Marco Polo did not arrive alone and unheralded. He was the companion of his father and uncle, Nicolo and Maffeo. They were rich Venetian merchants who, some time before, being in Turkish territory, had joined an emissary of the grand khan and had visited the

Eastern court. They were the first of the Latin race to be welcomed by the khan. In 1269, nine years after their departure, they came

back to Acre (Syria), bearing tablets of gold as passports and also a letter in which the Buddhist khan urged the Pope, Clement IV, to send him a hundred clerics skilled in argument, that they might debate. This was the outcome of the Polo brothers' talk of their own religion while they were in a land of strange gods. "Come," said the khan; "bring men of your faith to debate with mine, and if you have the better of it, I will embrace your belief." He was a clever ruler;

his true purpose being to establish relations that would lead to commerce and prosperity.

At any rate, the elder Polos returned with

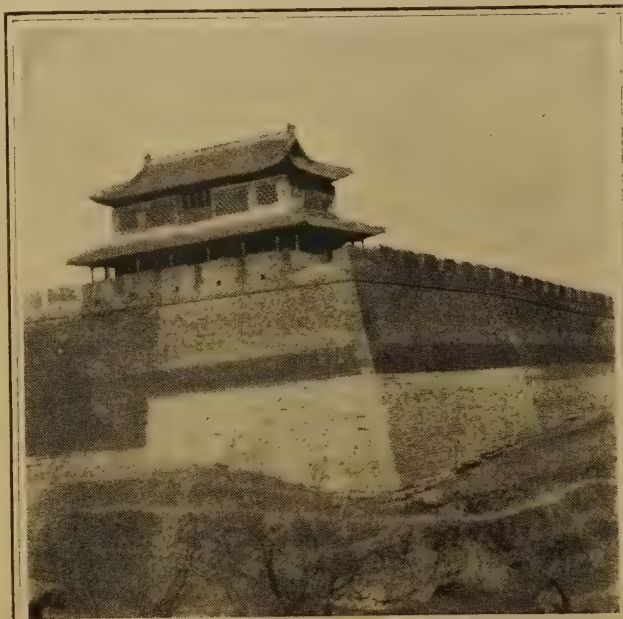
the invitation and found the Pope dead. They waited two years before a successor was named, and then the best they could get was not a hundred clerics but two friars, and the Polos were not far on the eastward road (young Marco with them) when the friars turned back.

When they came to the edge of Kublai's central empire, four years later, they were still forty days in the wilderness when emissaries of the khan ran to welcome them. The



PORTRAIT OF KUBLAI KHAN

From a Chinese engraving



"WITH WALLS AND TOWERS GIRDLED ROUND"

Such were the formidable protective barriers that assured the privacy of the Mongol emperor of Marco Polo's time

* An account of this extraordinary poem will be found on page 48

court had got word of their approach from runners, who furnished the system of communication in the Far East.

Young Marco became a favorite of the khan, who was then a man of sixty or so, and who could appreciate daring and forthrightness. By the time the young visitor had picked up a few dialects and four written languages he was started on a career which held him in the emperor's dominions for seventeen years.

During his long service he traveled through many parts of China: in the south and also in the north, which he speaks of as Cathay.

He performed great exploits, achieved high honors, and held positions of trust and power. He learned of islands eastward in the sea, called "Zipangu": in Japan to-day there still stands the building with the roof of gold which aroused Kublai Khan's desire for conquest and caused him to send a force of 30,000 men, who were lost in a storm. That was before Polo's time. Marco heard also of a feather seventy feet long, sent to the khan: it was the feather of the roc. But he does not say he saw either the bird or the feather: he states the report in a take-it-or-leave-it way, merely as a report. Indeed, he disposed of more than one fairy tale in his book. He wrote that the pygmies brought home by others from India were in reality dried Javan monkeys: "you see it is all a cheat," he says. Yet he relates with calm assurance the most unbelievable accounts of the magic of sorcerers.

Marco Polo's name is associated most closely with China, of all the lands he described, but it was only one of many. Burma, Siam, India; the islands Sumatra and Java and Ceylon: these are in Polo's domain, and one may see to-day much that he saw.

An Arabian Nights flavor followed him everywhere. Three centuries after his death an editor, Ramusio, gave this story of his return. When Polo and his father and uncle arrived at the house of their family in Venice no one knew them. They gave a feast, and these men who had come home in rags now wore a king's clothes—and, between courses, they cut up their robes and donned new. At last they brought their road-soiled rags and cut the hems: out spilled a *fortune in gems*. Then Marco began his tale of the khan's court, telling of a wealth so great that he earned for himself a nickname: "Millions." Even in official records he is so designated, and the court where the Polos' house stood is still known as the "Court of Millions."

Shortly after Marco came home his city and Genoa were at war. He took arms in a galley that carried the Polo flag, was taken prisoner, and before he was freed dictated his book. A fellow prisoner took it down in bad French. There exist sixteen manuscript copies in French, Latin, and Italian.

In 1324 Marco made his will, and died soon after. When he was dying, friends urged him to repent of all the lies in his book, but he insisted to the last that they were not lies.



THE GREAT KHAN DELIVERING THE GOLDEN TABLET TO THE POLO BROTHERS

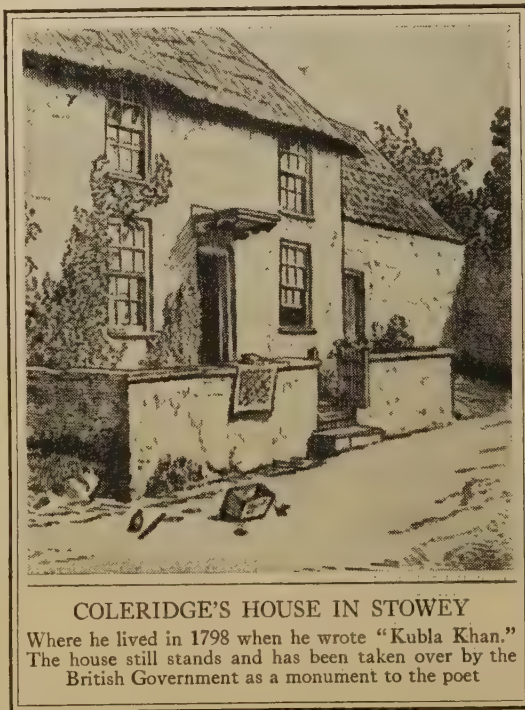


THE STORY OF THE POEM "KUBLA KHAN"

BY J. PENNINGTON

All that the famous traveler Marco Polo saw on his travels he set down as the diary of a cool observer. But he was moved to enthusiastic expression by the glories and wonders of the palace of Kublai* Khan. The glow of his enthusiasm persisted for five centuries and then burst into the flame of Coleridge's glorious rhapsody "Kubla Khan." The story of the writing of the poem is as extraordinary as the subject.

In 1798, when Samuel Taylor Coleridge was about twenty-six years of age, he went to live at Stowey, in Somerset. The poet had a disagreement with one of his friends and retired to a farmhouse at some distance from Stowey to recover his peace of mind. Feeling wretchedly depressed, Coleridge took an "anodyne," as he tells us—probably opium—and seated himself in an armchair with a book. This book was Samuel Purchas' "His Pilgrimage," in which was an account of Marco Polo's sojourn at the court of the great khan and his description of the khan's palace. Soon the poet was asleep from the effects of the opiate. While he slept he composed from two to three hundred lines of verse based on a vision or dream—a "series of images"—inspired by what he had been reading. Immediately upon awakening he began to set down on paper the immortal lines of "Kubla Khan." At the end of the fifty-fourth line he was called from the room and detained for over an hour. Upon his return he was chagrined to find that he was unable to recall the rest of the poem. Although he always thought of completing it, it remains unfinished to this day.



When Charles Lamb heard the poet intone it, he praised its exquisite melody but tried to dissuade the poet from publishing it. He thought it too ethereal to be captured in cold type; he feared that its beauty would dissolve on the printed page just as Coleridge's vision had dissolved upon his return to everyday life.

It is interesting to compare Marco Polo's description of Kublai Khan's palace as set forth in the quaint prose of Samuel Purchas with Coleridge's opening lines. Purchas' text begins:

In Xaindar did Cublai
Can build a stately
palace, encompassing
sixteen miles of plaine
ground with a wall
wherein are fertile med-
dowes, pleasant springs,
delightful streames, and
all sorts of beasts of
chase and game, and in
the midst thereof a
sumptuous house of
pleasure.

The opening lines of
the poem are:

In Xanadu did Kubla
Khan
A stately pleasure
dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred
river, ran
Through caverns meas-
ureless to man

Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous
rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—
Then reached the caverns measureless to man;
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

*The name of the emperor is usually spelt Kublai; the poem gives it as Kubla.



POCAHONTAS AND WHAT BEFELL HER

BY J. PENNINGTON

A movement has been on foot to discover the burial place of Pocahontas in the little town of Gravesend, England. If found, the intention was to bring the remains to America and erect a suitable mausoleum here. This statement will puzzle some readers, for, they will ask, what was America's favorite Indian heroine doing in England, and how came she to die there? The story learned at school usually ended with the rescue of Captain John Smith by the Indian maiden, and yet the incidents of her life after this episode were even more significant and picturesque than those that preceded it. When Pocahontas threw herself between the English captain and the upraised clubs of her father's braves, she was about thirteen years of age; and, although she lived to be only twenty-two, the nine succeeding years were crowded with adventure.

Pocahontas' real name was Matoaka. Her father, Powhatan, was the chief of all the Indian tribes in the eastern part of America—an early American emperor of a kind—so Matoaka was a princess; and in the records of that time she is usually alluded to as “one of royal blood.”

Old Chief Powhatan, who adored his daughter, affectionately nicknamed her Pocahontas, meaning “little hoyden.” Early records of the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, tell how the little naked savage romped into the fort and taught fair-haired children of English

birth the art of turning cart wheels and handspins.

While Captain John Smith, an enterprising colonist, was on a journey of exploration up the James River, in 1607, he was attacked, and, although he fought for his life and even resorted to a ruse worthy of his red-skinned foes, he was captured and brought before Powhatan. The chief left the white man in doubt of his fate for several weeks, but at last the valiant captain realized his end was near. He relates in his own writings that Pocahontas saved his life by throwing herself upon him just as the clubs of his executioners were about to descend on his head. Whether or not the incident really occurred no one knows to-day, since Captain Smith, in the words of his biographer, was “alone the herald to publish and proclaim it,” and since even he did not

allude to the occurrence until some years later, when Pocahontas was a reigning sensation in London. At any rate, the little princess did again and again save the settlement of white men from starvation and attack, and her mediation between the colonists and the Indians actually made possible the continuation of the settlement at Jamestown.

Pocahontas' efforts to keep peace were somewhat slackened after Captain Smith left the colony and went off adventuring in foreign lands. She became the bride of one of her father's aides,

and while living with a native band was captured by Captain Samuel Argall. It was his plan to hold her for ransom, but the parleying with Powhatan lasted so long that Pocahontas settled down in the white men's community and lived happily with her cap-



tors, who taught her to speak English and initiated her into the principles of Christianity. Incidentally, Pocahontas was the first native to become a Christian convert. Among those that took an interest in her was John Rolfe, a widower, and the pair became so much attached that they decided to marry.

Powhatan was delighted at the prospect of his daughter's union with a white man, and from the time of the marriage peace reigned between the two races. The wedding took place in a church in Jamestown when Pocahontas was nineteen. She was baptized first, and given the name of Rebecca—a prosaic choice for the erstwhile tom-boy!

A son was born to the Englishman and the beautiful Indian girl, and when the baby was about a year old John Rolfe decided to take his wife and child overseas to his home. The arrival of "the Lady Rebecca" in London made a tremendous stir. The Bishop of London entertained her, and she was presented to the king and queen. The king, James I, "the ever-jealous royal dunce," envied the attentions and honors heaped upon the brown-skinned princess, and tried to make trouble for the honest Rolfe by pretending that he had no right, as a commoner, to take a royal bride without permission from his sovereign. It was also hinted that James I feared that their son might inherit from Powhatan "the Kingdom of America."

With Pocahontas, Powhatan had sent one

of his braves to act as a bodyguard. The chief gave him a big stick, and, wanting to get some idea of the number of people in England, bade him make a notch in it for each Englishman he saw. The savage had not been long in England when he threw his stick away in despair. On his return, when asked for an accounting, he replied: "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the seashore; for such is the number of people in England."

When Captain John Smith, who had been reported dead, returned from one of his mysterious voyages, he found all England ablaze with excitement over the Princess Pocahontas. Balls were being given for her, crowds followed her about, inns were named in her honor "*La Belle Sauvage*." Captain Smith visited her at Brentford, but the shock of seeing him alive was so great that she scarcely could speak for some hours. "They did tell me always you were dead," she murmured; "and I knew no other till I came from Plymouth. . . . Your countrymen will lie so much." It was at this time that Captain John

Smith addressed to the queen a letter in which he told the story of his rescue by Pocahontas, and of her many good deeds on behalf of the colony. Some say that this letter of the versatile captain does not prove the authenticity of his rescue at the hands of the Indian girl, because of his well-known weakness for embroidering and expanding any story in which he figured.



Said one commentator of the times, "The valor of his deeds was somewhat diminished, since he himself is the only one to publish and proclaim them."

Captain John Smith was an adventurer, author, map maker, soldier, explorer, and a romantic as well. "He rang like brass, without doubt, but had a touch of gold within." Though he may have elaborated some of his recitals of adventure, that he was honest, hard-headed, and brave no one doubts.

The attempt to weave a romance about Pocahontas and Captain John Smith is not well substantiated. At the time of their meeting Pocahontas was thirteen and he twenty-nine; and when she saw him in London she addressed him as father.

When John Rolfe decided to return to Virginia, he set out with his wife alone, leaving their son Thomas in care of Sir Lewis Stewkley. But when they reached Gravesend and embarked on the boat that was to carry them to America, Pocahontas fell ill (of the smallpox, it is believed), died, and was buried there. The parish register contains the following entry:

1616 May Rebecca Wrolfe, wyff of Thomas Wrolfe, gent. A Virginia lady borne, here was buried in ye chauncell.

In spite of the error in the Christian name of the husband and the spelling of Rolfe, there is no doubt that this is Pocahontas' record of death.

Early in the next century the church was burned down; when it was restored, a memorial tablet was erected to the dusky American princess.

Just before the World War, two stained-glass windows were presented to the church by the Society of Colonial Dames of Virginia.

Rolfe returned to America, married again, and, curiously enough, became secretary and recorder general under the Deputy Governor Argall—the same Argall who earlier had betrayed Pocahontas into the hands of the colonists.

Herson, Thomas, also came back to Virginia eventually, and his daughter married a Virginian by the name of Bolling.

It is from Pocahontas' grandchild that the wife of ex-President Wilson is descended.

Surely no one ever had a more varied and dramatic existence than Pocahontas: childish emissary and savior, captive in an enemy's camp,

twice a bride, mother of a son, fêted darling of a dazzled court—all this before she died of a fell disease at the age of twenty-two.



MEMORIAL TO AN AMERICAN PRINCESS

A stained-glass window in the church near the spot where Pocahontas was buried at Gravesend, presented by the Society of Colonial Dames of Virginia in 1914. An American battleship was dispatched to Gravesend for the unveiling ceremonies. The design shows Rebecca holding a pitcher. Rebecca was the name under which Pocahontas was baptized into the Christian church in 1613. The lower panel shows the baptism of the princess at the church in the colony of Delaware. According to the Gravesend parish register, Pocahontas was buried in the churchyard in 1616. The original church burned to the ground in the eighteenth century.



SABATINI IS MAKING HISTORY LIVE AGAIN

BY GENE BERTON

One making the tour of the West Indies can find no better traveling companion than Rafael Sabatini. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that a copy of "Captain Blood," that gorgeous yarn in which the buccaneers live again, is an indispensable part of the baggage to be carried along for the journey. With Sabatini the romance of history revives. In his books once again the Borgias scheme on the banks of the Tiber, the pirates of Barbary sweep out from Algiers in their galleys to ravage the coasts of Christian Europe, the fury of the French Revolution rages, Wellington sets his trap in Portugal for the marshals of Napoleon, the Great Plague sears London while rapiers rings against rapiers. Sabatini is the man who is making history live again.

About once in every quarter of a century the world reaches to high romance in fiction. In the closing years of the nineteenth century along came Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and following it a wave that carried the Ruritania of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" and the Graustark of George Barr McCutcheon's several stories to world-wide popularity. After that the pendulum swung again; back to realism and the story of everyday life, till it reached the end of Main Street and the House of Babbitt. Now once more the pendulum swings to high romance—and we have Sabatini. This man, who is making such splendid use of history as a background for fiction, began to write as a formal historian. He found history so interesting, so rich in color, that he turned to fiction as a better vehicle for expression. Every one of his novels has been the outgrowth of particular studies made of some

period or some great historical character. For example, he wrote a life of Torquemada, the most sinister figure of the Spanish Inquisition, and much of the material gathered for that work subsequently went into the making of "The Sea Hawk." He projected a work about the buccaneers of the Spanish Main that was to supplement the narrative of the Dutchman Esquemeling. It is to that labor that readers mainly owe "Captain Blood." It was Sabatini's wide reading in the literature of the

French Revolution that equipped him for writing the amazing story of the adventures of "Scaramouche," and it was his study of the period of Charles II, the "Merry Monarch" of England, that produced "Fortune's Fool."

Who is Rafael Sabatini, who has brought about this striking revival of romance? An Italian by birth, an Englishman by naturalization, he is writing in an adopted language. His father was the Maestro-Cavalier Vincenzo Sabatini, who married an Englishwoman who had lived since her earliest years in Italy and finally became more fluent in Italian than in her native tongue. Rafael was born in Jesi, a



RAFAEL SABATINI

little city of the Italian Marches, a town which wears even to-day its aspect of the Middle Ages. Accident determined the choice of a working language for Rafael Sabatini. At the age of eighteen he spoke and wrote five languages with almost equal fluency, and possessed only the foundation of the sixth language, which happened to be English. Actually his first steps in literature were taken in French. That was when he was sixteen and at school in Zug, Switzerland. He was one of the two editors of the school magazine, which was printed in French, although the official language of the canton was German.

His school days in Switzerland over, Rafael Sabatini went to the academy at Oporto, Portugal, and from there was sent to Eng-

land to embark upon a commercial career. His linguistic attainments were thought to constitute a splendid foundation for commercial life. For some years he toiled diligently at the uncongenial desk. But it was the old story. The urge to write was strong in him. The hours he could take from the daily task were devoted to writing. Even the limited success he enjoyed in his first years of creative work came slowly and was won only by hard labor. He sold an occasional story to a magazine. Finally a publisher commissioned him to write a book. That was "The Loves of Yvonne" published in 1902.

From that day he devoted himself entirely to literature, though his business training was an asset in the years from 1913 to 1918, when he was a director of the London publishing house of Martin Secker. There was other work done in these years. The British War Office called him to its service, making use of his extraordinary knowledge of languages.

In the meantime he had become a thorough Englishman, had married an English wife (there are now a son and a daughter in their teens), and, year after year, had been turning out his romances of the past, refusing to yield to the attempted persuasions of those who tried to convince him that "the day of the historical novel was past." To

us those stirring romances come as if written to-day. Actually many of them were written long ago; "Bardelys the Magnificent," for example, in 1906; "Mistress Wilding" and "The Strolling Saint" in 1910. There was a limited circle of discriminating readers that appraised Sabatini at nearly his real worth; but general popularity seemed as remote as when he was a boy in his native Jesi. Even "The Sea Hawk," published in 1915, failed to stir more than a ripple. But then the war was on.

For almost twenty years after the publication of "The Loves of Yvonne," in 1902, Sabatini waited to hear the voice of popular acclamation. It came with the appearance in 1921 of "Scaramouche." Yet even that book, according to a generally accepted story, was declined by seven publishers before the eighth house to which it was offered recognized its quality.

But when success came to Rafael Sabatini it was no half-way success. Like Lord Byron, he awoke in the morning to find himself famous. It would be strange indeed if "Scaramouche" were not, as it is, his own favorite among all his novels. "Scaramouche was my Columbus," he has said. "He discovered America for me." To readers by the tens of thousands "Scaramouche" pointed the way to "The Sea Hawk," to "The Snare;" to all the rest.



SABATINI WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN IN SWITZERLAND



HEROIC DEATH OF MAGELLAN

Recalled by Recent Discovery

BY IRVING A. LEONARD

A major in the United States Army, on duty in the Philippine Islands, reports the finding, four hundred years after Magellan's death, of the navigator's brass helmet. There is good reason to believe that Magellan was wearing this helmet when he met his death in April, 1521, at the north end of Mactan Island.

While Europe was ringing with the praises of Christopher Columbus and Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese adventurer, Ferdinand Magellan, started out with a fleet of five vessels to try to find a new sea route to the Spice Islands of the Pacific. Sailing through the straits that now bear his name, the navigator reached the central group of the Philippine Archipelago after a voyage of peril and privation lasting nearly two years. Friendly relations were established with the reigning chieftain, but a chief on the neighboring island of Mactan refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of the King of Spain, as demanded by Magellan. Accordingly, it became the duty of the king's emissary to send a punitive expedition.

Early on the morning of April 28th, Magellan, accompanied by sixty of his own men and numerous natives of Cebu, crossed the narrow strait that separated the ancient Filipino city from Mactan, and entered a tiny cove with palm-fringed beach. On this spot there stand to-day tall cocoanut trees and a cluster of nipa shacks inhabited by sparsely clad natives. So the scene must have appeared to Magellan on that April morning, for the centuries leave little impress on spots like this, far from the beaten highways of the world.

The cove was shallow and the small boats were unable to land. Two divisions led by Magellan waded to the beach, where they

were confronted by a formidable array of savages. In panic the followers of Magellan, faced by a gesticulating horde of warriors brandishing spears and sharp sticks, discharged their crossbows and muskets wildly. To distract the attention of the opposing natives the leader ordered the village to be fired. The furious natives pressed more closely upon the invaders. After a prolonged and bitter struggle Magellan received a wound that caused him to drop forward on his hands and knees. At once the islanders fell upon

him and killed him. To-day, only a neglected monument marks the scene of the dramatic episode that ended Magellan's career.

A Spanish officer named Del Cano assumed the leadership of the expedition and continued the journey around the world, arriving at Seville September 9, 1522, in the "Victoria," the only one of the five vessels to



WHERE MAGELLAN WAS SLAIN—A SMALL ISLAND IN THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO

Here Magellan and sixty of his men waded through the shallow water to the tropical, palm-lined beach. The monument marks the location of the engagement between the explorers and the natives

complete the voyage. Of a crew originally numbering two hundred and eighty about forty returned.

Though Magellan did not live to complete this particular voyage, he did accomplish the circumnavigation of the globe, having sailed at another time part way around to the eastward. He was the first European to captain an expedition across the Pacific Ocean.

Memorials of the hero discoverer being rare, special interest is attached to the splendidly preserved helmet which has fallen into the hands of Major Selton. He reports having carefully inquired as to the authenticity of the relic, which was sold to him by natives whose testimony is well substantiated in the district where the helmet was discovered and for centuries carefully preserved. "The tooling is sharp and distinct, and the thin brass harp used to fasten it is still intact. The helmet is of graceful lines, and gives one the impression that the doughty old warrior was somewhat of a dandy." It is said that it shows but little effect of four hundred years in the moist climate of the Philippines.



WEST INDIAN "EMPEROR JONES"

BY SHERRIL SCHELL

Henri Christophe, born a slave, became an emperor. His native island was Grenada. When natives of Haiti, under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, rose against the French, Christophe escaped from his bondage and joined the revolutionists in that country. He became the trusted friend and adherent of L'Ouverture, and in a short while was appointed one of the leaders of the insurrection. In 1802 he distinguished himself in the defense of Cape Haiti. He swore allegiance to Desalines, the leader who had arrogantly assumed the title of "Emperor of Haiti," and, while professing loyalty to that tyrant, plotted his ruin. He killed his leader and appropriated his position.

Here was a personality of no common order, dominant and magnetic, able in military affairs, and shrewd and cunning in diplomacy. On the other hand, he was vain, ostentatious, and of violent and cruel temper. He was tall and powerfully built, and had an expressive and intelligent countenance.

No sooner had he seized power than he surrounded himself with magnificence. One of the most remarkable buildings in the West Indies (now a ruin) was the palace he caused to be built about twelve miles from Cape Français. "Sans Souci" (without care) was situated on the top of a high mountain. The interior was sumptuously furnished with mirrors, tapestries, paintings, and ornaments brought over from Europe. The furnishings of his own private apartments were particularly luxurious, with floors of mahogany or marble. His gardens were laid out with judgment and good taste, and

here he would wander, accompanied by his bodyguard, and proudly scan the broad acres of his tropic realm, while his band would play martial airs or French opera selections.

He had a grand almoner who was also the Archbishop of Haiti, a grand cupbearer, a grand marshal and a marshal of the royal palaces, ten governors of palaces, ten governors of castles, sixteen chamberlains and a grand chamberlain, five secretaries and a librarian, twelve knights, fifteen pages, seven grand huntsmen, a grand master of ceremonies, seven professors of the arts and sciences, together with a great number of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries.

As long as he kept his splendid health Christophe maintained his authority, but one day while attending mass he fell to the floor, stricken with paralysis. The news spread quickly throughout Haiti and was the signal for revolt among the natives, who had resented his tyrannical rule. In one of the inner apart-

ments of Sans Souci, Christophe tried one fantastic treatment after another. After undergoing a vigorous rub-down with a mixture of rum and red pepper, he attempted to mount his horse in order to arouse the devotion of his followers. His strength failed him entirely at this final effort, but so stubborn was his spirit that he ordered himself carried in a chair to the front of his palace, where he reviewed his bodyguard. Christophe had faith in the loyalty of these men, but no sooner were they out of his sight than they went over to the insurrectionists. When he heard their cries of "Vive la Liberté" and was told that they too had deserted him, he lost all hope. Summoning his wife and children, he bade them a tearful and affectionate farewell. Then he put on a white suit, seized a pistol, and shot himself.



HENRI CHRISTOPHE

Black Tyrant of Haiti (1811-1820) presiding at the court-martial of a white prisoner. His character and career suggest that of the chief character in Eugene O'Neill's play "Emperor Jones"



ASPHALT LAKE, TRINIDAD Comprising one hundred acres of crude asphalt, which is shipped to the four corners of the world to be used in building motor highways



TRINIDAD—WHERE THE PAVEMENT BEGINS

BY FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

On a day in midsummer, Christopher Columbus, then on his third voyage of discovery, sighted the Island of Trinidad in the West Indies. Amid great rejoicing and under a brightly shining sun, he raised the red and yellow banner of Spain and took formal possession in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

Columbus believed that he had found a new continent, but in reality it was just another island, an island, however, with a most curious natural feature. A mile from the shore a great pitch lake was discovered, future source of endless miles of asphalt pavements.

How the asphalt got there has always been a mystery. The Carib Indians who inhabited the island when Columbus landed told a weird tale. Enemies had destroyed sacred humming birds which abounded in Trinidad and on account of this act the Indians believed the Great Spirit had caused a seething, molten lake of pitch to be formed in which the invaders were destroyed.

Science gives a more practical explanation, asserting that the asphalt was formed by wells of petroleum far beneath the surface which were slowly forced upward by the natural gas and volcanic action. By this process the oil was mixed with a very fine clay and, in time, as the material cooled, a substance called asphalt was created.

The lake, bedded in the crater of an extinct volcano, and of unknown depth, covers a nearly circular area of 114 acres. It looks

like a large, round pond gone dry, with here and there rivulets of water and patches of green vegetation. The asphalt itself, blackish-brown in color, has been compared to the skin of an elephant, and the irregular creases to the folds in the hide.

Stepping upon the surface of the lake gives one the feeling of walking on velvet. Donkeys resting in the heat of the sun half an hour or so will often sink to their hocks.

A narrow-gauge railroad is laid across the lake on bamboo ties, on which small cars are run to the edge of the lake and there emptied into big buckets that are carried by a cableway to the shore. As the asphalt has a constant creeping motion, caused by the gas underneath, the rails have to be aligned almost daily.

And here is another mystery: The asphalt is dug out of the lake and loaded in chunks into the cars. The next morning the excavation is filled up again! The place may appear a little rough, but it is approximately level with the rest of the lake. This, it has been determined, is caused by the entire mass of asphalt settling. There is no such thing as "new" asphalt, it having taken centuries to form and cool.

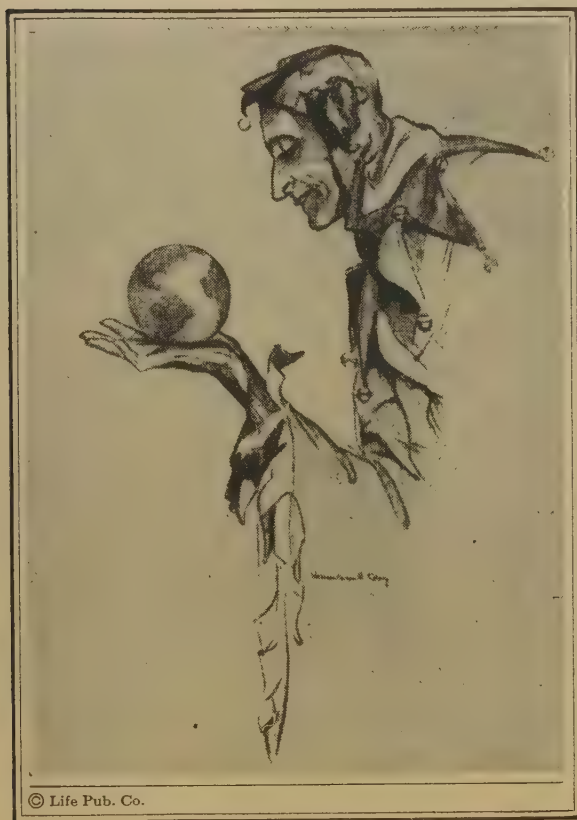
Millions of tons of asphalt have been taken from the Trinidad lake and sent to almost every part of the world, where it is used for paving and other purposes, but there seems to be an inexhaustible supply.

For more than three hundred years the Island of Trinidad remained a Spanish possession. In the year 1797, however, it was captured by a British fleet, and since that time has been one of the most important and prosperous West Indian colonies of Great Britain.

THE CLOWN

IN HISTORY, ROMANCE, AND DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS



ALL the world's a stage, and human life a comedy. In their various rôles, Pierrot, Punchinello, Pantaloon, Harlequin, Scaramouche, and their companion players have served humanity well, for they have made man laugh—and "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."



"MR. PUNCH"
By Meissonier

Meissonier, the painter of gallant soldiers, elegant cavaliers, and amiable gentlemen of leisure, could not resist the bewitching spell of Mr. Punch's grotesque personality. He has painted him as a jolly, likable scoundrel

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HE CLOWN— IN HISTORY, ROMANCE, AND DRAMA

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

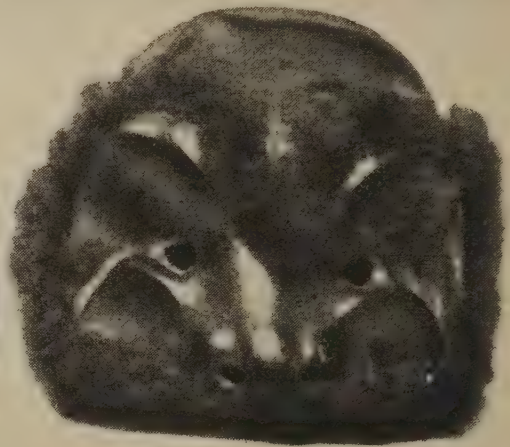
"All the elemental emotions—joy, sorrow, love and hate, happy heart and heartbreak—have found expression in terms of pantomime, where Pierrot, Punchinello, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine play life's primitive drama for us."

As we look back at the long history of mankind, we observe that, while the sense of humor differs widely in different countries and in different centuries, there stands out one figure whom all men at all times and in all places have been glad to laugh at or laugh with. This is the perennially popular figure which, in default of a better title, I term "The Clown"—a creature who assumes many disguises, who is called by many names, who is a chameleon, changing color even while we look at him, but who nevertheless abides throughout the ages as the eternal and irresistible laugh-maker, moving us to hearty mirth whenever we catch sight of him and whenever we hear his voice. He may be known as Maccus or Tabarin, Jack Pudding or Hans Wurst, Pierrot or Scaramouche, Pulcinella, Polichinelle, or Punch, circus clown or minstrel end man; it matters nothing what his name may be; he performs his function with unerring certainty here to-day as in the past.

He is born in the most unexpected regions; he may make his first appearance as a village "cut-up" with a liking for practical jokes; and he may end his career by becoming the favorite of a great city. He may be only a stupid lout, predestined victim of ill-concealed trickery, or he may be a wily knave, himself a past master of the art of bamboozling. Sometimes he is as gay of heart as he appears to be, mocking others while they mock him; and sometimes he is the saddest of men, arousing mirth he cannot share and carrying a heavy heart beneath his fantastic costume. He may be content to be merely a figure of fun, and perhaps he may even be proud of it; and he may feel



PIERROT
By Aubrey Beardsley
From "Poems of Ernest
Dawson," Courtesy Dodd,
Mead & Co.



HARLEQUIN
MASKS ❖

In Greek comedy, Harlequin impersonated an African slave and appeared in black face. This practice was discontinued for a while until Michelangelo discovered the origin of the character. From that time on Harlequin wore a black mask

himself fit for better things, resenting bitterly the fate which condemns him to laughter when he is almost moved to tears. It is a common saying in the theater that the most humorous of comedians often regret that they are not permitted to appear as tragedians; and even when they have no tragic aspirations they are not infrequently melancholic—just as were those mighty humorists, Molière and Dean Swift and Mark Twain.

When I was a boy the greatest funmaker on the American stage was George L. Fox, the immortal clown in the immortal pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty;" and in those distant days—now more than half a century ago—a tale was told of a man who came to a physician to be cured of persistent depression. The physician could find no physical cause for this condition; and all he could do was to recommend amusement of one kind or another. "Go and see Fox," he ended by saying; and the afflicted patient answered, "I am Fox." I do not know whether or not this is a true story. I doubt its authenticity, because a few years after hearing it I found exactly the same conversation recorded in print as having taken place half a century earlier between the renowned Dr. Abernethy and the equally renowned Joseph Grimaldi, who was the G. L. Fox of his time. And a few years later again I discovered an equivalent saying put in the mouth of an unnamed physician of France two centuries and a half ago, when his patient declared himself to be Dominique, the Arlequin, the only man who could compel the aging Louis XIV to laugh. Perhaps the tale is even older; and some papyrus may be dug up in Egypt giving us the name of the melancholy comedian to whom it was ascribed in Rome or Greece—or perhaps even earlier, in the Egypt of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It is a wise anecdote that knows its own father.

In Greece it is, however, that the clown emerges in literature. I have



From "Midsummer Night's Dream," Doubleday, Page & Co.

Drawing by Arthur Rackham

PUCK, the Spirit of Mischief

Shakespeare takes Puck from old folklore, and gives him to us in "Midsummer Night's Dream" as a playful, tricky elf—the jester to King Oberon—who plays many pranks in the woods and "puts a girdle around about the earth in forty minutes"

THE CLOWN—IN HISTORY, ROMANCE, AND DRAMA

suggested that the funny man may have begun as a village cut-up, taking liberties and playing practical jokes; and in some such capacity as this he seems to have taken part in the pagan predecessors of our Thanksgiving and Christmas festivities. In the vintage season bands of lusty young fellows went about the Grecian countryside, joking, dancing, and singing improvised lyrics in honor of Bacchus, the god of the vine. In time these annual revels developed into unpretending comic pieces—rude farces with traditional retort and slapstick humor. When at last these pieces were transported to Athens, where all things were done decently and in order, they were taken over by the state and made an annual institution.

But although they were then lifted into literature they retained their rollicking boisterousness, even in the hands of one of the world's greatest humorists, Aristophanes. His lyrical burlesques were a strange medley of soaring song, of bitter personal satire, and of sheer fun. They had as little form as our so-called "revues" or the joyful conglomerations with which Weber and Fields delighted us a score of years ago. In fact, the method of the Weberfieldian absurdities is curiously akin to that of the Aristophanic lyrical burlesque. The ancient piece, like the modern, had laughter as its chief object—spontaneous, abundant, irresistible laughter, evoked by caricatures rather than characters.

When I first read the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, which indulges in parody of popular plays (like the pieces of Weber and Fields), I found in it a clown, that is to say, a funny man, who was funny because of the unfortunate plight he was in and who was a twin brother of the funny man in that



PUNCH AND JUDY
IN ITALY ❖ ❖

Though the ancestry of Punch is somewhat uncertain, the generally accepted theory is that he first saw the light in Italy at the beginning of the seventeenth century



From an old print

CARNIVAL TIME IN ROME



Masquerades and carnivals in Latin countries are invariably livened by the presence of revelers in the dress of the Italian comedy players. In the illustration, Pierrot shades the head of the bride in a mock marriage, while Harlequin sheds light on the romantic absurdity by holding aloft a huge lantern

triumphant spectacle, "The Black Crook." The parallel is singularly complete. In the "Frogs" Bacchus goes down to the place of departed spirits, taking with him his servant, Xanthias, who is so terrified by the strange sights and sounds of the nether world that he is forever wishing himself back on earth; and in the "Black Crook" the wicked sorcerer, when he retires to a desolate place to invoke his evil spirit, Zamiel, takes with him his servant, Greppo, who is as scared as was Xanthias and who keeps repeating his pitiful plea: "I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Greppo and Xanthias are only figures of fun, sketched in outline and crudely colored. They have none of the richness of the comic characters of Cervantes and Molière, of Dickens and Mark Twain. Their appeal is not to the solitary student in the library but to the many-headed multitude in the theater, where the spectators catch from one another the contagion of full-lunged laughter, unrestrained and tumultuous, like the mirth of children. Under its influence we are, all of us, children again.

Just as Greek comedy had grown out of rustic tomfoolery, and Latin

THE CLOWN—IN HISTORY, ROMANCE, AND DRAMA

comedy had been preceded by the farces of remote villages, so the Italian Comedy of Masks, with its fixed types and its improvised dialogue, seems to have been spontaneously evolved out of the revelings of peasants.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the strolling companies were likely to contain a dozen actors and actresses; and each of these performers appeared always in the same part, instantly recognizable by its characteristic costume. The names of these fixed types varied from troupe to troupe. We have record of forty or fifty of them; and, in any one company, there were enough to undertake all the essential parts of any ordinary plot. The young hero might be called Leandro or Lelio, and the young heroine might be Isabella or Colombina. The braggart soldier, who had to reveal his customary cowardice, might announce himself as Fieramosca or Fracasso. There might be two old men, one of them a scholar, *Il Dottore*, the doctor, using the Bolognese dialect because Bologna was a university town, and the other, *Pantaleone*, using the Venetian dialect because Venice was a city of merchant-adventurers. There would be at least two clowns, or "low comedians," or funny men—one a marvel of stupidity, *Arlecchino* or *Pulcinella*, and the other a master of guile, *Scarmuccia* or *Scapino*. To mate with these



CENSORSHIP
IN 1697 ❖

The closing of the Italian comedy theater in Paris as pictured by Watteau. The players undiplomatically produced a comedy called "False Modesty" that satirized Madame de Maintenon, at that time the wife of Louis XIV. The result was an order from the king closing "the theater for all time"



"DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA," Jester at the Court of Philip IV of Spain
From a painting by Velasquez



there might be two pert and impudent serving-maids, Franceschina or Pasquella.

The chief of the band was expected to supply the plays—or at least the plots of the plays, the scenarios—the actors themselves improving the dialogue, each of them having accumulated a store of speeches appropriate to his special character.* The Italians are born actors, still cultivating the art of improvisation; and as the repertory of a troop was never extensive the dialogue of a play of approved popularity was certain soon to be known by heart. In fact, the bare plots as the performers had clothed them with apt and effective dialogue were often written out in full and printed. Thus equipped with an adequate repertory, which was only occasionally renewed, these Italian

companies traveled far and wide, in Germany, in Spain, in England, and in France, sometimes settling for months (as in London) and sometimes establishing themselves for years (as in Paris). As one result of their ramblings we can trace the influence of Italian comedy in the theater of all the peoples of Europe. Shakespeare borrowed the scholar from the Italians; and Ben Jonson borrowed the boasting captain. Molière took over the method and the material of not a few of his plays: "L'Etourdi" (The Rattlebrain) at the beginning of his career as a comic dramatist and "Les Fourberies de Scapin" (The Knaveries of Scapin) at the end; and as an actor he appeared as both of the Italian types of clown, as Mascarillo, the inventive rascal, and as Sganarelle, the less intelligent creature who is easily befooled.

In the course of the years the Italian types were modified to suit different performers. Arlecchino, who had been a stupid fellow, developed slowly into the brisk and lively Harlequin of English pantomime, having a simplified Pantaloon (i.e., Pantaleone) as his inseparable companion and a less obviously transformed Columbine as his lady love. Pulcinella, who had been a Neapolitan dullard, became the dancing Polichinelle of France, later on voyaging across the Channel to appear as Punch, the irresistible and irresponsible assassin of the puppet show. Pedrolino ceased to be a country bumpkin and became Pierrot, being after a while endowed with a poetic heart in rebellion against his unpoetic garments. In his latest appearances (as in the

*A true picture of the life and habits of work of a strolling comedy company will be found in Sabatini's novel, "Scaramouche."

lovely pantomime of the "Prodigal Son") he is not so much comic as pathetic. No longer is he a clown to be laughed at; he seems to us a sighing soul to be sympathized with—a transformation which would have mightily surprised the Italian comedians of three hundred years ago, playing ever for laughter and never for tears.

It is quite in accord with the best Italian tradition that the Scaramouche of Sabatini's novel should on occasion rise to eloquence and even to heroism; and that the grinning clown of Puccini's "Pagliacci" should have a broken heart. There is always an appealing dramatic effect when the spectators find the comedian capable of the deep feeling of a tragedian. "I Pagliacci" had many predecessors, including "Yorick's Love" (which Lawrence Barrett played so powerfully) and the "Wife of Tabarin," which was written for Coquelin, an artist of marvelous versatility, able to make an audience weep almost as easily as he could make it laugh.

Tabarin is a French clown, akin to several of the diversified Italian clowns, but probably not descended from any of them. Tabarin is the most famous of the jack-puddings of France—jack-pudding being the general name for the comic servant of a quack doctor. One of the most famous of these charlatans was Mondor, having his station at the end of the Pont-Neuf in Paris, vaunting his cure-alls and gathering a crowd about him by sharp and snappy colloquies with Tabarin, who combined in himself the inconsistent qualities of both kinds of clown. He might be either quick-witted or slow-witted, making the audience laugh either by his swift repartee or by his blundering misunderstanding of his master's remarks. And so successful was he in thus amusing the crowd that every visitor to Paris made a point of going to the Pont-Neuf to hear Mondor and Tabarin engage in discussion, a verbal duel in which Tabarin always got the best of it, Mondor being only



From "Narron Le Maschere," by Adami

Published by the Institute of Italian Arts

COMEDY ON THE ITALIAN STAGE

what is now commonly known on the vaudeville stage as a "feeder."

The method of Tabarin is as useful to-day in New York as it ever was in Paris three centuries ago. When, as a boy, I first went to the circus—which was then a modest affair with only a single ring—I listened to an interchange of insulting remarks between the dignified ringmaster and the clown, a wit-combat in which the ringmaster (like Mondor before him) was always discomfited and was able to regain his supremacy only by the cracking of his long whip. Now, after half a century, the circus has swollen to be the Greatest Show on Earth; it has three rings; and its big top is so very big that the clown has had to give up all hope of making himself heard, so being thus reduced to silence he has had to multiply himself and to become one of a competing horde of pantomime funmakers.

Also, when I first went to the minstrels, I was a witness again of the potency of Tabarin's method. The stately interlocutor and the insinuating end man, "Bones" or "Tambo," had borrowed from the circus the same kind of chop-logic talk which had descended from the quack doctor and his jack-pudding. And now the minstrel show has gone with the single-ring circus.

But the march of progress has not left behind the method of Tabarin; and we discover its value whenever we go to a variety show and listen to a pair of sidewalk conversationalists—two clowns, one of them pouring forth a string of jokes, and the other seemingly stupid, yet cunning enough to load a verbal revolver which the other is to fire. I may go further and report that I have found the method of Tabarin as popular as ever in the summer song shows and in the multitudinous revues.

These funny men wandering down the corridors of time, from Athens of more than a score of centuries ago to New York intensely up to date, all belong to one or another of the two types of the clown. There are misguided persons who are inclined to class the court



In the Prado Gallery, Madrid

THE DWARF SEBASTIANO DE MORRA
By Velasquez

A wag in the service of the Spanish court, where it was customary for the king to keep dwarfs and tumblers for his amusement. Velasquez painted Sebastiano in the green costume commonly worn by professional jesters employed in the palace of Philip IV.



A CIRCUS OF YESTERDAY

An owner of an old-time circus has supplied this description of his company: "My troupe on the road was a delight to the eye. There were twelve actors, a prompter, a machinist, a commissary, eight laborers, four servants, nurses, children of all ages, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons, a lamb. It was like Noah's ark"

jester, the royal fool, with these clowns. There is, of course, this fundamental similarity: both the jester and the clown exist to provoke laughter; that is their chief function. There is, however, this indisputable difference: the clown is jovial always and is an actor playing a part, whereas the jester is likely to be more or less morose, grim, and saturnine, not assuming a character but *expressing himself*. The clown is often a country fellow, a rustic; the jester is sometimes a gentleman, and he is always and necessarily a courtier, a man used to association with nobles and with kings. He may be a brave and pathetic figure, loyal and high-minded as is Rahere in Kipling's superb resuscitation of the hunted Harold, last of the Saxon kings of England. (You will find the story, if you don't know it, in "Rewards and Fairies;" it is called the "Tree of Justice.") Or the jester may be the victim of a brutal betrayal, as in the "Fool's Revenge," unforgettable by anyone who has seen Edwin Booth's mighty performance of the character of Bertuccio. The "Fool's Revenge," I may note, is an English rendering of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse" (The King Takes His Pleasure), which is also the source of the libretto of Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Shakespeare has given us three jesters: Touchstone, in "As You Like It;" Feste, in "Twelfth-Night;" and the fool, in "King Lear;" and although the first two are always acted by comedians, no one of the three can properly be called a clown. When Shakespeare uses the word "*clown*" he does not mean a court fool; he means the strenuously humorous actor who is known in the theater to-day as the "low comedian"—in distinction from the "light



AT A FRENCH CIRCUS
From a color print by Henri Ibels

comedian." There were funny men in England before Shakespeare's time: performers in the interludes, singers of rollicking songs, dancers of jigs. Such a clown was Kempe, for years a member of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and for which Shakespeare wrote all, or nearly all, his plays. Kempe was enormously popular; everybody roared at him; and he made them roar by jokes very like those of Tabarin and of the Italian comedians.

In Shakespeare's company Kempe was companioned by another funny man, whom we cannot now identify; and it was for this pair of clowns that Shakespeare composed the two Dromios, the two Gobbos, Launce and Speed, Costard and Dull; and all these characters are more or less characterless—that is to say, they are mere "figures of fun," into whose mouths Shakespeare has put the kind of joke that Kempe was in the habit of

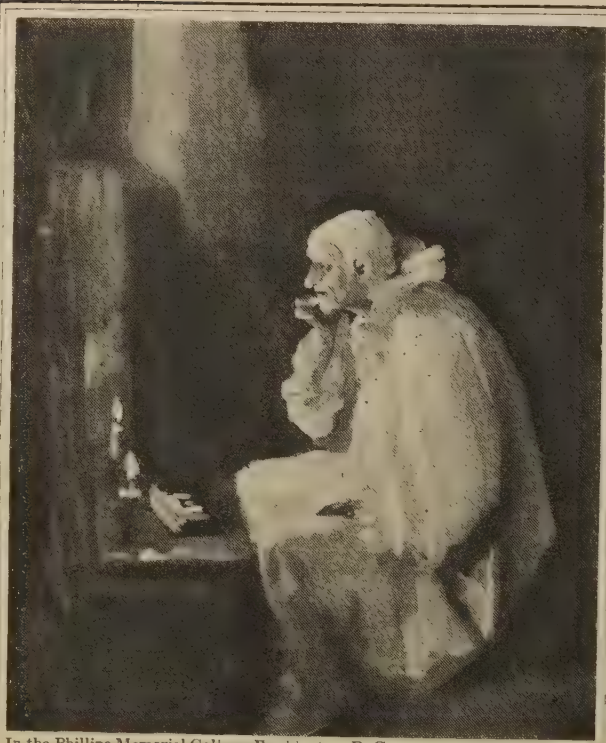
uttering. Perhaps the poet was not sorry when Kempe left the company to be succeeded by Arnim, whom I take to be a more accomplished actor, since Shakespeare supplied him with Dogberry and other characters of a richer humanity. I wonder if it is too fanciful to suggest that, when Shakespeare made Hamlet advise the players who came to Elsinore not to let their "clowns speak more than is set down for them," he was recalling his own suffering because Kempe had gone outside the text and had indulged in the irrelevant gags to which the low comedian is likely to be addicted.

Just as the king had his jester so the wandering knight had his squire, and this humble follower was often no more and no less than the eternal clown, the heroics of the master being parodied by the antics of the man. Cervantes, a playwright before he was a story teller, supplies Don Quixote with a



"BEHIND THE
CURTAIN" ❖

A modern painting that illustrates the circus of long ago, and shows the clown in a human but not familiar setting



In the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

THE CLOWN

A painting by a modern American artist, John Sloan, showing the conventional costume of the merryman of to-day

squire of low degree, Sancho Panza, a blundering, blamable being, amusing because of his perennial humanity. He is a clown lifted into literature by the genius of Cervantes. He is true to type, but he far transcends it. He appeals to our reason no less than to our risibility. In making Sancho what he is, Cervantes did what Shakespeare was doing in the same century when he took the traditional figure of the braggart coward and transformed him into the gigantic Falstaff—as truthful a transcript from life as Sancho, and as imaginatively conceived.

Thus we see that the clown is always with us, as he has been since the early days of humanity. The clown emerges

into recorded history in Greece and has marched down through more than two thousand years. The type may seem to alter, and it does assume manifold disguises; and yet, as the French phrase has it, the “more it changes the more it is the same.” The name is modified in different countries and in different times; we see the Italian Pedrolino, who is wholly comic, becoming the French Pierrot, who is now less comic than he is pathetic; and we observe that the earlier Pierrot, who was comic, and only comic, has been transformed into the clown of the English Christmas pantomime.

Whatever its variations the type abides. The clown, now, as in the remotest past of which we have any record, is sometimes brilliant and sometimes blundering. Sometimes with characteristic inconsistency he is both brilliant and blundering, each in its turn; and while he makes us laugh he may be ready to weep as soon as we leave him alone with his real self. Life is infinitely various; and now and again we are permitted to catch a glimpse of the man behind the comic mask and to become aware of a breaking heart hidden in the breast that is grotesquely attired. We are compelled then to consider the eternal contrast between what the funny man seems to be and what he really is when he ceases to be funny, when he has laid aside the slapstick and washed the streaks of paint from his harassed and hardened face. Then he stands before us, if even for a moment only, a

THE CLOWN—IN HISTORY, ROMANCE, AND DRAMA

fellow human being with emotions as serious and as sincere as our own—a clown, but a man for all that.

It will not do to dwell too much, however, on the infrequent case of the clown being other than he seems. He is not generally a melancholy creature. He is an artist in fun-making, and no more disappointed in life or disenchanted by fate than are the rest of us. He is likely to be as contented with his lot in life as are those who flock to have their burdens lightened by his liveliness. As Lowell tells us, we may find the tragedy a bore, but the farce is ever a relief. Laughter is what we need, and it matters little to most of us whether he who supplies it be as light-hearted as he appears to be or as heavy-hearted as we may suspect. That is the function of the clown, whatever part he may play, whatever name he may be called by, whatever absurd attire he may deck himself in—to supply laughter, the laughter which is as necessary to man as digestion and sleep. The part of the clown in the economy of life is a more important one than some of us realize.





TWO CLASSIC CLOWNS

Joseph Grimaldi and George L. Fox

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

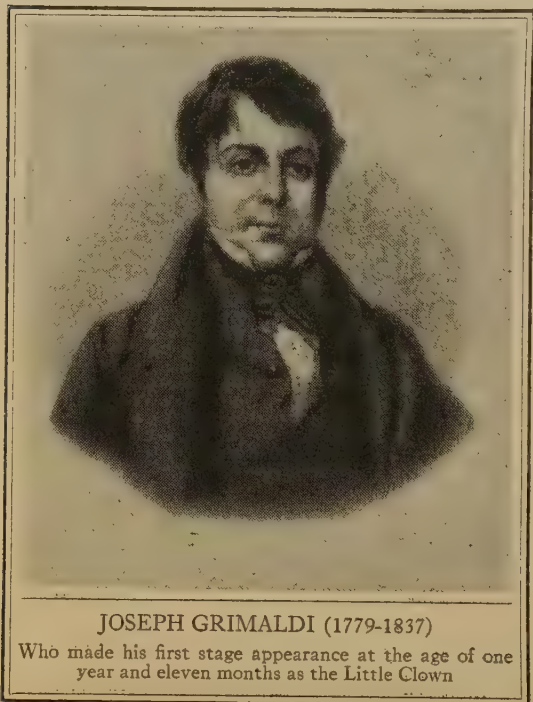


It is in times of storm and stress that the laugh maker is most needed. It was when the clouds threatening the very existence of England were darkest that London turned nightly to Joseph Grimaldi in "Mother Goose," and, witnessing his antics, forgot for the time being the grim shadow of Napoleon Bonaparte. Grimaldi was at his greatest when the nation needed him most. Then it was that he drew crowded houses at Covent Garden. Posterity may think of that sad-faced man who played so many parts, and who toward the end of his life forced laughter when his own heart was breaking, as a mere clown; but the great Charles Dickens was proud to edit his life.

Appearing first on the stage when he was less than two years old, Joseph Grimaldi had been born to the stage. His paternal grandfather was an eminent dancer who had played on many stages in France and Italy and who was popularly known as "Iron Legs." The son of "Iron Legs," a native of Genoa, Joseph's father, traveled to England in 1760 as dentist to Queen Charlotte. But only for a time did he confine his attentions to the royal teeth. Soon he was teaching dancing and fencing, and occasionally appearing on the stage in a clown's part. Finally he was appointed ballet master at Drury Lane Theater, a post he long held.

Besides being ballet master he shared in many of the performances. He played the part of the Shipwrecked Mariner in the pantomime of Robinson Crusoe when his son Joseph, who had been born in London, December 18, 1779, made his first bow to an audience as the Little Clown. The child was then just one year and eleven months of age. By the time he was three years of age he was a regular member of the company at Sadler's Wells Theater, being usually cast in the arduous part of a little monkey.

For practically his entire life Grimaldi was on the boards, and his



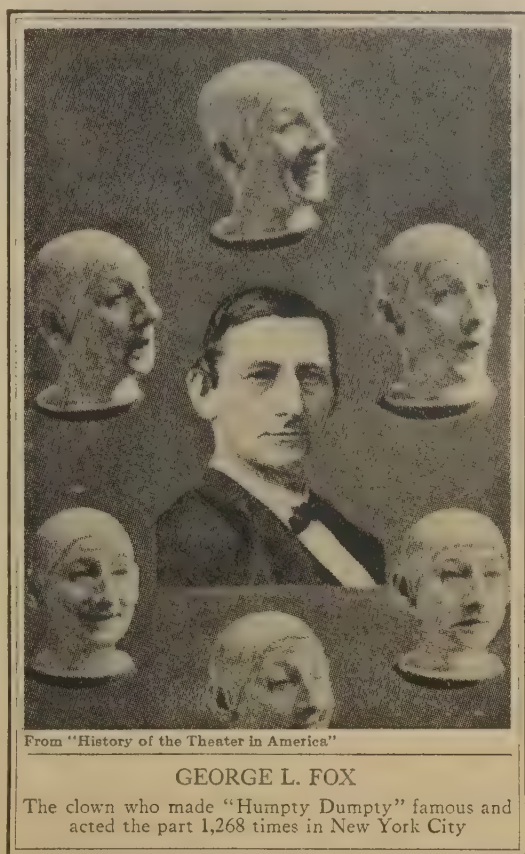
JOSEPH GRIMALDI (1779-1837)

Who made his first stage appearance at the age of one year and eleven months as the Little Clown

TWO CLASSIC CLOWNS

name was familiar to all theatergoing people of his time. In an age when social barriers were more rigid, and the pursuit of the theater in any form was held to be a somewhat ignoble profession, he knew many of England's great men. Lord Byron was his friend, and just before the poet started for Greece on that journey from which he was not to return he presented the clown with a snuff box which Grimaldi always treasured as one of his most precious relics.

Grimaldi's fame reached its height in the production of "Mother Goose." It was first played at Covent Garden Theater on the evening of December 26, 1806, and ran for ninety-two nights, the remainder of the season. That fame stayed with him till his death on May 31, 1837. But happiness passed: His last years were clouded. His health gave way. With



his beloved wife and wild son dead he continued to make grimaces while his own heart was breaking. He did not live to realize his last ambition, which was to see the publication of his memoirs. Perhaps his spirit found content in the knowledge that Dickens edited them.

When George L. Fox climbed to eminence he was acclaimed as "the Grimaldi of America." To indicate the importance of Fox in his day, it may be said that the part of Humpty Dumpty was as inseparable from the name of George L. Fox as the name of Joseph Jefferson became inseparable from the part of Rip Van Winkle. Fox, like Grimaldi, was of a theatrical family, and, like Grimaldi, began young, making his first stage appearance in Boston in 1830 when he was five years old. He played Phineas Fletcher in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" during the famous run in New York City in 1853-54. His "Humpty Dumpty" ran for ten consecutive weeks at the Olympic Theater in New York, and in that city alone he played this part 1,268 times.

On George L. Fox's life too the curtain fell darkly. He was last seen upon the stage at Booth's Theater November 25, 1875, "the saddest, saddest clown that ever chalked his face." Appropriately it was in "Humpty Dumpty." For some time previously he had given evidence of mental affliction, and that night, after the play, it was thought best to take him to an asylum. He died two years later.



HARLEQUINO
(1600)



THE LORE OF HAR- LEQUIN, PIERROT, AND SCARAMOUCHE

By RICHARD DEAN



1924

Comedy characters are as old as history. The origin of some of them extends even beyond the span of written records. Their mission has been to personify in an exaggerated manner the humor of life. For that reason Harlequin, Scaramouche, and Pierrot are as amusing to-day in their modified and modernized costumes as they were centuries ago.

It is a far cry from the Golden Age of Greece to the modern days of motion pictures. Still, through all those years one comedy character has succeeded in keeping himself in the limelight. He leaps across the stage to-day just as he did two thousand years ago. He has retained the essential features of his make-up, but as he bounded from the stage of one century to that of another he filched some tempting ornament from the costume of one age or was presented with some symbolic decoration in another. His name is Harlequin. He is the most ancient of all comedians.

Twenty centuries ago he impersonated an African slave and, so as to better carry out the illusion, smeared his face with soot; to-day he wears a black mask. Then, he covered his body with a tight-fitting goat or tiger skin; now he comes out dressed in parti-colored and spangled tights. At his first

appearance his head was shaved; the modern Harlequin wears a black skullcap.

When he made his first bow he wore *socci* (the low, light shoe or sock of comedy) to make himself as short as possible and so not obstruct the spectators' view of the tragedians, who wore high, thick-soled boots called "buskins" and performed back stage; to-day he is shod in thin kid pumps.

The fluttering pennant that Harlequin sometimes wears above his ear represents a rabbit's tail that he acquired during the fifteenth century because of his proneness to turn tail and run from danger. His diminutive headdress is a gift from Henry III of France, who presented the popular impersonator of Harlequin of his day with a dilapidated hat that had become too small



HARLEQUINO
(1567)



SCARAMUCHIA
(1645)

for the royal cranium. Harlequin's suit was not always the gorgeous raiment of symmetrical lozenges that it is to-day. At one time he was known as Trevelino, which means "wearer of rags," and was valet to a stingy doctor, who passed on his discarded garments to Harlequin. At that time Harlequin's wardrobe consisted mostly of odd-shaped patches of numerous colors sewed onto an exceedingly flimsy foundation. During the seventeenth century these patches took the shape of diamonds, and since that time there has been but one alteration; the transformation of the diamond into the long narrow lozenge.

The first comedian to popularize the character, and the most famous of all Harlequins, was an Italian actor by the name of Guisseppe-Domenico Biancolelli, known as "Dominique."

This actor's cleverness and agility so impressed Cardinal Mazarin, who happened to see him perform in Vienna in 1659, that the prelate induced the comedian to join the Italian Comedy troupe then in Paris. Dominique's wit, charming personality, and spirited interpretation soon made him a favorite at court and the idol of the theatergoers.

The character that is ever trying to impress those about him with his own importance is not new to the theater. The type is amusing because his bombastic flourishes deceive nobody but himself. In the days of the Italian Comedies he was cast under the name of *Le Capitan*. Since then the character has appeared as Scudery, as Cyrano de Bergerac (in a modified form), as Tartarin, and at the present time in types like the "Show-off."

Originally *Le Capitan* wore a conspicuous costume of broad green and yellow diagonal stripes. During the middle of the seventeenth century he adopted the Spanish style and dressed in black from head to foot. He always carried the longest rapier forged by the armorers of his period. He was a bold, boisterous, blustery personage who "feared nothing but danger." He fought with his eyes closed because the sight of his dismembered adversaries was repulsive to him. He was ever boasting of his conquests of hearts, and claimed that the meshes of his chain mail were gold rings—trophies from his feminine admirers. In reality he was a coward, a thief, and a most unsuccessful gallant.

Tiberio Fiurelli, who was born in Naples in 1608, was the most



PULCINELLA
(1685)



LE CAPITAN
SPAVENTO (1577)



TARTAGLIA
(1620)

THE LORE OF HARLEQUIN, PIERROT, AND SCARAMOUCHE



PEPPE-NAPPA
(1770)

noted impersonator of this character. So popular was his interpretation of the part that his stage name, "Scaramouche," eventually supplanted the generic term *Le Capitain*.

Scaramouche was the son of a cavalry captain. At the age of twenty-five, after a checkered and inglorious youth, he joined a troupe of Italian actors. In an incredibly short time his skill as a dancer brought him success. His fame spread over Europe, and eventually he was invited to join the Italian players in Paris. It was here, when Scaramouche was the shining star of the Parisian stage and Louis the Great was two years old, that a friendship was formed between these two that lasted for over fifty years. When the king was a baby, Scara-



PAGLIACCIO
(1600)

mouche was under orders to appear every evening at the bedtime hour to amuse him with funny faces and weird noses and the music of his guitar.

Pierrot is a mere upstart when ranked with Harlequin. He made his first appearance at the end of the sixteenth century and is a foster brother of Harlequin. He was known by the names of Pedrolino, Peppe-Nappa (in Sicily), Pagliaccio, Gilles, and finally Pierrot.

Molière is said to be responsible for this character's adoption by the comedies. Harlequin, up until the time that Dominique had played the part, had always represented a dull, stupid, slow-witted person. Dominique, who was well-bred and intellectual, could not prevent his natural personality from transfusing the character he impersonated. The result was that Harlequin lost his heaviness and sluggishness, and the Italian comedies one of their stock characters. The comedies needed a simpleton, and Molière made Pierrot take the part. To convey the impression that Pierrot was a clod and a country yokel, Molière dressed him in the white linen smock worn by the French peasants at that time. To this day Pierrot wears the white costume of the peasant and still plays the part of a shy, lackadaisical rustic.

Centuries ago Harlequin, Scaramouche, and Pierrot made their first bow on the stage of comedy and asked permission to amuse the world. They have played before countless audiences, and have played their parts well.



PAINTERS OF YOUTH AND HAPPINESS

THE COMEDY OF LIFE REFLECTED
IN THE ART OF FRENCH MASTERS



In the Louvre, Paris

THE CLOWN, By Jean Antoine Watteau

***I**N NO country has the joy of living been reflected in art with more zest and vivacity than in France.*

Watteau! Lancret! Fragonard! Names that conjure up visions of delight—painters of the exquisite fashions, the engaging foibles, the gay diversions of their time. Their pictures fairly radiate happiness; and we of to-day, living two centuries later, still feel their charm, and share the joyous spirit of their scenes.



GILLES AND HIS FAMILY, By Jean Antoine Watteau (1684—1721)

Pierrots and acrobats, strolling players and mountebanks, were the first subjects that charmed Watteau's pencil. As he progressed, his work fell into three separate groups: pictures of Italian comedy figures and decoration, of military scenes, of pastorals. "Gilles (zheel) and His Family" shows a favorite comedy character, in a costume of delicately colored satins. Watteau was expert in a number of things, and one of them was the weaving of soft fabrics that suggested airy ease and pleasantries. Watteau, the cynic, the unhappy seeker after the unattainable, was "a painter of Utopias, of a country refreshed by fountains, peopled by naiads, a country lovable and radiant, where fields are full of music, where villages are gay with weddings, coaches, ceremonies, and festal attire." His painting methods were unique. The canvas was first rubbed with oil before the colors were applied. "His pictures," said Constable, the great English landscapist, "looked as if painted in honey—so mellow, so tender, so soft, and so delicious." The "little master" had no equal among the eighteenth-century French painters. With him was born a romantic school that has remained an active influence in the art of impressionistic painting



THE MASQUERADE, By Jean Antoine Watteau

Gayety and merrymaking were the keystones of Watteau's art. Yet his own nature was tinged with bitterness and discontent. He was born of Flemish parents, in the town of Valenciennes, France, in 1684. When he was seventeen he walked to Paris to seek his fortune. Poor, hungry, moody, and ill, the boy who was to become preëminently the painter of luxury, elegance, and frivolity was glad to find work at three francs a week. Later, he entered the studio of the celebrated decorator Claud Gillot (zhee-o), who inspired his protégé to paint "lovers and nymphs and the light life of the Italian comedy." Within less than ten years he was recognized as a colorist and designer of original genius, and before he was thirty he had been elected to the Academy and had become celebrated as a "*peintre des Fêtes Galantes*." Palace gardens and the estates of rich patrons offered backgrounds for his graceful pictures of exquisite play. He was the most sought-after painter of his day, but at thirty-seven he was dead of a malady of the lungs that attacked him in youth. He passed away suddenly as he was trying to finish a crucifix for a friend



In the Louvre, Paris

THE YOUNG GALLANT, By Jean Antoine Watteau



In the Louvre, Paris

THE CHARMER, By Jean Antoine Watteau



In the Louvre, Paris

INNOCENCE, By Nicolas Lancret (1690—1743)

Lancret (lahn-cray), unlike his friend Watteau, was born to a life of wealth and luxury. Paris was his native city, his birth year 1690. His admiration for Watteau influenced him to study under Gillot, who first set the vogue for the type of painting that vivified the idyllic charm of rural pastimes. Watteau was Lancret's model, and for a number of years they worked together and were close friends. Eventually they quarreled because of Watteau's jealousy of the younger painter at the time they were both admitted to the Academy. Lancret's industry was prodigious. At his death, in 1743, he left a rich legacy of engravings, drawings, and paintings



In the Louvre, Paris

THE MUSIC LESSON, By Nicolas Lancret

Of the nine pastels by Lancret in the famed collection of the Louvre, the two panels here reproduced are the most familiar. The costumes are those of the period following the reign of Louis XIV. Lancret devoted himself almost exclusively to showing idle lords and ladies making love and music, dancing and feasting, in the open air. In pose and subject his pictures are comparable to those of Watteau, but he had far less daring and imagination, and his colors lacked the jewel-like radiance of Watteau's magic palette. Frederick the Great so greatly admired the French artist that he purchased twenty-eight of his finest canvases for the adornment of his palaces



In the Frick Collection, New York

THE LOVER CROWNED, By Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732—1806)

Fragonard, painter of glamorous fantasies of love and youth, was cradled in the French village of Grasse, among flower gardens and groves of orange and olive trees. His father, urging upon the boy a life of commerce, apprenticed him as clerk to a notary, but young Jean, under the spell of his native countryside, rebelled and vowed he would paint the romance and beauty that he saw all about him. It was his mother that helped him off to Paris on a fateful day in 1748, when he was in his sixteenth year. Together they arrived at the door of the great Boucher (boo-shay), then the reigning painter of France. Fragonard's first task in the studio of Boucher was to copy designs for the weavers of the Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry workshops. For several years he painted under the eye of his patron and received special favors from the king, including a trip to Rome, where he stayed for five years



In the Frick Collection, New York

MEMORIES, By Jean Honoré Fragonard

When Fragonard returned to France from Italy he gave free rein to his fancy. His painting "The Swing," in the Wallace Collection, London, influenced many similar commissions. He made for Madame Du Barry the world-famous series of five pictures called "The Romance of Love and Youth," idealizing the story of Louis XV and his favorite. The series included "The Lover Crowned" and "Memories." Fragonard painted miniatures superbly, and small portraits. All his outdoor pictures betray his genius as a landscape painter. When he married he turned from piquant revels to domestic scenes. Late in life he was caught in the tempest of the French Revolution, and evil days fell upon "Little Father Fragonard." With him, when he died, in August, 1806, passed the last of the great painters of French elegance, fickleness, and sophistication



HUNT THE HANDKERCHIEF, By Nicolas Lancret



THE SEESAW, By Nicolas Lancret



THE FOUNTAIN, By Jean Antoine-Watteau



THE DANCERS, By Nicolas Lancret



MISS APPY, By François Hubert Drouais (1727—1775)

During the reign of Louis XV Drouais became the vogue as a portrayer of pretty women and children. He came from a noted family of artists. Both he and his father were attached to the court of their monarch



In the Wallace Collection, London

© Medici Society, Ltd.

THE BOY IN RED, By Vigée Le Brun (1755—1842)

The studio of Madame Le Brun was often brightened by the laughing faces of youthful sitters. Her own buoyant nature is reflected in portraits such as this one of the boy in the gay red jacket. Her reputation as "the greatest woman artist" few dispute. During her career she painted nearly a thousand pictures



In the Wallace Collection, London

THE FAIR-HAIRED BOY, By Jean Honoré Fragonard

THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTER OF MIRTH

FRANS HALS THE ELDER, OF ANTWERP AND HAARLEM



In the Metropolitan Museum, New York

THE SMOKER

ADMIRED by many as much as Rembrandt, and by some even preferred to him, Hals is particularly distinguished among the Dutch masters as a painter of laughter. No one could do the "outside" of a man better than he. His portraits show splendid physical types, full of expression and fine color, though they lack the "shadowed mystery" of Rembrandt. Hals had a facile hand, and few of the masters equaled him in technic. Perhaps he painted almost too easily. He was satisfied with catching the obvious characteristics of his subject and reflecting them vividly on the canvas. He had not the penetrating insight and great humanity of Rembrandt, but his marvelous capacity for seizing the expression of a moment in a human face and painting it with fidelity made him famous and brought him many patrons.

Hals was an aristocrat by birth and disreputable by choice. Members of his family were burgomasters and aldermen for nearly three hundred years. He was born in

Antwerp in 1584, and his life from earliest years seemed to be about equally divided between art and pleasure. He had a session of real prosperity and might have become rich, but he loved the tavern as much as his studio; and, as he worked very rapidly and produced a vast amount of work in a short time, he had plenty of leisure for the tavern. From the time he was thirty-three until he was fifty he lived in Haarlem; and, while he had plenty of work to do, he grew poorer and poorer, until at length he could not even afford to buy suitable colors for his painting. From that time on the end was in sight. He got heavily in debt; his house was seized and the contents sold; and finally, when he was over seventy years of age, an appeal was made to the municipal council to support him. So one of the greatest painters of the world lived out the last years of his life miserably on fuel and food supplied by the town and on a paltry annuity of eighty dollars.



In the Louvre, Paris

THE MARKET GIRL



In the Royal Museum, Amsterdam

THE JESTER



In the Metropolitan Museum, New York

YONKER RAMP AND HIS SWEETHEART



THE MERRY TRIO



In the Royal Museum Amsterdam

A JOLLY FELLOW



EVERYBODY HAPPY



In the Wallace Collection London

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER



THE ORIGIN OF PUNCH AND JUDY

BY J. PENNINGTON

When Punch bangs Judy over the head with his stick, throws his murdered infant out of the window, cheats the policeman, the hangman, and even death itself, and lives to rejoice in his crimes, his every act is significant because it is governed by ancient traditions. Scholars still debate, in books and in essays, the origin of Punch himself and of his wife, Judy. The murder of the child is traced to its source; the stick Punch uses for his crimes is of ancient lineage. And the minor members of his troupe, figures that change from century to century and in different countries—the dog Toby, the horse Hector, the green monster, the policeman, the hangman, and the skeleton Death—have about them the odor of ancient days.

What was the origin of Punch? There are several theories. One is that he was the original Pontius Pilate in the mystery plays. In the days when all church services were held in Latin, the clergy, in an effort to make the meaning of the mass and the stories of the Bible clear to their ignorant flocks, themselves enacted on the altars the dramatic narratives of the Old and New Testaments. With the introduction of Herod into these religious performances, their solemnity was threatened because he soon became a comic figure who raged about the stage, shouting and bellowing at the top of his lungs. It seemed impossible to curb him because his antics relieved the seriousness of the spectacle to the delight of the people; and so these dramas were given after the service, instead of as part of it. Finally they were driven out of the church altogether; the clergy ceased to be the actors and the plays were given on three-storied wagons that traversed the streets of the old English towns. The actors were members of

the various trade guilds. Punch, it is asserted, represented Pontius Pilate; Judy is Judas; and Toby is the dog that accompanied the young Tobias. The only survival, in the modern puppet show, of the original miracle play, the only mark of identity for both Pontius Pilate and Punch, is the club with which Punch belabors all within reach. In the miracle plays, Pilate always carried a club, called a "mall," made of leather and stuffed with wool.

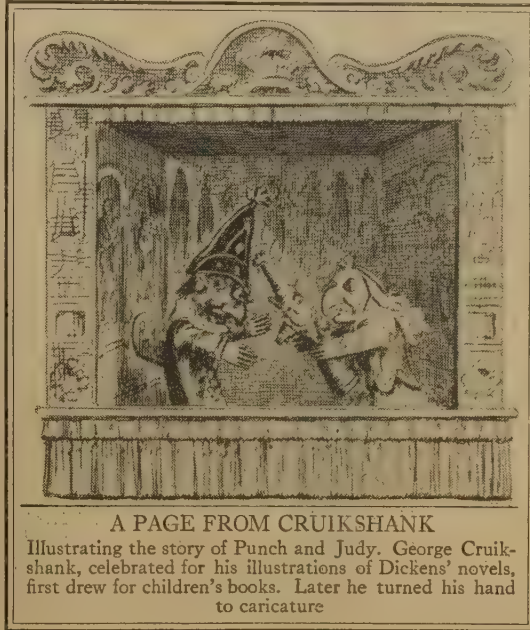
Some scholars trace Punch back to Roman days and see in a little statue of Maccus, a Roman comedian, his earliest prototype, because this ancient figure has the hooked nose and humped back that set Punch apart from

all other puppets. The Italians offer two distinct stories of his origin with them. According to one, a number of strolling players near Naples were outwitted and beaten at their own game by a native vintager named Puccio d'Aniello, whose grotesque appearance and natural wit put to shame their make-believe efforts. They were so impressed with the antics of this yokel that they induced him to join their company; and so great was his popularity that, upon his death, another actor

was dressed and masked to resemble him. The figure became traditional in Italian comedy; took its place among the puppets and accompanied them on their migrations into France and England. According to the other story, Punch was the invention of an Italian comedian named Silvio Fiorello, who lived in the seventeenth century, and who introduced him into the impromptu comedies then popular.

In France he appeared during the reign of Louis XIV as one of the puppets of the dentist showman, Jean Brioché. But here, as in England, he is sometimes identified with Pontius Pilate in the ancient mysteries, because the French for Pontius is Ponche.

When Punch came to England puppet shows were already popular. They were called "motions." One of the most famous



A PAGE FROM CRUIKSHANK

Illustrating the story of Punch and Judy. George Cruikshank, celebrated for his illustrations of Dickens' novels, first drew for children's books. Later he turned his hand to caricature



Illustration from a drawing by Boutet de Monvel

puppet showmen in England, named Powell, set up his booth in Covent Garden just opposite the Cathedral of St. John; and when the church bells tolled, his performance began, so that people with pious intentions were often lured from divine service, and went to see the antics of Mr. Punch instead. Powell's competition grew so keen that the church lodged a bitter complaint against him in an effort to drive him from his position in Covent Garden.

It was Powell who introduced Punch into other Scripture plays given with marionettes, and when the story of the flood was presented and Noah was seen anxiously studying the heavens for signs of rain, Punch would stick his head from between the curtains and say, "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah."

In England, as in France, Punch became a satirical weapon. "A Second Tale of a Tub, or the History of Robert Powell, the Puppet Showman," was said to be an attack upon Robert Walpole, the famous English statesman. The "Tatler" and the "Spectator" both refer to Punch and Judy performances; and Pepys, in his diary, mentions them.

When the Italian Pulcinella came to France he changed his costume. In Italy he wore white baggy clothes, but in France he adopted the styles current at that time, and has ever since appeared in the red, green, and gold costume now identified with him. In the Punch and Judy puppets familiar to modern children there is often the figure of a green monster. The origin of this monster is amusing. George Sand, the famous French

novelist, and her son, Maurice, devised a puppet theater at Nohant for their amusement; and at her son's request George Sand fashioned a green monster out of an old pair of velvet bedroom slippers. When this puppet show became famous, as it did in time, the green monster became one of the regular characters in puppet plays, and finally appeared among the actors of the Punch and Judy performances.

It is a strange survival, this of Mr. Punch. Why a character whose actions are contrary to all the laws of religion and morality, and who escapes the consequences of his crimes, should remain popular throughout many centuries is something of a mystery. He is probably a composite figure made up partly of the Pulcinella of the Italian comedy, partly of the figure of Pontius Pilate in the Scripture plays, and partly of the figure of Vice in the allegorical dramas known as "Moralities." The killing of the infant is probably a survival of the mystery play, "The Massacre of the Innocents," based on Herod's murder of the children.

But whether Punch is the invention of an Italian comedian with a somewhat similar name, whether he gets his name from the Italian word for chicken because of his squeaking voice, or whether in England he got it from the British provincialism "punch," meaning small and fat, no one can prove. At any rate he is of an ancient tradition, and his survival is absolutely justified by the amusement he has afforded children of all ages in many lands.





THE OLDEST PIANO

BY ISABEL L. HOOPES

The oldest known member of the piano family is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. It is a gentle old musical patriarch, and its whole name is "Gravicembalo col Piano e Forte," or "Harpsichord with Soft and Loud"—the title given to it by its inventor, Bartolomeo di Francesco Cristofori, an Italian who was born in Padua in 1665 and died in 1731.

Of course there had been many keyboard instruments before the pianoforte. As early as the second century B. C. there was a hydraulic organ in Alexandria. The clavi-chord, a more immediate ancestor of the pianoforte, was probably invented by a monk in the fourteenth century who got his idea from the dulcimer, an instrument of stretched wires, played on with light hammers.

The clavichord was so arranged that when the key was pressed it touched the string by means of a metal or wooden tangent. Other close relatives of the pianoforte were the spinet, the virginal (literally, an instrument suitable for a young girl), and the harpsichord, all of whose actions consisted of a key with a jack supporting a quill or plectrum which plucked the strings. This produced a loud tone, incapable of variation except in the case of the harpsichord, which instrument had one or two extra keyboards and additional strings, so that a charmingly delicate tone resulted.

Cristofori was familiar with all of these early instruments, and in fact was known as the best harpsichord maker in Padua. He did not stay there long, however, for Prince Ferdinand de' Medici, son of the Grand Duke

Cosimo III, persuaded him to come to Florence and to be established there under the patronage of the Medici, now a dissolute family, but with one patron of arts to its credit in the person of Ferdinand, who was himself a skilled harpsichord player.

So it was in Florence under this inspiration that Cristofori worked out his invention. By 1711 he had made four pianos, but the one illustrated here is the earliest existing one. It is dated 1720, and signed with Cristofori's name.

It is plainer and sturdier than many of the clavichords and harpsichords that surround it in the museum, for it has heavier strings,

which cause more vibration and necessitate a stronger body. Its action is simple compared to modern pianos, and consists of a series of tangents influencing each other, like the scheme of the old woman in getting her pig over the stile. Pressure on the key moves an intermediate lever, which hits a hopper and at the same time removes the damper from the string above, so that the latter can vibrate when the hopper hits

the hammer, which in turn shoots up and strikes the string. Cristofori also developed various checks and controls which gave more tone and made his invention more valuable.

Many were the vicissitudes that this old instrument went through before it reached its present safe seclusion—being sold at a public sale, traded for wine by a piano tuner, and relegated to a corner as a mere heirloom until its true venerability was recognized. It is now in the Crosby Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Not only is it the earliest piano in existence, but it is one of the only two surviving pianos made by Cristofori; the other one, dated 1726, is still in Europe.



THE WORLD'S OLDEST PIANO

Built by Bartolomeo di Francesco Cristofori in 1720 and now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York



THE MOST ROMANTIC LOVE STORY IN MUSICAL HISTORY

BY HENRY T. FINCK

To the inspiration of love the world owes the best of Robert Schumann's songs and piano pieces. The image of his beloved was forever in his mind when he composed. "I owe all my music to you," he once wrote to her. In another letter he referred to his famous "Kreisleriana," "in which you and the thought of you play the chief rôle." In his "Scenes of Childhood" he recalls in the music and the titles the days when he used to entertain little Clara in the twilight hours.

Who was this girl to whom the world thus owes the best fruits of Schumann's genius?

Clara Wieck was her name. Her father was a famous music teacher, of whom Schumann took lessons. Wieck liked his pupil, Schumann, so much that he asked him to live in his house, treating him as if he were an accepted member of the family.

Robert never forgot his first meeting with Clara: a little girl of nine years sitting at a table writing in a copy book and now and then looking at him furtively with her big black eyes. Nor did he ever forget that day in November, 1835, when he got his first kiss. She had lighted him downstairs and he had declared his love.

As for Clara, "When you gave me the first kiss," she subsequently wrote, "I thought I should faint away; I could scarcely hold the candle that was to show you the way."

Up to that time the course of true love had run smoothly except that Robert had foolishly fancied for a time that he would like to marry another girl, and had actually become engaged to her. But he soon discovered that this infatuation had been merely "a summer night's dream." This aberration never would have occurred had not Clara been away from Leipzig—she had been sent to Dresden to study. When she

came home she was terribly distressed on hearing that Robert was engaged to another girl. She started on a concert tour, but her heart was no longer in her work. "Clara plays reluctantly and seems disinclined to do anything," her father wrote from Hamburg.

The kiss made everything right again, except, to be sure, for the other girl. Her heart, however, one is glad to know, was not broken; she married another man and presumably lived happily ever after.

Like a thunderbolt from a blue sky suddenly came Wieck's furious opposition to his daughter's love affair, which someone had divulged to him. He addressed her in the rudest language, threatening to shoot Schumann unless he broke off with her at once; and he made her give back all the letters Robert had written to her.

For more than a year the two could not meet or even exchange letters. Robert sent her his F sharp minor sonata, which he dedicated to her, and of which he once said that it was "one long heart-cry for her;" but he got no answer to this

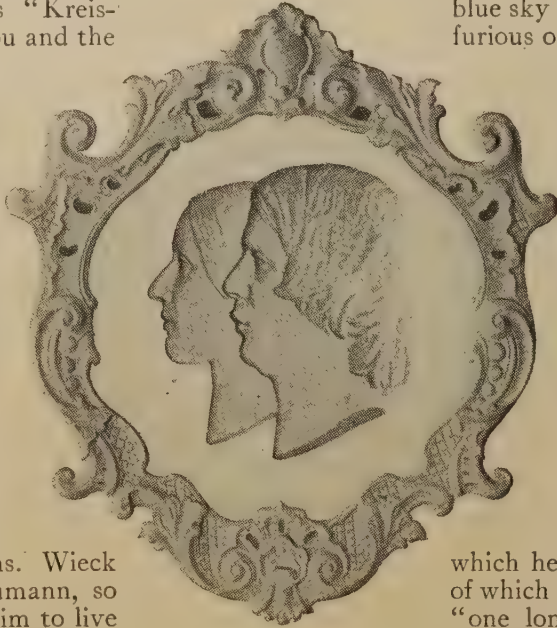
echo of his passion—through no fault of Clara's, you may be sure.

One day she sent a friend to beg him to return her his letters, which her father had compelled her to send back to him.

Robert knew then that she still loved him. He said he would keep his old letters but write her as many new ones as she wanted. In return, would she write him, if only a simple "Yes."

"Merely a simple 'Yes' you ask for?" she replied. "It is such a short word—but how important! Yes—should not a heart so full of love as mine be able to utter that word with all its soul? I do it—from my inmost depths I whisper to you an eternal 'Yes.'"

But the father remained hostile, inexorable. One wonders why he should have tried so hard to crush this love affair, when he was one of the first to recognize and freely acknowledge Schumann's musical genius. Partly it was a question of money. Robert Schumann might have earned a good



deal as a pianist, but that career was knocked out by a foolish experiment he had made to increase flexibility by means of a mechanical appliance. The result was that the first finger of his right hand became permanently lamed. He therefore had to rely on his pen for an income. His compositions in 1838 brought him only a beggarly \$75 a year! His work as editor of a musical paper added nearly \$700 to that; not enough, even in those days of cheap living, to support a family on.

The main reason, however, why Wieck did not want his daughter to marry was that he was afraid domestic duties would interfere with her brilliant and profitable career as a pianist. She was already numbered among the foremost players of the time.

An amusing illustration of this occurred at the court of the King of Holland. After Clara had played, his majesty praised her, then, turning to Robert, said, "Are you musical too?"

When Wieck gradually realized that the affection of these two lovers was too strong for him to break, he became more and more furious. To Clara he wrote a letter which, in her own words, was "so extremely insulting that I asked myself in dismay if it could have been written by my own father."

Nothing was left to do but to let the law of the land decide the matter.

The scene in court has been thus described: "The angry father cast looks of fury on his child and her lover alternately; the suitor bore himself with dignified self-restraint; the daughter, feeling as though 'nailed to her chair,' was trembling and pale with conflicting emotions. Wieck's language was so uncurbed, his denunciations so violent, that he was repeatedly ordered to be silent by the president."

The court decided in favor of the lovers,

and when for the first time she signed a letter "Clara Schumann" she wrote under it, "Oh, what a wonderfully sweet name!"

The marriage of the Schumanns, as one of their biographers has observed, "was a union of greatest importance not only to themselves but to music. Both were true companions in an ideal struggle, Clara Schumann continuing her career as a splendid interpreter of the classics, and, at the same time, tenderly watching over her husband's health. Honor though it was to be Robert Schumann's wife, it required a great character and supreme devotion. Looking at his happy family life, reading his expressions of gratitude, esteem, and love for his wife, hearing

those who have seen him play with his children, it is not only the artist but also the man Schumann for whom we feel a deep sympathy. His disposition was not wholly free from features of a less agreeable nature. His sensitiveness and taciturnity often made him appear in an unsympathetic light. But this was only a sign of the deep-rooted disease, which developed so steadily and which so early wrecked his mind and body."

Conjugal love was as deep a source of inspiration to Schumann's genius as romantic love had been. In the year of his marriage and the two or three

years following it he wrote the best hundred of his songs and his greatest orchestral works. Then came the tragic years culminating in Schumann's insanity. Clara was a loving nurse, and, besides caring for him and their children, she found time to give those recitals at which music lovers first became acquainted with her adored Robert's works.

As a widow, for forty years, she continued to play and to teach. At seventy she was still numbered among the best pianists. Seven years later her funeral was attended by her children and many grandchildren.



CLARA AND ROBERT SCHUMANN



NINE SONGS OF THE SOUL

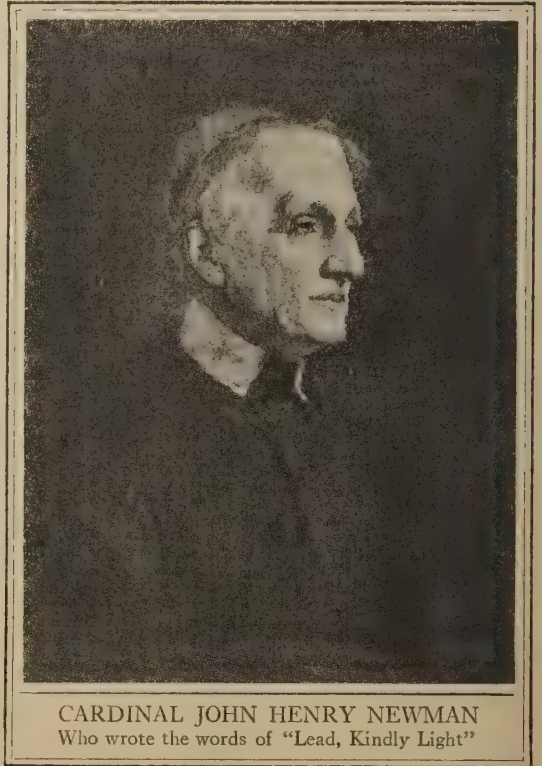
BY ROGER DANIELS

In 1833 a young Englishman, ill and weary for home, took passage on an orange boat from Sicily to France. In the Bay of Bonifacio the wind died and for a full week there was unending fog, the danger of unfelt tide and current, the mystery of a leaden sea. From the impenetrability, where all things seemed at a halt, as they seem in the despairing moments of men's lives, there came the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light": words set down by the young passenger. It was out of loneliness and heartsickness that the lines of the immortal hymn took form. The young Englishman was John Henry Newman, then a university man of thirty-two. Later he became the great leader in religious discussion; and finally left the Church of England for the Church of Rome, in which he became a cardinal.

The music for Newman's words came years later. In 1865 Dr. John B. Dykes, a man of note as organist and composer, was walking one day in the Strand, the busiest of London thoroughfares. And there, strange to say, amid the hubbub of the city, the melody grew in his mind so that, when he returned to his study, he set down the notes of "Lead, Kindly Light."

The hymns that live in the heart are those that fill a need no cynic can explain. To them the individual turns spontaneously; to them whole peoples turn in time of trouble. When America mourned for Warren Harding, it was in these that the people sought expression: "Lead, Kindly Light," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Abide with Me," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and "Rock of Ages." And, in an earlier national loss, a vast assembly with bared heads took up William McKinley's dearest hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and sang it verse by verse spontaneously when the last homage was being paid that President before the Capitol.

There is no telling whence such hymns may come to enrich our spiritual literature. Sometimes a great hymn has come from an incident of small moment in itself. Such is the story of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Charles Wesley, so the story runs, was seated at his study window. Above, a hawk circled and swooped and dropped; beneath the bird of prey a smaller bird darted a-flutter. Each effort at escape met a checkmate from



CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
Who wrote the words of "Lead, Kindly Light"

the hawk, until at last the little bird swerved, darted through the window, and took refuge in the bosom of Wesley's coat.

Wesley had a genius for hymnody. The total of hymns that he composed is close to 6,500; those of them that have been published number 4,000. And, of these, the hymn that is perhaps best known was brought to him by a helpless little bird. It is to him that the title of "greatest hymn writer of all ages" has been given, and many that he wrote are in use to-day. At Christmas time millions of voices pay tribute to him in "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

Wesley was born in Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, in December, 1708, and came to America in 1735. With him came his brother John to take charge of Christ Church at Savannah, Georgia. The church is still standing. Illness soon sent Charles Wesley home, and his brother, after dissension in the church, followed. The brothers were collaborators in hymn writing, John himself achieving a place of note.

It has been said that no other hymn has laid so broad a grasp on the English-speaking world as "Rock of Ages," whose author was August Toplady. It was the favorite of Gladstone and was sung at his funeral in Westminster Abbey. It was the consolation also of the prince consort, husband of

Queen Victoria, and by his wish was sung to him in his last illness; and it was the hymn that gave surcease to General James E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, when he was dying in Richmond after the Battle of the Wilderness.

Though "Rock of Ages" has given peace and hope to millions, it was the work of a man whose life was one of suffering—a constant struggle against physical odds. "His mental power," says one who knows, "was marvelous, but his body was as brittle as glass."

"Abide With Me" was written by a pious man who came of a family of poor Scotch fisher-folk. Like Toplady, H. F. Lyte waged a heroic struggle between the spirit and physical ills. He was the curate of the church at Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England, and the hymn came to him at the end of his days. The story has been written by his daughter:

"The summer was passing away and each day seemed to have a special value as being one day nearer his departure." Then came a busy Sunday when he was too ill to preach, "but he did preach amid the breathless attention of his hearers. In the evening he placed in the hands of a near relative the hymn, 'Abide with Me.'"

A few weeks later he left England for France, never to return. He died at Nice on November 20, 1847, two months after writing the hymn, and he lies buried in the little English cemetery there.

The music, "Eventide," now accepted for this hymn, was composed by Dr. William Henry Monk, a noted London organist. Fourteen years after Lyte's death he chanced to read the poem, went quickly to the organ and created the setting.

In 1830 Ray Palmer, fresh from Yale, came to New York, at the age of twenty-two, to teach. One day he found a description, in German, of a suppliant before the Cross. He was touched, made a translation, and added four verses of his own. It is these four that comprise the well-loved hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Of them, Palmer wrote later: "I wrote what I felt. I had not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. It was born in my heart and demanded expression."

Before he died, in 1887, Palmer saw his hymn spread over the world. He entered the ministry two years after he wrote it, becoming pastor of the Central Congregational Church at Bath, Maine, and he died at Newark, New Jersey.

The great hymn that stands above controversy, that is perhaps most sung of all, is "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It was written by a woman, Mrs. Sarah Fowler Adams. She was a Unitarian, but the hymn is sung in churches of various denominations the world over.

Leigh Hunt called Mrs. Adams "a mistress of thought and tears." Robert Browning, who also was her friend, took a warm interest in her work.

The Rough Riders of the Spanish-American War were gathered from many levels and many corners of the world; they were men of varying character and faith, and some of no faith. Yet, at Guasimas, when they stood over the graves of their fallen comrades, they sang together, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It was this hymn that President McKinley himself asked be sung at his funeral.

Three lands have created "Nearer, My God, to Thee." An Englishwoman wrote the words; the music is a setting by Lowell Mason, an American composer, of a tune from Sir John Andrew Stevenson's collection of Irish melodies.

Of the six great hymns, each comes close to the heart of this man or that. They have all become a part of the life of the people. Of one of them, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Henry Ward Beecher said: "I would rather have written that hymn than have the fame of all the kings in the world."



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CHARLES WESLEY

The author of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and more than six thousand other hymns



THE DRAMA OF BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY

BY FRANCIS LORING PAYNE

A hundred years ago, on May 7th, a concert audience in Vienna was swept into a storm of enthusiasm by a hymn of joy, then heard for the first time. The crowded house in the most brilliant capital of Europe made a din of applause, but through it the composer remained facing the stage. He did not hear; he did not know the tribute paid to him until one of the singers, Caroline Unger, took his arm and turned him round. Then he saw the applause—and understood.

It was the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—the "Choral Symphony"—in which he used the human voice in the setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy."

In this symphony Beethoven achieved joy at last, bringing it from the pain of his life. Twenty-two years before that concert in Vienna he wrote, "O Providence, give me one day of pure joy!" The prayer is in a letter inscribed "to be read after my death." The desire followed him through years of loneliness and bitterness.

Yet this quest of joy, which found expression at its highest in the Ninth Symphony, persisted. The story of it is told in little glimpses. One shows Beethoven so poor he cannot leave the house for lack of proper shoes. Another glimpse reveals him as a young man, unshaven and in leather breeches, taken for Robinson Crusoe by a

passing child. These glimpses show him gradually growing deaf and receiving the vibrations of the piano strings through a strange apparatus held between his teeth; in maturity they disclose him at the piano, touching keys that give no musical sound for normal ears but still make music for him. Here he is with Goethe when royalty passes, and Beethoven proudly saying: "Madame the Empress saluted me first." Beethoven petted by the aristocracy, and Beethoven deserted when the fashion changes to

Italian music. Beethoven in luck again for the moment, peering into Vienna shop windows with his double eyeglass. Beethoven boasting that if he knew as much of war as of music he would vanquish Napoleon, and writing not long after that, in sickness, "I have not a friend and am alone in the world." A young man disappointed in love; an elderly man disappointed in the worthless nephew he regarded as a son—a youth who forgot for two days Beethoven's request to get a doctor when he was stricken with his last illness. More

glimpses—and always with the desire for joy unattained: he hears the voice of God as a heavenly violin; he works three months on a sonata that brings a few dollars; he breaks down when he tries to conduct "Fidelio," and deafness beats him; he runs hatless in rain and sun, composing. And, at last, at the request of men of title who pledge support, he appears at the concert of 1824, "taking part in the direction," as the program puts it, and gives the Ninth Symphony to the world. As he entered, the audience gave him five salvos of applause; tradition accorded the imperial family only three.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)



THE MOST QUOTED POEM AND ITS AUTHOR ❖ ❖

BY VINCENT STARRETT

Thomas Gray wrote few poems, but one of them, the "Elegy," placed him among the immortals. Familiar to all of us are the lines:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The poem is rich too in single phrases that have become part of the common speech. "The rude forefathers of the hamlet;" "The short and simple annals of the poor;" "Some village Hampden . . . some mute, inglorious Milton;" "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife;" these perhaps are the most frequently quoted.

Thomas Gray, the author of this remarkable poem, was born in Cornhill, London, on the day after Christmas, in 1716. He was educated at Eton, where he made the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, who, in his later distinguished position in the world of letters, became sponsor for Gray's immortal poem. In 1736 Gray entered at Peter House, Cambridge, and at the same time Walpole went to King's College. Gray was not a notable student, and in 1738 he left Peter House without a degree. In the spring of 1739 he set out with his friend Walpole on a tour of France and Italy, and the two were absent for two and a half years. Gray

returned to England just in time to witness his father's death.

His mother went to live at Stoke, near Windsor, and Thomas Gray returned to Cambridge, where he spent most of his remaining years.

It was the graveyard at Stoke—Stoke Poges churchyard—that inspired the famous "Elegy."

The poem appeared in 1750, and was the result of years of revision and rewriting. At least three excellent stanzas once were included which do not now appear in the printed versions. Walpole's enthusiasm about the poem was great, and it was his persistent displaying of the manuscript that brought about its publication prematurely, much to the distress of the modest and diffident poet.

Walpole had merely been requested by Gray to give his opinion of the "Elegy," but copies of the poem got about, and one of these fell into the hands of one William Owen, who announced his intention to publish it in his magazine, and requested the poet's coöperation. This situation forced the hand of the author, who then requested, through Walpole, that the "Elegy" be published by Dodsley in advance of the threatened Owen publication. As it happened, both publications appeared at the same time, and Owen's version was less inaccurate than Dodsley's. Dodsley, following instructions, did not publish the poet's name, but Owen did. Thus, almost contrary to the author's wishes, one of the world's greatest poems found its first public.



WHERE GRAY WROTE
HIS "ELEGY" ❖

The ivy-covered church of St. Giles at Stoke Poges, England, and the churchyard that inspired the immortal lines of Gray's poem



BEAUTY CONTEST AND ITS FATAL ENDING

BY ANN F. CHAPIN

With frequent beauty contests going on in the United States and England, young femininity bids fair to be sifted down to its most comely example. But where is the modern face that could launch a thousand ships, or even a thousand naphtha launches? Which of our modern beauties can compare with Helen of Troy, who, we now know, was a real person, not a figment of Homer's brain?

One of the earliest of beauty contests was directly responsible for the Trojan War and the adventures of the lovely Helen. It all happened because Doris, the sea nymph, in making out the list of wedding guests at the marriage of her daughter Thetis with the grandson of Zeus, had neglected to send an invitation to Eris, goddess of discord. Inasmuch as Doris had fifty daughters, it is surprising that she did not make more mistakes in the wedding arrangements.

The wedding was a gala affair, and everyone had a good time except Eris, who stood on the outskirts, gritting her teeth and vowing vengeance, until she hit upon the novel plan of a beauty contest to enliven and envenom the proceedings. She threw a golden apple into the midst of the guests, which bore the inscription: "For the Fairest." Hera (called by the Romans Juno), Aphrodite (Venus), and Athena (Minerva) each claimed it at once and were so insistent that they had to appeal to Zeus, the god of gods, to settle the matter.

Now Zeus was a diplomat—how could he decide which was the fairest of women when one was his wife? He got out of it by leaving the decision to Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, who was peacefully tending

his father's flocks on Mount Ida, and, being a mortal, had less to lose by making a choice. Accordingly, the three goddesses hurried off to Mount Ida.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a painted toilette box which was made in the early part of the fifth century B. C., and which vividly depicts the scene of this court of beauty. There sits the curly-haired Paris, shepherd's staff in hand. Behind him is a friend, and in front of him is the bearded Hermes (Mercury), the messenger of the gods, who is telling him that he is to be the arbitrator in this important question. Next stands Hera with her veil and royal scepter, trying to look composed. Athena has doffed her helmet, curled her long hair, and put on a diadem which she fondly hopes is more becoming than her armor. She carries a spear and looks somewhat nervously at Hera. Behind Athena, Aphrodite is conversing with her son Eros (Cupid) and smiling confidently.

Poor Paris! Was ever mortal in such a position? The goddesses were all lovely and their bribes simply overwhelming. Hera dangled before him power and riches past computing; Athena offered success in battle and much fame; while Aphrodite's reward was to be the fairest of mortal women for his wife. The trouble was, deciding in favor of one meant incurring the eternal enmity of the other two.

Paris pondered . . . and his sheep wandered all over the mountain, unobserved. Then suddenly he made up his mind and chose Aphrodite. It was this decision that caused the Trojan War; for Helen, wife of King Menelaus of Greece, was the fairest woman on earth, and Aphrodite persuaded her to elope with Paris (to whom the most beautiful woman had been promised) and escape to Troy. Immediately almost all of the gods and mortals took sides, plotting against each other and fighting. For many years it went on—all because of a beauty contest!



AMELA BIANCO

BY SHERRIL SCHELL

Gabriele d' Annunzio, the Italian poet who was one of her sponsors, has spoken of Pamela Bianco as "this wonderful child whose name is like the name of a new flower." The drawings of the phenomenal girl artist are like flowers, delicate, fragile, wind-blown—sprung from the enchanted soil of fairyland.

A few years ago when the Italian sculptor Bistolfi organized in Turin an exhibition of the art of children he asked Pamela's parents to allow her to contribute some of her sketches. The work of most of the other children was quite commonplace. Only Pamela's stood out. It was not long before the artistic world of Italy was at her feet. Painters and critics who had seen reproductions of her drawings in the newspapers and magazines came from Rome, Florence, and Naples to see the originals. Not for a quarter of a century had an artist created such a stir in Italy as this thirteen-year-old girl.

A year later her drawings and paintings were shown in London. Again she caused a sensation. The exhibition-rooms were crowded by literary men, painters, royalties. The critics were astonished by her precise and authoritative drawing, her modeling, her vigorous and supple line, and the spontaneous grace of her fancy. At a time when everyone in England was practicing economy most of her output was bought during the first few days. Among the most enthusiastic of her patrons were several Royal Academicians. Conservative art galleries such

as the Tate and the South Kensington Museum bought for their permanent collections. An expert attached to the Tate Gallery said: "I fancy some old Chinese poet, loitering by the lilled marge of twinkling streams, would have understood the beautifully serene art of Pamela Bianco. He would have called her kinsman. No lotus on the silent water of the pool in the temple garden has more unconscious perfection."

Pamela's father is an Italian, her mother an Englishwoman who spent her childhood in Philadelphia. Signora Bianco was something of a prodigy herself. She wrote stories at a very early age and had a novel published when she was eighteen. Pamela began to draw when she was five. Her favorite subjects were rabbits and guinea pigs, elves and fairies. "She has never," her father testifies, "had a teacher of drawing or painting. We did not wish Pamela to lose any of her originality through the influence of others."

The Biancos are at present in this country. Pamela, now a girl of seventeen, is internationally famous. During the past year her art has acquired maturity and a breadth that is surprising. Gone are the rabbits, the guinea pigs, and the fairies of her early childhood. Now, everything she sees attracts her—the human figure and face, landscape, fruit, and flowers. She uses many mediums—ink, oil, water color, tempera—with almost equal facility, choosing the one that will best express her mood. There is every indication of a steady growth in her art.

A practical, everyday sort of girl, she assists her mother in sewing and other household tasks. While she is not indifferent to the high praise she has received, she is utterly unspoiled by the honors heaped upon her.



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GRACEFUL FRAGMENTS FROM PAMELA BIANCO'S SKETCHBOOK



THE STORY OF A PICTURE

HOPE

BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

EDITORIAL NOTE: This is one of a series of stories about famous pictures and their painters that will be told in *The Mentor* from time to time.

To most people the idea of Hope in a despondent attitude is an anomaly. On the other hand, a well-satisfied Hope is a contradiction also, for, if Hope be perfectly happy, what can she hope for?

Watts shows Hope surmounting the world. By desiring temporal things she has gained this position; she has reached the summit of all things earthly, *but there must be something more.* This seeking of hers has almost cost her her sight, and she has only one string left on her beloved lyre. Saddened by her lesson, but true to herself, she finds she can still make music on one string; she listens intently and knows she need not abandon herself to despair. And, as if to reassure her, one bright star shines above her.

The picture is painted in misty blues and green. Watts liked this misty effect because he hoped, by using it, to make his paintings more symbolic and better vehicles for his moralizing. The figure is slender and æsthetic, and the folds of her robe are delicately painted. Matter-of-fact persons, though, have criticized the drawing of the right leg, asserting that it would not be seen in this position if it rested on a sphere.

George Frederick Watts was born in London in 1817 and lived a quiet and happy life,

surrounded by such friends as Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Thackeray, Leighton, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Mrs. Norton, a charming lady who was the inspiration and model for Meredith's heroine Diana of the Crossways. He was particularly interested in painting a huge vaulted ceiling in fresco, illustrating the Progress of Cosmos, and even offered to decorate Euston Station with this scheme at the cost of his materials only. The refusal of this offer, and his short-lived unhappy marriage with Ellen Terry, the actress, were the misfortunes of

his otherwise harmonious existence. He painted fragments of his Cosmos plan: various symbolic and legendary paintings which hang in the Tate and other galleries. He also did a series of portraits of famous men, many of which he presented to the National Portrait Gallery.

He painted not to "charm the eye" so much as to "suggest great thoughts that appeal to the imagination and the heart and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." Twice he refused a baronetcy; he

gave generously to charities, and was entirely uninterested in piling up wealth or goods.

Watts had a frail body but a great aim, and perceptions almost too fine for human hands to express. Death to him was not a "King of Terrors" connected with skeletons, but a mysterious and tender presence whom he portrayed often with Life and Love in his abstract paintings. He died in 1904, and his wife has collected in a memorial chapel a group of his paintings and sculpture with the idea of making it as much as possible a Progress of Cosmos.



HOPE—Painting by George Frederick Watts

